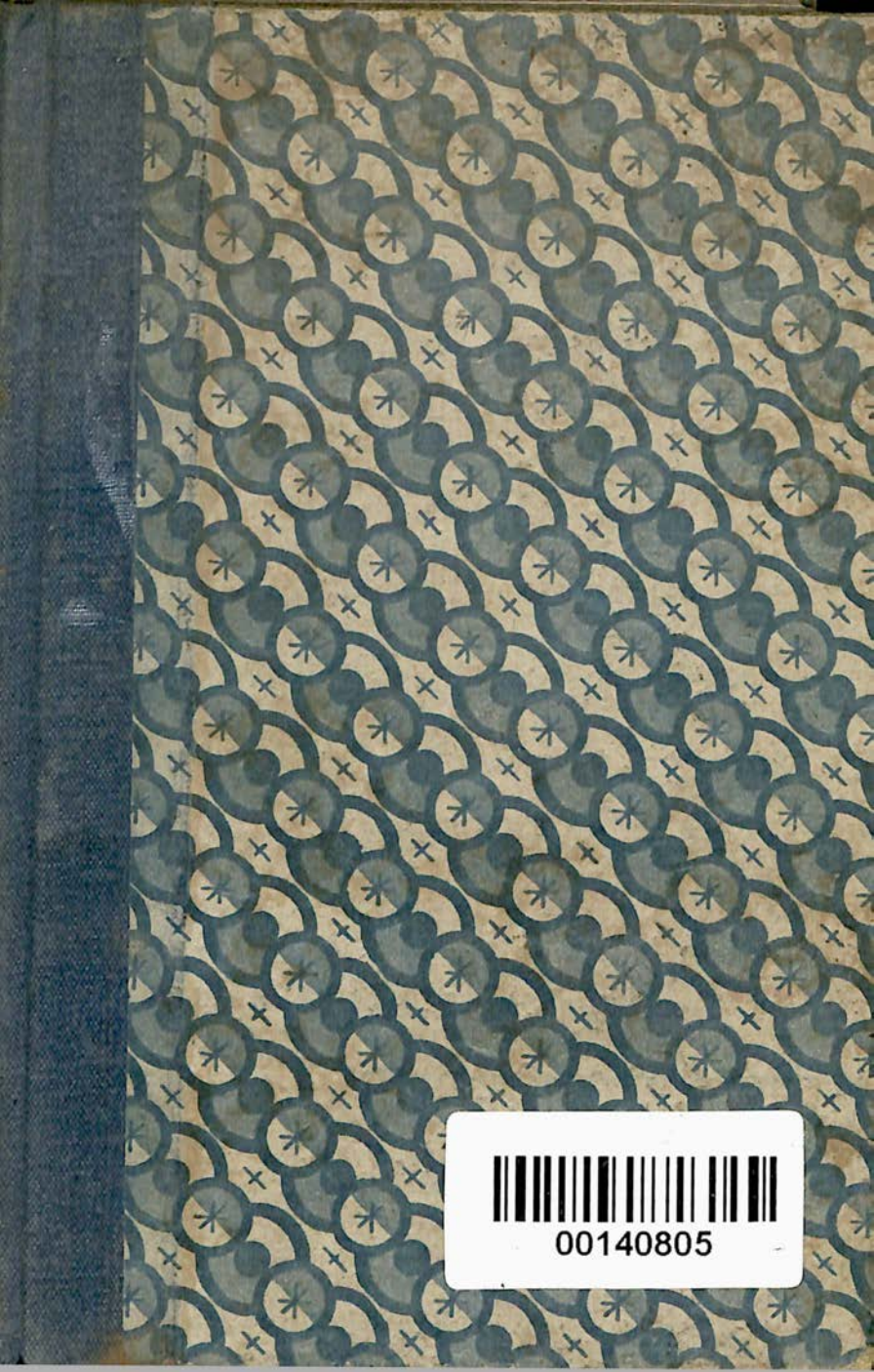
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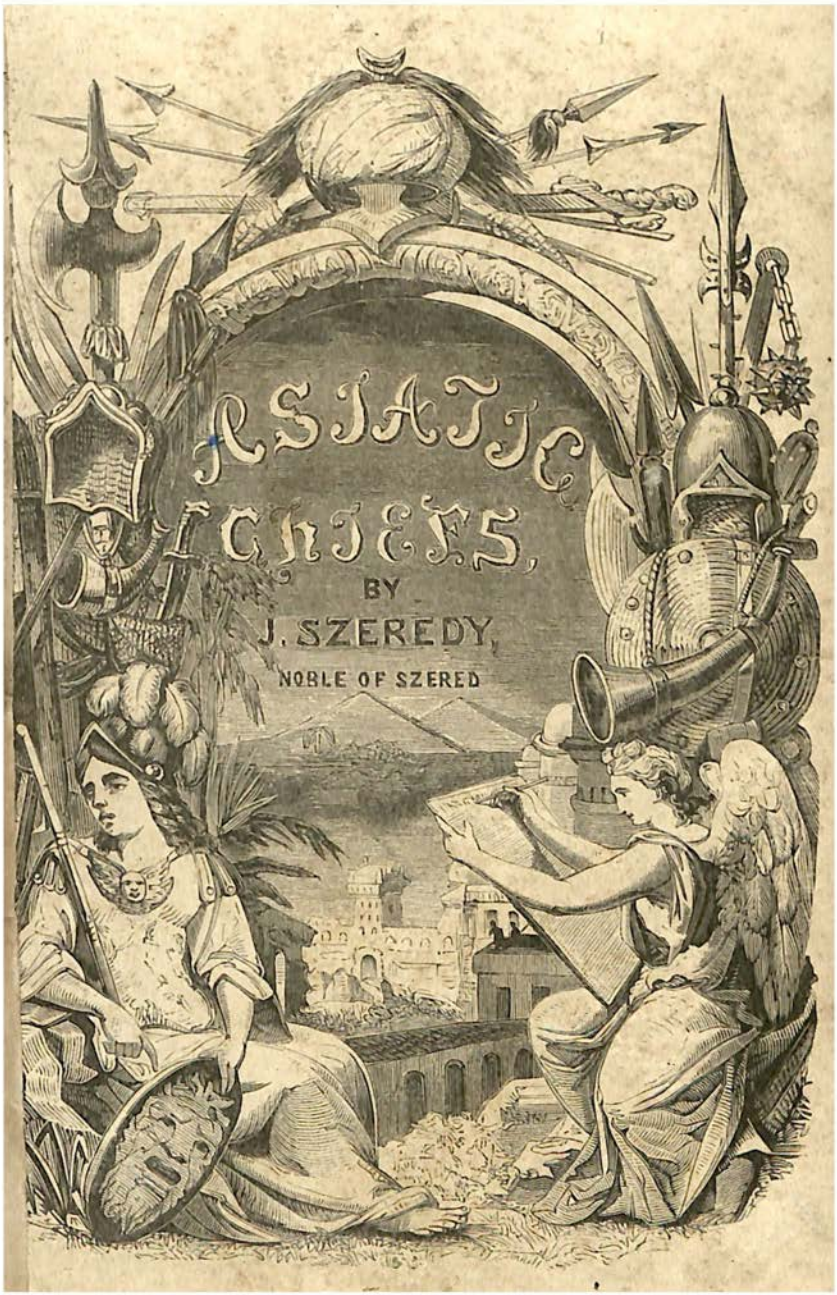
ASIATIC
CHIEFS,
BY
J. SZEREDY,
NOBLE OF SZERED

Asiatic Chiefs.

BY

J. SZERED.Y,

NOBLE OF SZERED.

VOL. II.

WWA J7

(THE AUTHOR RESERVES THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATING THIS WORK.)

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LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1856.

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When the High Priests of Liberty are doomed to Death,
The Assassins of Humanity are homaged by the World.

SZEREDY.

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Reflection.

THE first volume contains the dramatic past of the Magyars, with their battles for religion and freedom against foreign potentates; but under the House of Hapsburg occurred only their continual struggles for the support of the constitution, to which they had so often sworn. Meanwhile, all the contests in which the nation had engaged with the Hapsburgs against the artful measures taken for the introduction of an absolute government into Hungary, secured the liberties of the land up to the most recent period. The anger of Heaven now fell on the nation, and punished it more severely than before.

However, it could with truth be said, that this was just, if a nation so little regards its history, which is written in letters of blood, gives itself up to the axe of the Hapsburgs, and, seeing the snares laid for centuries, does not destroy them.

After being so often deceived, the ancient honour of the Magyars was the fault of this.

In the following pages we will explain this in a clear, connected manner, that we may know the mysteries which in the nineteenth century could form the grave of a nation's freedom; and we will convince wicked or ignorant men of the false judgment they have made in favour of the Russo-Austrian despotism, demonstrating the present struggle in the destruction of Hungary's freedom.

We have seen their ancient battles for the same cause, and have had an opportunity of observing that the last contest was only designed against the Hapsburgs. Yet their old plan has succeeded; the crimes of the dynasty have been supported by European diplomacy; it has deemed it necessary to slaughter the noblest sons of Hungary, and thus fulfil Russia's wish to gain a wider field for despotism.

We will pursue the plan of the first volume in these pages, and follow the downfall of the Magyars in a connected narrative.

Before we speak of the history of the Magyars under the last legal king, it may not be uninteresting to introduce some passages from the Magyar poets, which will serve to illustrate the tendencies of Hapsburg, and will spread more light on the first volume, and explain the second part of the Asiatic Chiefs.

CHAPTER V.

Freedom Threatened.

FOURTH PERIOD.

1848 TO 1855.

Asiatic Chiefs.

The Last Legitimate King.

Hungary and the Hapsburgs.

THOU standest at the brink of destruction, Magyar
—once powerful!
O, see how Arpad's noble blood has perish'd!
See how, on the wretched land of our fathers,
The scourge of Heaven has descended.

Eight hundred years the pointed towers of Buda
Still withstood the destructive storm;
Dost thou, blinded, dazzled,
Tread thine own race beneath thy feet?

The wild bands of Tartar kings
In times of old could not destroy thee.
Not the world's convulsions, not Turkish power,
But the hand of the West (Austria).

Now failest thou, consumed with sluggish poison;
See the noble tree, by the grim North
Not thrown down—within spring
Worms, which gnaw its mighty roots.

The clang of Hungarian arms sounded
Otherwise in Attila's bloody fight,
Then when half a world opposed
His people-crushing anger.

Yet see! this is our lot beneath this moon.
The yoke of fate hard presses us,
A capricious will casts us away, again seizes,
And, sporting, raises us to chide us, smiling the while.

With brazen hand the course of years rolls on
In circles; to the dust sank Troy the noble,
The haughty power of Carthage,
Babylon's walls, and Rome—they sank!

Zrinyi.

See here, Fate, the sorrows of my land;
It sighs to thee in bloody agony!
Worms and snakes—in number
Ever growing—gnaw its heart.
The poison ever streams from the wound,
In spite of all defence it guides us to our tomb.
Thou, all-powerful! be its support, its guide;
If thou aidest not, it yields to power.

Fate.

I have bless'd many sons of thy land,
Which it bore beneath its bosom;
And hopest thou that others fight?
The people—is not that defence enough?
Soul and heart was given ye for no end!
The path is free to the sacred battle,
Yet ye raise no arms for it;
Thou art a coward race!—then sink into thy grave!

Zrinyi.

Yet have compassion on the country's woes;
Thou canst gain its safety—
See now, the savages, infuriate they stand,
Opposite the mother!
Tread down the spot upon the beauty of my race
Until they curse her bones.
Support the faithful mother: better sons
Perhaps will rise, to be a stronger tribe.

Fate.

My resolve is firm: fly thy home;
Away from thy children's shame!
A soft ray, spreading far from thy father's grave,
Illuminates the land—
Anew rise fatherland and manners
O'er Danube, Theiss, and Draw, and Sav,
If e'er their steps
Turn towards the Zauberan.

Hunyadi.

With Hunyadi sank his country's rock!
This sings the hoary victor surrounded with his warriors;
Fixing the glance of his dark eye
Upon the sons of battle—Szilágyi!

The innocent youth placed confidence
In the hypocritical tears of the criminal race,
That to Hunyadi and his fatherland
Handed death in a peaceful bowl.

Such is the reward of the father of the heroic band,
Which nobly spared the enviers;
The people is a dagger to the heart of its own children,
The wicked, in triumph, scornfully exult.

He reap'd the fruits of foolish error;
To such talons trusted pledges of his fatherland,
For which the people's blood did flow in streams,
And stripes fell on the faithful Hunyades.

Flying the snares, he ran into the murderer's net;
The country's crime did guard
The rampart well, because the hero
Sacrificed himself and it to Moloch.

Destruction to the brave if we, cowards, fear!
To steep ourselves in perjured brother's blood
Is then a virtue; cruel is he
Who takes pity where murder's bidden to be done.

Ever grows the hundred-headed monster,
That but a Hercules can utterly destroy;
The noisome weed grows more luxuriant,
Away must vice, together with its root.

Thus Sylla gave back life to Rome,
I too give it again unto my fatherland.
Blood and death renew the world,
Sylla, wrath of the Srilagzy—come!

Michael Dobozi.

The robbers near! upon her saddle
The hero Dobozi seats the lady:
Close behind the horse a band
Of Tartars gives full chase;

And, like the snow on rocky heights,
Their banner waves above,
High above the cloud of dust,
Surrounded by the savage troop.

The rider with his wife
Looks back, and hurries on;
Be't hill or vale—without delay
Their swift steed hastens on.
Bathed in bloody foam,
It traverses the plain;
Its hoof with lightning speed
Strikes flashing sparks.

The hero dreads not in his heart
Nor wounds nor horrid death;
His blood flow'd oft in battle-field,
He knows its pains full well!
The hand of him that knows to die
Can never by a chain be bound:
Yet his ardour is check'd
If he look upon his love.

The tender maiden throws her arms
Around the valiant knight;
She trembles, glows, and ever feels
Surrounded by new terrors.
Meanwhile, round her the savage host,
His brown hair toss'd in rage:
She thinks the rustling of the leaves
Is clank of chains.

Does not thy courage fail
With hundreds thus to strive?
And comes the worst, fear'st thou not
To swing thy flashing sword?
O'er hill and vale to distant place
The foreign victor drags me on,
To groan in yoke of slavery,
And wait on some proud dame!

The hero horrorstruck suppresses
The hot tears in his eye,
Sighing, looks up heavenward,
And cries with ardent longing:
Speed on, speed on, my faithful horse!
A happy chance may yet remain
To guide us to joy and pleasure,
Though heavy sorrow threatens us.

And, like the roe among the woods,
In spite of wounds and pain,
The hero flies swift as the wind,
Borne by his faithful horse:
Bathed in bloody foam
It traverses the plain,
Its hoof with lightning speed
Strikes flashing sparks.

Yet may it be that wave and wind
Should struggle without ceasing?
And unfulfill'd the thoughts should rove
Through space?

The horse now breathless slacks
The swiftness of his pace;
He is struck with mortal wound,
And his rider's hopes are gone.

The fair one's veins begin to swell,
A storm rages in her breast.
For now the robber band comes on
With noise and clamorous joy;
And, like the snow on lofty heights,
They see the banner near,
High above the cloud of dust,
Surrounded by the savage troop.

My hero what protects us now?
Then quickly draw thy sword!
My blood shall flow in streams,
And burst the slavish yoke!
Shall I live in a servant's dress,
When a hero's death hath freed thee?
And at the feet of foreign mistress
The widow's tears flow?

He stands in doubt,
His courage sank within;
Overcome with sighs,
His last hope glimmers weak.
Yet once again my trusty horse,
A happy chance may yet remain
To guide us to joy and pleasure,
Though heavy sorrow threatens us.

And once again he feels
The spur, and deeply groans,
And like a baited deer
Exerts his sinews' strength;
Bathed in bloody foam
He proudly flies along,
Till, as struck by thunderbolt,
His feet break under him.

And like a heavy cloud of hail,
And like the lightning's flash,
The Tartars' spears are flung—
But do they reach their aim?
And like the snow on lofty heights,
They see the banner wave
High amid the cloud of dust,
Surrounded by the throng.

Hero, thy hope is gone
Still to gain thy life;
But love inflames his mind,
And naught remains but death.
Already freedom's ray shines,
But only in blood draws near!
He is silent, feels his life
Tremble deep within.

A fate that must be envied
Is given ye, men;
Thou draw'st thy sword upon the foe,
And, avenged, quittest life.

I beg, *this* only can I do,
Upon my knees the deadly thrust!
I gave up heart and love,
What yet remains to me?

Wilt thou, that a hated kiss
In the victor's arm reward him?
That in the dust the victor's foot
Should tread my shame in scorn?
Alas! dear, think how horrible,
Thy wife by dreadful vice——
—— Is that firm faith?
Then fear not this battle.

Yet stays the hero, full of wo,
His torture maddens him,
Then, shuddering, seizes firm his sword,
The minutes hastening on;
While like a lion in furious rage
Thirsting for booty and for blood,
The Tartar horde
Stretch out their hands to her,

And turn'd away; for the last time
He holds her fast embraced,
Buries deep his trusty steel—
He has run her through;
And rushing, in the wild troop
His arm gives and receives death,
And on the corpse of his wife
He sheds his blood.

Ferdinand V.

He was crowned at Presburg in 1830, during the life of his father. According to the fundamental principles of the constitution, every King of Hungary could only be crowned when he confirmed the rights before his coronation, and after his coronation bound himself by an oath.

Inaugural Deed.

We declare, according to the law—

I. That we, in addition to the hereditary succession, consent to and confirm the coronation in the sense of Article III. 1791, and the other several and single liberties, prerogatives, privileges, statutes, common rights, laws and usages, which have been granted by the glorious Kings of Hungary, our forefathers in this kingdom of glorious memory, and we will in future maintain and confirm them (to which was added and subjoined the said states of the empire and the form of oath which was set at the beginning of the decree of the most serene prince and lord, Ferdinand I., our ancestor of glorious memory) with exclusion of the clause of the decree, of the glorious King Andrew II., in the year 1222, beginning, "Quod si vero nos" down

to the words "in perpetuam facultatem," in all and several articles and clauses, as also the sense and usage of the same, maintaining the legal interpretation of Art. VIII. 1741, as commonly understood and agreed to by the king and states of the empire assembled in diet, and we will ourselves firmly and sacredly observe the same and cause them to be observed.

II. That we will preserve the holy crown of the kingdom, according to ancient usage of the people and the laws of the country, through secular persons chosen unanimously for this purpose without distinction of religion.

III. We will preserve all parts and possessions of the kingdom at present acquired or hereafter to be acquired by the help of God, and all lands incorporated therewith, according to the purport of the form of oath.

IV. In case (which may God avert) both families of the Archdukes of Austria should die out, namely, that of our great grandfather, Charles VI. of glorious memory, and in fault of this, that of the most glorious Joseph I., and after their decease, that of the most glorious Leopold I., Emperor and King of Hungary, and his descendants, according to Art. I. and II., 1783, the right of election and coronation shall revert to the said states, and remain with the kingdom of Hungary after ancient custom.

V. As is mentioned in clause I., so often as in future a coronation shall take place in the realm of Hungary, our heirs and successors, hereafter to be crowned

hereditary kings, shall give their confirmation of these deeds and the oath to be taken.

While we therefore graciously grant the above requests of our assembled states of the kingdom of Hungary, we, in accordance with their wish, assent to all and each contained in the same, and will regard them as our will and pleasure, accepting, confirming, and ratifying all therein contained; and at the same time promise and assure the states upon our royal word, that we ourselves will observe them, and cause them to be observed by all our faithful subjects of every rank, and will observe them in virtue of this present deed.

In confirmation and proof of the same, we have signed this paper with our own hand, and sealed it with our own seal. Given in our royal free town of Presburg, this 25th Sept., in the year of our Lord 1830.

(L. S.) FERDINAND M. P.

Oath.

WE, FERDINAND, by God's grace King of Hungary &c. &c., swear by the living God, and by his holy mother the Virgin Mary, and all the Saints, that we will maintain and uphold the Church of God, the lord bishops, barons, magnates, nobles, and free towns and their inhabitants in their immunities, rights, laws, and privileges, according to ancient usage; we will observe the decrees of his most excellent majesty, King Andrew II., with the exception of the clause of the 31st article,

beginning, "Quod si vero nos," to the words "in perpetuam facultatem," and will neither surrender nor diminish the boundaries of our kingdom of Hungary, and what belongs to the same by right and title; but will, as far as in us lies, increase and extend them, and will do all for the honour and prosperity of all ranks and our kingdom of Hungary.

So help us God and all the Saints.

During the progress then manifesting itself, the uselessness of Ferdinand's mind was displayed; there immediately began infringements of the constitution of Hungary, and the national rights, renewed by the diet of Presburg 1847, by which usurpations he wished to strengthen those rights in virtue of which the Hapsburgs possess the crown of St. Stephen; the European troubles contributed much to accomplish the old plans of this family. The Hungarian constitution was the stumbling-block of the Austrian representative, which his ancestors had wished to destroy at the expense of so much blood.

Before proceeding with our task let us take a

brief glance at the fundamental rights of Hungary, which were again renewed at the same diet of Presburg, and sanctioned by King Ferdinand, and for which the great rising of the people was made in 1849.

We shall thus have an opportunity of observing that the Hungarians have not claimed new rights and advantages over Austria, nor dangerous innovations against the king; they aimed at securing future prosperity for the land and people, power and authority for the king; to reinstate the nation in the European family, and to gain some proof of their old political existence, from which they had been rejected during the reign of the Hapsburg dynasty; that by their freedom they might acquire advantages for other nations, raise the people morally, and the country physically. These old laws are briefly, in the CORPUS JURIS of Hungary, as follows:—

The expenditure of the taxes must be laid before the diet, 1537, § 8; 1542, § 16; 1647, § 39; 1649, § 5, 74, 99; 1655, § 40; 1659, § 123; 1662, § 25; 1681, § 16.

The diet sends and receives ambassadors and decides on peace or war, 1662, § 4; 1687, § 4; 1715, § 41; 1790, § 65; 1630, § 26; 1638, § 39; 1649, § 28; 1655, § 17; 1662, § 4.

The Hungarian army must remain in the country, is only to be commanded by Hungarian officers, and decides its own affairs, 1605, § 2; 1622, § 2; 1659, § 25; 1681, § 8; 1649, § 8.

Every attempt to overthrow the Hungarian constitution shall be punished 1507, § 7; 1791, § 18.

According to the mutual treaty, the hereditary succession, or Pragmatic Sanction, confirmed by the laws of 1847, determines that responsible ministers shall be appointed to administer the affairs of Hungary as a kingdom, entirely independent of the Austrian government.

To this was added, that the country people are relieved of all former urbarial obligations towards the landlords of the soil, a general distribution of taxes and burdens introduced, and all privileges of the nobles annulled.

Upon this occasion the king made the following speech:—

From my heart I wish happiness to my faithful Hungarian people; for in their happiness I also find my own. I have not only done what you, my trusty

and well-beloved, have wished, but have strengthened it, by my royal word, and hereby grant it thee, beloved cousin Stephen, and through thee to the whole nation, in whose faithfulness my heart finds its best wealth.

Upon this Ferdinand V. gave the deed of consent to the laws to the Palatine Stephen, Archduke of Austria; it was as follows:—

Seeing that we have graciously heard and approved of the request of our dear and well-beloved the archbishops, bishops, abbots, barons, magnates, nobles, learned doctors, &c. &c., of Hungary, and the lands united therewith, we order that the said laws laid before us for our sanction be duly registered. We agree to and confirm them, as well word by word as in the interpretation of their purport. We give them our royal sanction, and approve the same in virtue of this our royal letter, while we of our free resolve will observe the same, and cause them to be observed by all our faithful subjects.

(*Signed*) FERDINAND $\frac{M}{P}$.

BATTHYANYI $\frac{M}{P}$.

PRESBURG, 3*rd April*, 1848.

These laws were extended to all inhabitants of Hungary, Transylvania, Slavonia, and Croatia.

The peasants were absolved with a single stroke of the pen from all obligations towards the lords of

the soil. But the lords were ruined without the amelioration of the peasants' condition. They had proposed to recompense them from the treasury. But from the immense number of urbarial lands this was very difficult, for the treasury would be very much burdened even by a slender compensation to the squires. A self-redemption of the peasants would have remedied this, and the situation of the country people would have been much ameliorated.

The social communist plan was argued by Kossuth's *Pesti Hirlap* (The News of Pesth), pursued by friends without means; at length, in the year 1848, being favoured by revolutionary freedom, it was legally agreed to, and it was to this circumstance that Kossuth owed his fame, which is high among the Hungarian peasantry, and these very mysteries are the cause of Hungary's fall. A portion of the nobility, much annoyed at this arrangement, forsook the sacred cause of freedom, in the hope that, by the efforts of the Hapsburgs, they might regain possession of their diminished rights.

They were also under the delusion that the Hapsburgs did not aim at the entire destruction of the laws of the nation, and the introduction of an absolute government. Notwithstanding this, the great majority of the Hungarian nobility was on the side of freedom; and men, whose names have shone in history for centuries, threw aside every selfish thought, and devoted themselves to the sacred cause of their country.

The Batthyányi stand in the first rank of the Hungarian nobles inspired with love of freedom. In turning over the pages of history, we see that there was never a patriotic struggle, never a national rising, in which the family of Batthyányi has not played the chief part. We write down the names of those Hungarian magnates, in order to make known those patriots who had the right of sitting in the upper house, and voting in person. In other respects, the magnates enjoyed few privileges beyond the other nobles, since all, according to the Aurea Bulla, "sub una et eadem libertate gratulentur."

The list of names which we give is taken from

Fenyes' *Statistic.* We will also add the baptismal names of those families which were engaged in the great national struggle of 1849, and which fell victims on the scaffold or the battle-field.

Many ancient families, such as Zápolya, Tököly, Frangepan, Botskay, Rákóczy, Báthory, &c., are extinct. The Magyar looks with pride upon their deeds of heroism—with a broken heart on those green hills beneath which they rest.

The Batthyanyi's Ancestor—Ars.

IN proportion to the small number of the Magyars, no nation can show so many brilliant actions, and bloody battles for freedom and religion, or so many high names and great men; nor among the various nations of the earth can history point out one of higher character than theirs.

The family Batthyányi, one of the oldest in the country, has for centuries displayed and strengthened the same noble character, and can show only honourable laurels.

The storms which shook the kingdom of the Magyars were great and violent; whole nations, towns, forts, monuments, and institutions, which seemed founded for eternity, have vanished; how can races and dynasties escape this fate, who had

to keep up a perpetual struggle for existence? However, some were victorious in the contest with Time, and the thousand disappointments in its train. But they only rise singly from the flood like rocks in the sea, as living pillars of the history of a nation, which even in its misfortunes was vigorous, great, and worthy of possessing a history.

Among these is the race of Batthyányi, noble and great, equalled by few, exceeded by none; venerable not only from age, but from a body of distinguished men, upon whom not only their descendants, but even their country, look with thankful delight, as being worthy of immortality for many a glorious deed.

The Magyars forcibly obtained a home for themselves in Europe; by their sword they supported their claim to Attila's inheritance, which obscure tradition promised them when still in Asia.

What was founded by the sword could only be supported by the sword; therefore it was always in the hand of the powerful strangers, and soon procured them peaceable possession of their acquisition.

But as every satisfied wish produces a second, which again brings the germ of a third, and, extending farther and farther, ends but with earthly things, so this beautiful rich country was insufficient for the conquerors; they exercised the power of their arms on the neighbouring nations.

The warlike young duke Toxus, 955, led his Magyars to battle-fields full of glory, and excelled Ürs in particular as a skilful general. Toxus' son, Geysa, 972, who was of a peaceable character, and persuaded by his wife, Sarolta, to embrace Christianity, called together the chiefs of the nation, and, upon the occasion of their defeat at Adrianople, 970, proposed to desist from the eternal clash of weapons. Ürs received an important tract of land on the borders of Steyermarkt, in order to make irruptions over the borders. He there built a castle, of which he became Comes Castri; traces of it still exist. He named it Ürs, after himself; it is now called Kövágó Ürs. He was the ancestor of a distinguished race, which bore his name until the beginning of the fifteenth

century, when it was exchanged for that of Batthyányi.

The conversion of the people, commenced by Geysa, and completed by his son Stephen I.; the entire change in all public and domestic relations occasioned by it; the severe contests from which, Antæus-like, they rose with fresh vigour; and the bloody dispute for the crown after the death of Stephen I., who left no heirs, so fill the pages of the early history of Hungary, that it is difficult not to lose sight of individuals. It can, therefore, hardly be decided whether Buhua, of the race of Ürs, who lived in 1046, was a son or grandson of its founder. The title Comes, added to his name, shows him to be a man of importance, and high official station.

One of his sons, Ugra, who lived 1095, followed him in the dignity, but the second son, Samuel, had a far more brilliant lot.

Demeter Zuomener, King of Croatia, died without heirs, 1087, and the hand of his widow, Helena, sister of Ladislaus I. of Hungary, was earnestly sued for by several nobles who wished to raise

themselves to the vacant throne by her means; to stop the dispute, Samuel Ürs was made Ban of Croatia. His government lasted for two years; the king then recalled Almus, 1091, son of his younger brother, Lampert, from Constantinople, and made him Duke of Croatia, with fealty to the Hungarian crown. Ugra's son, Renold, is named in his deed of 1160; he was therefore witness of the many efforts of Manuel, the powerful ruler of the Byzantine monarchy, to divide Hungary into parties, by disputes among the reigning family, and thus derive advantage from their quarrels, and even subject them to his sway.

He saw also the prudent and successful measures of Geysa II., and perhaps aided him in several; for the king often called to his assistance the head and arm of his powerful vassal, if he would maintain his throne against the intrigues of his brothers, and the attacks of the Greeks.

Andrew II. entrusted his son, Michael von Ürs, with the education of his eldest son, Bela, born Oct. 14, 1206, who afterwards succeeded his father, and was the restorer of Hungary after the

Mongol irruption. Bela was a prudent ruler, a tender husband, a loving father, and had a noble character.

Bela IV. proved himself grateful towards his educator; for, on coming into power, he presented him with Ederich Zeldigch, in Zalader county, which remained a possession of the Batthyányi up to the second half of the last century, but was then exchanged for other estates by the palatine, Lewis Batthyányi.

This distinguished man lives not only in history, but in the mouth of the people; the magnificent hall of the fortress at Kövágó Ürs, is to this day called by the country people Miske Palota—Michael's Hall.

Up to this time, too, they have held the hereditary lieutenancy of Eisenburg county. His grandson, George von Ürs, was entrusted by Lewis I. with the governorship of Gran, 1370, a most important fortress, one of the first places in the kingdom; but which, under the government of this really great king, played no important part, since Lewis's powerful and dreaded arm kept every

enemy far from the interior of his kingdom. Trade and commerce, arts and sciences, flourished, and the happiness of the people increased with the fame of its ruler. The great genius of Lewis raised the land to its highest point. Hungary could not escape the fate of all earthly things. Neither Mary nor her husband Sigismund were equal to their high station. The echo of Lewis's name lasted for some years; the building was shaken by many storms, when, suddenly, every tie was loosened, and the falling ruins crushed rulers and people.

At this terrible period they showed their fidelity, and afterwards received the well-earned reward. Firmly attached to his king through every misfortune, George von Ürs remained with Sigismund as the most faithful friend of the friends, and the most terrible enemy of the enemies, of the king. Sigismund (1398) prepared the deed at Gran, in virtue of which he gave George von Ürs the confiscated estates of the opposite party—namely, Batthyány, Csabja, Palgrad in Stuhlweissenburg county, and Zamárdim in Sümegher.

From the first and most important of these places he was named George Ürs of Batthyány, and was the founder of a race famous for its services to its country. His descendants were renowned in history for their brilliant exploits, until we come to one of the most remarkable,

Count Lewis of Batthyany.

The martyr, in early youth, commenced his studies in the Austrian army. His good genius led him to Venice, where his heart was opened to the impressions of art. He now applied himself to what in his youth had been neglected; languages, art, natural sciences, but, above all, political science, formed his principal studies. In spite of his high rank and wealth, he advanced no further in the army than to the grade of captain. Soon after his return to Hungary (1834), he married the Countess Antonia Zichy, who brought him a dowery of twenty millions. When thirty years old his name, and that of his cousin Casimir, shone in every national undertaking.

At the last diet he was the Liancourt of Hungary; and the sacrifices he made on his consent to the law of urbarial redemption was, perhaps, not less than that of the French nobleman, who, on the night of the 4th of August, 1789, after the powerful speech of Mirabeau, fired by patriotic inspiration, declared himself ready to sacrifice all his feudal rights, worth one and a half million. Lewis's speeches were never long, but were full of matter and without phrases; he never used that flowery style which is so congenial to the Hungarian character; he, for this reason, joined Kossuth in the last diet but one, and was borne away by his embellished oratory, while the most influential and highly esteemed man of Hungary procured reputation for one otherwise of no importance.

He always spoke with clearness; his convictions were deep, and even at the most dangerous moments he spoke them openly. His bald head, long full beard, animated blue eyes, high forehead, noble features, beautifully clear countenance, chivalrous manners, dignity of gait, and easiness

of address, which never offended but was always imposing, made at all times so deep an impression, that every thing must involuntarily bend to him.

He was in high estimation at court; the Archduchess Sophia honoured him as the handsomest of the Hungarian magnates. The Palatine Stephen was his personal friend. Lewis was the pride, the jewel, of Hungary.

After that Ferdinand V. had sanctioned the laws proposed at the diet in the years 184$\frac{7}{8}$, Lewis was appointed prime minister by the king himself.

But since the confusion, then manifesting itself in Europe, was favourable to the plans of the Hapsburgs for the destruction of the freedom of Hungary, Lewis sought by legitimate means to avert their designs. With this view he offered his assistance to Windischgrätz, to arrange the suspicious intention, but it was rejected, and he was put under arrest.

After the just claims of Hungary were suppressed by Russian power, and the Presburg constitution violated, Lewis was twice brought

before Hapsburgian courts-martial and declared innocent; yet, at the wish of the Archduchess Sophia and Haynau, the third time he was sentenced to death by the halter, like a common malefactor. Yet they could not extinguish the light of a pure life by the most shameful death; for he attempted to take his own life by means of a little dagger, forwarded to him by his wife, and made a wound near his heart, but not a mortal one. This exalted man was shot at Pesth, the 6th of October, 1849, in the forty-sixth year of his age; he was the father of two young children. More than fifty million florins thus became the booty of the Hapsburgs.

In his last moments he wrote a few sentences to his noble widow, in which, among other things, he says:—"Leave the country; do not accept one tittle of indemnification, if Austria should ever feel inclined to offer it, for the confiscation of my property; conceal from our children the cause and manner of my death, as long as they are under age; educate them, however, in the love for their native country, and in hatred against the Hapsburg

dynasty, and, when they are of age, enjoin them to revenge the death of their father."

The suffering mother with her two sons, Emir and Lewis, are now homeless wanderers, robbed of their wealth. Likewise, also, the chivalrous Casimir, the worthy son of his forefathers, who hastened to the defence of his country, sword in hand.

Thus does Hapsburg reward the deeds to which they owe their existence!

There rests this exalted man in his simple tomb, while his family wanders as needy pilgrims.

As precious a monument as the grave itself must be raised, or the land pass into eternal night.

Pray, therefore, fervently at this sacred mound; thence shall a more brilliant future dawn, as the splendour of light rises after a violent storm, and dark nature grows serene.

Batthyanyi's Death.

He leans against his prison wall,
And, trembling, covers with his hand
His eyes, bedew'd with tears.
O fatherland! my fatherland!

Thou star that shinest to me in prison,
With mourning I leave thee!
Thy fortune's trodden under foot,
Thy head bow'd down with sorrow;
Like a flower on the heath
That a horse's hoof has crush'd.
The blood of thy best sons is shed,
The exulting tones of foes gibe in jest,
As 'twere to show there is no God!
Thy fame will spread through time;
Thou didst strive as only heroes can.
When all fell, thou wast still,
And bearing the banner high,
Till the rough power of the North,
And the will of England, made thee yield.
There liest thou, thy breast with good shield
cover'd;
Thy outstretch'd arm falls broken,
Yet warm with the blood of life,
The ancient sword notch'd in the strife,
Thy face looks up to heaven.
On thy lips there hovers still
A curse—around thine eye
There trembles yet undying rage,
And all thy wounds are in front.
Thy home profaned by echo of the chain,
Once it sounded with the song of freedom.
Bold despotism rules, and free
Is only tyranny!

The noblest of the noble is silent,
His head bow'd deep upon his breast,
And clear springs from his eye a tear;
While pressing his hand upon his heart,
That, throbbing, allows him not to breathe,
The other threatening raised,
As if to challenge to the fight:
It sinks again, he quickly wipes away a tear.
Flow on my blood, I am prepared;
Freedom comes, and every grave
Is presage of the future, and of a better time.
Yet why does not the decree
That murderous despotism speaks?
In letter of the law I'm innocent,
Innocent even in its sense;
And e'en interpreted by formal slaves
Of hypocritical despots' law.
He softly smiles: my friends tell me,
Because I did refuse the love
And favour of a proud and haughty dame,
The archduchess Sophia, the fury of whose
vengeance
Now consumes me,
And she, like Herod's daughter,
Begg'd my death. I could not!
No woman e'er forgives
If she's despised by one she loved.
I had another love, that brighter, warmer,
burn'd

Hot as hell, yet cold as ice;
The love of the Magyar people was the spring
That fresh breeze and fragrance blew.
They knew the echo of my voice,
And look'd around, whether in the streets
Or in the council it was heard.
They knew my step; when I rode forth
They ran then to the window, beckon'd
And joyfully look'd after me.
They press'd my hand, and spoke
Of trade, and joys, and sorrows.
Meanwhile, the boy play'd with my sword,
Another held the bridle,
A fourth soothed my horse
And stroked his mane.
Kind maidens, beauteous women,
Look'd at me.
They said, That is his house!
And none spake out the name,
For every child in the land knew it,
When it prattling spoke; the dumb man found
A sign, that again the deaf man read.
If I went hung with gold and diamond,
And dress'd in velvet,
Then their eyes look'd ardently
At the very border of my robe,
Yet 'twas not look of envy.
They saw in my splendour
The splendour of their country,

And, void of jealousy, rejoiced
That I was the wearer.
And thus to end my life!
Shall I, a work of beauty, let the hands
Of hangmen touch me; horrid band!
A work of beauty, as was my life
Calm and clear.
O! let it like a song of battle sound,
Echoing in the wood—
For then the songsters of the wood
Will learn it; and bear it with their golden
wings,
Bear it over hill and dale,
And in the distance of time!
O! could I die like the day,
That dying, over bush and hedge,
Mountain and valley, strews roses!
And could I die like the sword,
That breaks among the foe;
And like the lightning, that flashing rides
From the clouds, and is spent!
Why shinest thou in thy sheath,
O dagger! why sparklest thou,
The last gift of my faithful wife,
O! that I understood thee.
It will not pain, dear heart;
How can pain arise from what gave
The only joy, and then a grave.
Thou openest a gate,

That with this key doth save me
From the hangman's power.
O wife! I kiss thee in my spirit,
I shall die like the evening,
And dig my own grave.
Farewell, farewell, my fatherland!
He murmurs only, and grasps the dagger,
Raises his hand, I die free!
He strikes with force—then rushes in
A host of slaves and watchers—
They seize him, the steel sinks
Only lightly stain'd, and gently flows the blood.

They will not; be it so,
Why was I then deluded,
To allow the life of a freeman
To be profaned by hangman's hand?
Well, be it death by halter or by shot,
What once was insult now is fame,
And every death a refuge.

Count Cassimir Batthyányi, a poor exile, uncle of Lewis, died at Paris of cholera, in July, 1854; leaving for Austria—from whose clutches he had escaped—many palaces, forts, and extensive estates, valued at from thirty-five to forty millions of florins.

Austria.

No, I will not curse, where soon the world's history,
On ruins of a kingdom, shall sit in judgment.

On ruins of a kingdom, that a child in after times
Shall exult and be rejoiced that they are ruins.
On ruins of a kingdom, that but of Zwingburg
And broken bars consist.
No, I will not curse, so weak is human curse
For him who reads in history—
For him who believes and sees how monstrous natures
Bear on their own brow the traces of speedy death!
No, I will not curse, for I feel no anger.
Firm within my bosom beats my heart,
Because I bend before th' almighty Judge,
Thou that art the God of thought and deed.
Freedom comes, it comes in spite of knaves,
Haynau, Radetzky, Jellachich, and Welden,
In cruelty ye've outshamed Nicholas;
And Alba, when compared with you, was gentle
When he dwelt at Brussels; unconsciously you exercise
For the last time your hangman's power.
The myrtle yet besprinkles many a bride
With lovers' blood; ye made Brigitenan
A grave for people and for traitors;
Sold heaven and earth, betray'd and slew the Magyars,
And made the Cossacks helpers to the deed.
Made a king play traitor to his people.
What must will come, be't sooner, later;
Mankind, already in disgust, turns its face
From you, as though you were the plague;
Already the happy fly from beneath your roof,

That Heaven's revenge consume them not;
Already croaks the night-owl loud, foretelling death,
And Hungary's blood is your last eve.
But, oh! ye sons of morning and of light,
Worthily prepare; the day of judgment breaks
O'er Zwingburg, Austria's state,
And tears down its towers to the foundation.

The family quarrels and selfish vices of the Hapsburgs were the cause that Hungary, in spite of the laws sanctioned by Ferdinand, did not prosper; its long repressed education, its trade fettered by Austrian taxes, and its manufactures, made no progress, by which the fall of Austria could be hastened. Austria could not dispense with Hungarian regiments, which it required for the subjection of Italy; it felt that it could not stand with a complete Hungarian constitution. During the confusion of Europe, Austria thought the time was come to draw its murderous dagger, and put an end to the existence of Hungary. Jellachich offered himself as its tool.

A free people is not to be feared; only a people long oppressed is terrible when it breaks its bonds.

It is an artifice of tyrants to sow discord and clash opposing interests. Common souls are to be found that sell themselves for pay, and are glad to live by favour of either.

Upon these principles, the Hapsburgs gained over by promises the Croats and the other abettors of its dynasty that had fought with the Magyars; the Raitzen, Servian, Wallachian, and Saxon races, led them astray, and these people mistook the benefits for all nations of the laws of 1848, and allowed themselves to be used as tools.

While the Hapsburgs, with sly calculation, were laying their nets, Ferdinand, in the year 1848, called a diet at Pesth on the 2nd of June, called its attention to the dangers threatening the country, and made it its duty to organize the regiments as soon as possible.

Ferdinand, the perjured king of Hungary, cannot deny this; these are his wishes, as mentioned in the royal circular.

The Diet at Pesth.

Opening Speech of the Archduke Stephen.

THE 13TH OF JULY, 1848, ARCHDUKE STEPHEN, PALATINE AND VICEROY OF HUNGARY, DELIVERED THE FOLLOWING SPEECH IN THE NAME OF KING FERDINAND.

"In the name and as the representative of his glorious majesty, Ferdinand V., we open the present diet. The extraordinary circumstances in which the land is placed, make it necessary to assemble the diet at once, without waiting till all the charges and measures which were imposed on the ministry at the last diet shall be arranged and completed.

"Croatia rose in undisguised revolt, bands of rebel have disturbed the peace of the land in the districts of the Lower Danube; it is the wish of his majesty to avoid civil war, and it is his will that the representatives here assembled should regard it as their duty to consider means for restoring the disturbed tranquillity of the land, preserving the integrity of the Hungarian kingdom, and maintaining the sacred inviolability of the law.

"The defences of the land and the finances will, therefore, be the chief objects to which I will draw the attention of the assembled representatives; the responsible ministers of his majesty will make proposals respecting them. His majesty is in great hopes

that the representatives of the nation will adopt all the means proposed to them for the welfare and security of the land.

"His majesty has heard with the deepest feelings of regret and displeasure—although in his paternal wishes for the prosperity of the country he has followed its own desire, therefore sanctioned the laws of the last diet which were useful to its progress and welfare—his majesty has heard with regret that, especially in Croatia and the Lower Danube, rebellious agitators incite the inhabitants, and by deceitful speeches and false reports move them to a hostile opposition, falsely representing that the laws of this land were not sanctioned by the free will of his majesty, and oppose the laws and the legal authorities; some of them going so far as to say that their opposition was only for the good of the kingdom, and made with the knowledge of his majesty.

"For the satisfaction of these districts, of all tongues and religions, being commissioned by his majesty, I declare in his name, and as his representative, that his majesty is firmly resolved to maintain the integrity of his royal power against every attack, from whatever quarter they may come, and to guard the laws sanctioned by him; and his majesty will allow no one to injure the freedom of this land, guaranteed to its inhabitants by the laws: he at the same time expresses his displeasure at the bold conduct of those who ventured to say that those illegal steps of disobedience happened

with the knowledge of his majesty, and in the knowledge of the royal house.

"The union of Transylvania with Hungary was sanctioned, because his majesty fulfilled thereby the wish of his much-loved Hungarian and Transylvanian people. And also because these united lands will, in future, be a firm support of his throne. The Hungarian ministers of his majesty will lay the details of this union before the members for their approval.

"With regard to foreign affairs. In the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, where the hostile troops of the King of Sardinia and other Italian powers have attacked the armies of his majesty, the war is not yet ended. Our relations with other foreign powers are peaceful, and his majesty doubts not that they will remain so, since he holds it as the most sacred duty of his government to neglect nothing by which she may maintain the dignity of the throne, the safety of his loyal subjects, and their interests, in a peaceable intercourse with foreign states; and his majesty hopes that as he respects the internal affairs of other states, so also other powers will observe the same towards him. His majesty doubts not that the diet will find measures for the united interests of the throne, as the welfare of the land is in such urgent need of them.

"I only fulfil the desire of his majesty when I assure the diet and the whole loyal country of the most gracious affection of our gracious lord and king."

Beneath such deceitful guise the Hapsburgs continued to play their part, and became the thunderbolt that destroyed the rights of the Hungarians.

The measures of the Hungarian ministers appointed by Ferdinand, were continually frustrated by the Austrian ministers, so that the latter (Count Lewis Batthyányi de Németh Ujvár, hereditary lieutenant of Eisenburg county; the president, Louis Kossuth, for the Finance; Lázár Mészáros, for the war; Fr. Deák, Justice; G. Kláuzál, Trade; Count Széchényi, Communication; Paul Prince Esterházy, for Foreign Affairs; Bartholomew Szemere, for the Interior; Baron Ötvös, for Religious Worship) were compelled to resign; since the Hapsburgs saw plainly that the diet would energetically oppose their secret plans, they sought to dissolve it.

Count Lamberg was entrusted with this mission, sent as civil and military governor of Hungary, and desired, in case of need, to rely on the armed force of Jellachich. But on his arrival at Pesth, Sept. 28, 1848, Lamberg was murdered by the

people, who were acquainted with his mission, and the diet declared itself sitting permanently. If Lamberg had not fallen a victim to the fury of the people, he would have been condemned to death by the high court of justice, or by the diet, because by his mission he would traitorously destroy the constitution.

Meanwhile, Jellachich, Ban of Croatia, abettor of the Hapsburg intrigues, summoned all the inhabitants of his district to arms against the Hungarians, under the severest threats. The Hungarian ministry called the attention of the king to the occurrence in Croatia (which happened with the knowledge of his dynasty), upon which, Ferdinand, to gain more time, and to consider what should be done, declared the Ban in the following letter as having forfeited his office.

Manifesto,

We, Ferdinand, &c., assure all the inhabitants of our kingdom of Croatia and Slavonia of our royal favour and grace, and publish to them the following manifesto:—

CROATIANS AND SLAVONIANS—

We believed that while we, according to the wish of our faithful people, extended the benefits of constitutional freedom to all inhabitants, we should move to thankfulness and fidelity towards us all the people entrusted by divine Providence to our government.

To you, Croats and Slavonians! who for centuries have shared the fate of Hungary under the same crown, and owe your constitutional freedom to this union, which you alone of all the Slavonic people have been able to maintain for centuries.

We must be mistaken in you who have not only shared all the rights and liberties of the Hungarian constitution; but our royal forefathers have also invested you with peculiar privileges in recompense for your hitherto stainless fidelity, and are therefore possessed of greater privileges than any subjects of our sacred Hungarian crown.

We were mistaken in you, to whom, at the last diet of Hungary, we of our own royal will granted a share in all the benefits of constitutional freedom and legal equality.

The right of constitutional representation was extended to you as well as to the Hungarian people; accordingly not only the nobility, but also the other inhabitants and neighbouring governments, through their representatives, take part as well in the general legislation as in the municipal assemblies, and you

yourselves can advance your prosperity by your co-operation. Till now the nobles have had but little share in the public burdens; henceforward their equal distribution among all the inhabitants, without distinction of rank, has been legally established, and by this means a pressing burden taken from your shoulders.

Your national and municipal rights, concerning which they have attempted to cause anxiety by malicious reports, are by no means threatened, but rather extended and strengthened against every attack; for the use of your mother tongue is not only secured for the future in your schools and churches, but also introduced into all the public assemblies instead of the Latin language, hitherto used.

Calumniators have wished to make you believe that the Hungarian nation wishes to suppress your language, or prevent its farther development. We ourselves assure you that these reports are false.

For 800 years you have been united with Hungary: during the whole of this time the legislation has always respected your nationality; how could you believe, then, that the laws should wish to abolish your language, which it has protected for 800 years!

But, instead of receiving the guarantees of your nationality and the extension of your constitutional liberties with gratitude, there are people among you, who, instead of love and the fidelity due to us, have raised the flag of fanatical suspicion, represent the

Hungarians as your enemies, and seek by every possible means to divide the two nations.

It is said that Baron Jellachich, whom we have appointed Ban of our kingdoms of Croatia, Dalmatia, and Slavonia, has been bold enough to renounce the obedience due.

We, King of Hungary, Croatia, Dalmatia, and Slavonia, whose person is sacred to you, tell you, Croats and Slavonians, that the law also is sacred, and must be sacred! We have sworn by the living God that we will preserve the integrity of our Hungarian crown, the constitution, and the laws, and will cause them to be observed by others.

We will keep our royal oath; we are gracious towards our faithful subjects, forbearing towards the repentant, but inexorably severe to obstinate traitors, and leave those to the arm of justice who are bold enough to trifle with our royal oath. He who opposes the law opposes our throne, which is founded on the laws; and Baron Jellachich is accused, with his confederates, not only of rebelling against the law, but of continuing in his disobedience in spite of our paternal exhortations.

You must all have witnessed what he is accused of; you must all have seen how he persecuted those who would support the union of Hungary and Croatia, deprived them of their offices, and declared a court-martial on all who did not agree with his political opinions, and drove many families into flight and exile.

You must all have seen how the Ban prevented his legally appointed magistrates from entering on their office, seized the finances, and even used our troops to accomplish his plans.

You must all know how he, without the diet, of his own arbitrary power burdened you with new taxes; and, without permission of the people, forced them to take up arms, which we ourselves are not able to do without the consent of the legitimate power.

You must all have been witnesses how he allowed his confederates to stir up the people by inventions and false reports against the Hungarians, as if they threatened your nationality, and allowed them in illegal assemblies to preach open rebellion against the Hungarians, planned innovations, so that bloody conflicts already happened through these intrigues, and occasioned robbery and murder in Hungary.

You know the personal offence which was shown towards a member of our royal house, our royal viceroy, Archduke Stephen, in the public place of the town Agram, and in the presence of the Ban; and must know whether he punished the guilty.

It cannot be unknown to you how he refused obedience to our royal commissioner, B. J. Hrabowski, our privy-counsellor, and lieutenant field-marshal, who had been appointed to restore order.

Since, in addition to so many complaints against him, he shows this obstinate persistance in disobedience towards our supreme command, no other means

are open to us for the re-establishment of our royal authority and support of the laws, than to desire our faithful privy-counsellor, B. Hrabowski, to inquire into these things, and bring the Ban, J. Jellachich, and his coadjutors to trial, and deprive him of his Banship and all his military appointments.

Given in our town of Innspruck, June 10, 1848.

FERDINAND.

However, in order not to keep the Ban from his undertaking by this angry manifesto, he wrote to him the following flattering note, which explained to him the concealed revolutionary plans of the Hapsburgs:—

MY DEAR BARON JELLACHICH!—

The indubitable proofs of fidelity and attachment to our dynasty, and the interests of the united monarchy, which, since your appointment as Ban, have been repeatedly proved, although the readiness with which you endeavoured to carry out the arrangements for a mutual understanding with my Hungarian ministry has convinced me that it could never be your intention traitorously to oppose my royal commands, or to effect the dissolution of that union which has for centuries joined the neighbouring territories to my Hungarian crown, and which shall also serve to forward the common prosperity.

It is sufficient to console my paternal heart, that I can trace it to that sentence which I was compelled to pronounce in my manifesto of the 10th June, concerning the inquiry to be made into your conduct, and your dismissal from the Banship, and all your military offices, which is most fully disproved by your faithful devotion.

While I have acquitted my promise to my cousin, the Archduke Palatine of Hungary, I also further expect, from your feeling of duty and your loyalty, that in the posts to which my confidence has raised you, you will ever work for the welfare of the monarchy, for the maintenance of the integrity of the Hungarian crown, and the profitable development of the Hungarian provinces.

FERDINAND $\frac{M}{P}$.

Schönbrunn, Sept. 4, 1848.

The diet assembled in Pesth saw through these intrigues, but was in hopes that, by energetic measures for defence against them, the Hapsburgs would desist from their attempt. The diet deemed it necessary to establish a provisional committee of defence, which was entrusted with the necessary arrangements; this committee, presided over by Kossuth, took the steps required by the circumstances, in accordance with the royal rescript,

and in understanding with the diet, until April 14, 1849. But the danger increased every day, the Austrian endeavours being clearer, and made more pressing the armament of the military force ordered by the royal rescript.

The races urged on by the Hapsburgs, the Saxons and Wallachians in Transylvania, and the Serbs or Reiczen in Banat, raised a disturbance in several Hungarian villages and churches; thousands of Hungarian families were murdered with the most cruel tortures during the wild delirium of fanatic frenzy; Hungarian monuments, in a word, all that was Hungarian, was destroyed; and this was supported in secret by the Hapsburgs, by money, arms, and ammunition. In the meanwhile, Jellachich, crossing the Drave, advanced with 50,000 men into Hungary; his troops, which were only compelled by force to take up arms, looked horrible, and with these pitiable Croats he wished to march towards Pesth, and destroy the diet, or give it up to the vengeance of the Hapsburgs. In the proclamations which he published to mislead the people of Hungary, he said:—"It

is not an enemy that crosses the plains of Hungary, but a friend comes to aid the loyal subjects of the king."

Heavy is the crime, heavy the responsibility! Who will take it on himself for these people? Wo to him that changed the pious into monsters; for these people could not of themselves be so corrupt; the Hapsburgs, with their low passions, had crept in like deceitful demons, and sown their dragons' teeth.

The country had too soon sacrificed itself for its children; they rewarded with ingratitude what it so paternally bestowed on them. Let them bear the acquired chains of slavery, as accursed signs of the times; for they were mean tools of tyranny, and were not alarmed at the blood they shed.

While Jellachich was advancing on Pesth, the Palatine, Archduke Stephen, was required by the diet to place himself at the head of the army, and direct affairs in the present critical position.

The latter gave his word of honour that he

would stand by the nation even if all forsook them. But this was only hypocrisy; and Stephen, who was acquainted with the plans of his family, would not oppose the Ban, and fled by night from Buda to Vienna. The people were now deceived by the very man in whom they had placed confidence, and left to themselves in the threatening troubles.

The machinations and plans which Stephen, in conjunction with the court, had contrived for the subjection of Hungary, were clearly displayed in the letters left behind, in which Stephen proposed the most artful measures to subject the freedom of Hungary.

Stephen's Letter.

YOUR MAJESTY:—

The position of Hungary at the present moment is so doubtful, that the most violent outbreak is to be daily expected. Anarchy rules in Pesth. The authorities are deprived of their power of action by the committee of safety; and, while the council in some degree maintains its authority under the powerful guidance of Count Zichy, the chamber has become almost a nonentity. The lower nobility and country people have risen in several places to gain their factitious rights.

In this anomalous and dangerous situation, every one expects his preservation by the immediate formation of a responsible ministry. If ever this plan appears to us a calamity, the question now stands thus—which is the least calamity?

I will now propose three plans, by which I can alone expect to gain something in Hungary. The first means would be to remove the army from the country, and give it up to entire devastation by fire and sword, while we look on at the contest between the nobles and the people.

The second, to save all that is to be saved, by treating on the proposals with Count Lewis Batthyányi (who is now the sole hero of the people); if we wait longer his star must fall. We must previously know what is to be done in case he should resign. The third means would be to grant a furlough to the Palatine, and send a royal commissioner supported by a considerable force to Presburg, who, after dissolving the diet there, must go to Pesth, and there govern with a strong hand as long as circumstances require.

At the first means, to confess it openly, I shudder myself; it is immoral, perhaps improper for a government, that it should entirely forsake its subjects, part of whom are well disposed towards it, and give it up to all the cruelties of a rebellion, Besides, this example would have the most injurious effect on the rough unruly masses in the neighbouring provinces.

The second plan is good, and though at the moment

it bears the appearance of a separation, yet it is only a means of supporting the province for the present; granted that the gentlemen to be named could gain complete influence over the internal commotions, which cannot be supposed to be certain. At a more favourable time they could organize in a different manner what now appears to be a separation.

I do not know whether something might not be gained by more suitable negotiations with Batthyányi and Deák. But through them only, for every thing is to be feared while they are deliberating at Presburg. As a true servant of the state, I beg to call your majesty's attention to a circumstance of great importance. What would happen if Batthyányi, in case the negotiations are unsuccessful, should stake every thing, and resign?

I consider it my duty not to exaggerate, but to observe that we must be prepared for this, and to oppose by an armed force the demonstration to be made by the youth of Presburg and part of the nobility, along the Danube and the road leading from Presburg to Vienna. In this case the third means are open to us, supposing that neither the will nor the possibility of it should be wanting. This third plan must be quickly taken. The following questions now rise.

1. Is there a want of money? Is there a likelihood of it being impossible to send a greater military force to Hungary, where I have the command of 40 to 50,000 men. Or,

2. Is this force ready, and easy to concentrate quickly?

3. Is a royal commissioner ready to undertake this affair?

4. Is there no doubt that the means are sufficient to gain the object desired? Will not a further agreement be made, and on learning this will the remaining provinces remain quiet? Will not a large military force be necessary in Galicia and in Italy?

If a favourable answer should be given to these questions, on which in my position I cannot decide, and if the execution is possible without any farther calculations, I have nothing to add, supposing the agreement to be made with Count Batthyányi and the dignitaries to be examined on every point.

I openly confess, that in the present position of affairs I must speak for the second method, and I do not doubt that the dignitaries of the country—though I have not spoken to them—are of the same opinion. I only know the views of the chief justice, Máyláth.

If your majesty in your wise foresight should choose the first or third means as more suitable, your highness will no doubt, according to the law and the customary usage, order whether I shall for the time remain in Vienna, or proceed elsewhere.

The most faithful subject of your majesty,

STEPHEN $\frac{M}{P}$.

Vienna.

These were the treacherous proposals that Stephen, the Hapsburg wolf in sheep's clothing, ventured to make; he gave up the land into the hands of the tyrants, and forgot how many benefits he owed to poor Hungary.

With the flight of Stephen it seemed as if the nightmare had fallen from the heart of the nation, and its love of country and freedom was roused. The peasant left the plough and seized his scythe, the groom rode off with his horse and enlisted in the hussars, and even knew the poems of their country, in which their people were inspired for battle, and of which we insert one.

The Arms of the Muses.

The Hungarian arms himself
For the approaching war,
For battle and bloody flight,
For death or victory.
The smith has turn'd to swords
The hammer and the spade;
In towns they even make arms
Of paving stones.
The peasant leaves his field,
With painful feelings;

With his scythe he marches like a hero
Into the rage of battle.
Would it not be a shame
If I remain'd at home,
While others haste to battle
For their fatherland?
I have no sword nor shield,
I have my lyre alone,
And, though so tender,
It shall be my weapon.
I sing a martial song
Of Hungary's great *sons*;
For freedom, fatherland, and light
My lyre shall resound.
And if, at my battle song,
My heart boils up,
And if for fatherland and light
Our blood should flow,
Then I still my lute in the holy war
Till the enemy is destroy'd,
Till I have fought the fight,
Or died with you.

The Hungarians assembled in the neighbourhood of Pesth, armed with scythes, forks, and agricultural tools, to march against Jellachich, who was then at Stullweissenburg. Half the Croat army, which was commanded by the imperial

generals Roth and Philipovich, laid down their arms after a slight resistance. Jellachich desired a three days' truce with the chief corps, under pretence of surrender; but, during this time, he broke his word of honour, saved himself by a march towards his flank, and advanced before the walls of Vienna, which had just revolted. The Hungarians allowed the Croats to return to their families, from which they had been torn; the two generals only, with their staff, were kept as prisoners of war.

Jellachich was pursued over the borders; but, as he was strengthened by large bodies of troops under Windischgrätz, the raw inexperienced levies of the augmented army of Hungarians were repulsed.

Hungary's hopes for a brighter future were now destroyed, and the land was threatened through the perjury of the Hapsburgs. Although without money, arms, ammunition, and soldiers, yet the

gallant leaders were not faint-hearted; they relied on the warlike virtues and the patriotism which were ever the pride of the Magyars, and encouraged them in days of peril. The seeds of freedom had fallen deep in the hearts of the people, and bore splendid fruit.

Hungary's horizon darkened more and more. On Kossuth's motion, an armament of 200,000 men, and an issue of 60,000,000 florins of paper money (£6,000,000), was resolved on by the diet for the defence of the country. While the Hungarians hastened with ardour to the protection of their fatherland, even the fair sex thronged to fight in the ranks of the heroes, and strove with them for the laurel of victory. The disgraceful acts of the Hapsburgs produced in the breasts of the people a deep hatred and disgust, which roused their ardour the more they cursed the names of the German princes, and remembered the splendour of the old Hungarian kings, and particularly the glorious Matthias Corvinus, whose memory ever lives in the hearts of the people (in the words, "Matthias is gone! Justice is gone!")

The soldiers scattered in the Austrian possessions were ordered to return to Hungary, by a law passed after the installation of the ministry, but afterwards recalled by the secret orders of the German ministry; but, being summoned by their country, the Hungarian troops thought it their duty to hasten to its assistance. The regiments which were commanded by Austrian officers succeeded with great trouble and difficulty in escaping from Bohemia and Poland, and reached Hungary. They were obliged to fight their way through the Austrians; when many of them fell, early victims for their country. The Hungarian hussars must be particularly extolled; they fought with extraordinary courage against the common enemy.

The valleys of the Carpathians re-echoed with the cry and the sound of martial songs. With hands raised to heaven, the Magyars begged for a blessing on their arms. The country was summoned as volunteers, and young and old, rich and poor, willingly brought their contributions to the altar of their country. In all the meadows and

fields the national hymn of the poet Kölcsey resounded.

Bless, O Lord, the Hungarian hero
With glory and with honour!
Let the arms of Hungary
Be victorious in the battle-field,
After such long suffering;
Let fortune spring beneath its feet.
Already for the past and future
It has done penance.

The people of the Austrian dominions which were assembled and inflamed by the principles of freedom, begged concessions from their emperor, Ferdinand.

Some constitutional promises were made to the inhabitants of the capital, Vienna, in March, 1848. At the same time Italy raised itself in order to regain its rights, of which it had been deprived by the Hapsburgs. Since Vienna saw the imperial intrigues by which Hungary was subjected, and knew that its own freedom would be destroyed by the fall of this country, they killed in their rage the minister, Latour, who

had been most active in the execution of these plans. They drove out the court, and armed themselves under the lead of two inspired sons of freedom, Bem and Messenhauser. But Windischgrätz collected forces from Bohemia, Poland, and Moravia, joined with Jellachich and Auersberg, and, after twenty days' siege, Vienna was conquered by the imperial army. The war in Italy was decided in the favour of Austria, by the treachery of Charles Albert. The compassionate emperor, Ferdinand, who had already in his paternal care caused Milan, Prague, Cracow, Lemberg, Venice, and Verona, to be bombarded, also caused Vienna to be fired on and plundered by assassins, in which the Croats particularly distinguished themselves. After the fall of Vienna, Oct. 31, 1848, Bem fled to Hungary; the rest of the heroes of Vienna were either shot or driven into exile.

After the capture of Vienna, Windischgrätz was charged with the subjection of Hungary, and he was confident of being able to take Pesth and disperse the diet. Since the Hungarian forces

were too weak, the diet, upon the motion of Kossuth, sent Batthyányi, Májláth, Deák, and Bishop Lonovich to Windischgrätz, to demand an explanation of the intentions of the Hapsburgs towards Hungary. The haughty imperial general replied with a harsh voice, "He did not treat with rebels, but required complete submission," and kept back the emissaries of peace.

Although their forces were still small, the Magyars would have thought it ignominious to accept these conditions, and the diet resolved to declare themselves permanent. The hour had now sounded to prove their love of freedom and country; the patriots went to Debreczin, and the diet had the merit of being able to continue the war.

Soon after this Windischgrätz entered Pesth, where he hoped to gain a firm footing. All the Hungarian patriots who fell into his hands were the victims of his tyranny. While Windischgrätz stayed at Pesth, the strength of the country increased, and the Magyars gained victories every day over the imperial mercenaries. The sword of the Magyars was as a thunderbolt to the Austrians,

and the soil of Hungary is reddened with the blood of the supporters of the perjured throne, though a large portion of the Hungarian force was obliged to be spent in subduing the six rebellious nations who were fighting against their own liberty.

The Red Cap.

ON the wide plains of Pannonia the sacred battle for freedom and right will be fought; the drums roll, the trumpets sound, the word is given—seize your arms—to battle!

The blooming bridegroom and gentle bride stand hand in hand at the altar, and swear love and fidelity.

Beautiful is the bride; her look is sunk to the ground. Did she raise it, then would her cheek, now white as snow, become ruddier than the rose of morning; for then she would see her lover, whom she would regard with enthusiasm.

Her heart beats as she murmurs the words, "I love;" old people gaze, and say with delight, "Never was there a happier pair."

The merry music sounds, the goblets clink; comrades, comrades! perhaps we never meet again. The spur rings clear.

Next his love sits the youth; he presses her to him.

The bridegroom is joyful like the smiling sun; the bride like a cloud shone through by the sun.

In the morning the bridegroom marches to battle, for in Hungary reigns the war; the drums beat, the trumpets sound—seize arms—to battle!

Beneath a gloomy linden-tree dreamily sits the blooming wife; her eye seeks the distance, the withered leaves of the tree fall into her lap.

Out on the wide plains the armies muster for battle; the fight will be hot and severe.

In ranged columns stand the armies; they must climb high palisades, they see death before their eyes—yet none tremble. Their eyes flash, their cheeks glow, and their features burn with longing for battle.

Be not afraid! I rush before you in the hurry of battle. The enemy will see the gold of my schako, and aim at it; no ball will reach you; my breast shall be their mark—fear not!

The heroes of the 9th battalion raise a thundering Eljen; the hostile intrenchments threateningly reply. Now they exchange cries; in an hour they speak with bullets. Beneath the gloomy linden sits the blooming wife, the withered leaves falling in her lap.

The fight begins; they hold council of war.

Much blood will flow to execute the plan of battle, bold men must lead the attacking troops; who volunteers?

There must the stream be crossed. 'Tis deep, and, alas! perhaps will swallow up the brave. On the other bank stands the enemy, his balls will reach the approaching party; who will venture? "I!" said the leader with the red cap; "I will wade the stream, or perish!"

All the soldiers look at him with reverence, for he ever does what he says.

The village must be attacked, the barricades

destroyed, and the enemy driven out. But the houses are occupied by riflemen, the power of the enemy is great; who will go?

"I!" said the red cap; "I will conquer or fall in the fight!"

The old soldiers dissuade him; one burden is enough for the day.

He does not yield, but goes.

A strong intrenchment must be stormed, strong as a citadel beset with cannon, and guarded with ramparts. There it needs bold courage, death looks one in the face; who will go?

"We all will go!" cried the boldest of the army. The swords clashed as though they longed to leave their sheaths.

The face of the young leader glows; he ardently waits for the trumpet's sound and roll of the drum; his heart heaves, his heart trembles with joy.

Beneath the linden sits the blooming wife; her eye scans the distance.

The balls hiss, cannon thunder, the blood of heroes flows; the battle-steed snorts, sabres clash, bayonets rattle; the battle-cry sounds to heaven,

the cries of the wounded echo; the tricolor flutters in the cloud of smoke.

Death this day makes solemn festival.

Who is that man, enveloped in smoke of powder, and rushing from one danger to another? How he hastens! how he rushes on! his band can hardly follow him. He never looks back to see if they follow, and looks on to see if any one opposes him.

It is the red cap and his band.

Before him horror, behind destruction, with him victory!

They reach the river, and hardly stand; the water now divides the weapons; many drown, others reach the shore. From water into fire! That too must be penetrated; the enemy flies. Who is it bursts into the village, and storms every house? The enemy fire from every window and bush. Death is long-suffering. Let him fly who will yield, come on who will conquer him!

They come. The enemy melts away; the village is taken.

The rage of battle has reached its highest pitch. Man opposes man; the cannons fire into the living

mass; all is blind, the coward fights like the brave.

Who is he that, amid the battle, seizing the tricolor in his right hand, swings his reeking sword, and calls aloud, "Comrades, follow me!" and now he rushes where danger is greatest, against the cannon—the throne of death.

"Follow me! follow me!" he cries. The flag rises above the blue smoke, now it flies aloft, the hero has sprung with it on to the intrenchment—it suddenly vanishes, the hero has sunk, intoxicated with victory. He had fallen on his knee, supported himself on the pole of his banner, yet he cries again with a faint voice, "Forwards!" and dies. The flag fell over him, and covered him as with a shroud.

Soon after, there sounded a loud Eljen; the young hero lies hidden under his flag, but to him is due the laurel of victory.

Under the dark linden sits the blooming wife, the withered leaves fall into her lap.

On the field of battle they dig a grave for the fallen hero.

The music of battle resounds, the drums beat, the trumpets clang, the heroes accompany the dead hero to the grave.

On the coffin lies a sword and a red cap; also a garland of oak leaves.

His comrades weep, the whole army dries its eyes; the best of their band, mourning, accompany the red cap to the grave. The general is silent.

They lay the corpse in its unadorned grave; the salvos thunder, the music dies away, for the musicians can play no more from tears and sobs.

Beneath the dark linden sits the blooming wife, and scans the distance; the withered leaves fall into her bosom.

With melancholy, subdued voice, which the wind bears away, she sings the following song:—

Go hence and fight for me, and for the hearth!
Thus speaks the wife, and hands her husband his sword.
Return victorious from battle,
Says she with melancholy courage,
The sword at your side
Stain'd with enemies' blood!

The hero goes; his heart beats wild and free.
The morn of battle dawns with ruddy hue.
He fights; with heavy blows
He strikes the hostile brood.
He conquers, yet upon the bodies
Of his enemies flows his blood.

What did his wife so late by lamp-light?
The time flies, but he comes not.
By the sword he waved
In battle wild,
At evening twilight
He rests in his grave.

Rest soft, O hero! thy grave is green,
Thy home is saved.
Thy wife, in sacred ardour,
Begs a blessing on thee;
And near thee lies thy sword,
Stain'd with enemies' blood.

Cruelties of Civilisation.

THOSE ages which we term dark, and on which we bestow a transient and unwilling glance, saying, that "in that time there was no right but the might of the strongest," were much less fertile in events that dishonour humanity, and in crimes against the universal law of nations, than in our civilized period—were much less fertile in base, abject characters than our own vaunted century. In the dark ages, at any rate, sublime virtues and holy feeling were esteemed; now the extinction of them throughout Europe seems almost to be regarded as a duty.

The Coward.

It is unnecessary to say that, in the eventful years 1848-9, the crafty government of Austria

succeeded in arming against the Magyars those inhabitants of Hungary who did not belong to the Magyar race. Seductive promises—as, for instance, a promise of national independence—inspired them with a feeling against a nation which the Austrians represented to be despotic, and led them to act in the most shameful manner against their Magyar brethren. The armed irruptions which were caused by these incentives, were supported to the last by Austrian generals and Austrian soldiers, and were accompanied by deeds which shock humanity.

It is equally well known that the Austrian government, at the same time, prompted the Magyars to resist these invasions of the sister races which it had itself occasioned; and that the Hungarians, in answer to the summons, readily took up arms and repelled the invading marauders. They who received second promises of a support by Austrian troops and the Austrian soldiers fought on both sides. When, however, the Magyar nation woke up from its lethargy, and appeared more than formidable to the schemes of

Austria, the assistance of the latter was withdrawn, and army after army was sent to repress a movement which she herself had caused.

Among the many sanguinary generals with which the Austrian government scourged unhappy Hungary, was a certain General Vogel, who, in the spring of 1848, penetrated the country on the side of Galicia at the head of 16,000 men, and advanced as far as Eperies without meeting any resistance. Here, however, his march was checked by 8000 Hungarian troops, who had occupied a pass of the Carpathians, in the immediate vicinity of the town. In the sanguinary conflict that ensued he suffered a severe loss; while the Hungarians on their side suffered loss also, having especial reason to bewail the fate of several hussars, whose courage had carried them too far into the enemy's ranks, and who now became prisoners of Austria.

A magnanimous warrior esteems valour even in an enemy, but none of this sort of emotion was to be found in Vogel. He ordered the prisoners to be chained and brought before him.

The first of these was a greyheaded veteran,

whose weatherbeaten scar-seamed face contrasted strongly with the attitude in which he was compelled to stand by the weight of his chains.

"What is the amount of your force?" asked Vogel, after a short pause.

"Before the fight we were 8000 strong, general," replied the veteran in a firm voice, as he attempted to fall into a posture more akin to his military dignity.

From the countenance of the old soldier, it was easy to be seen that he had not uttered a falsehood; but notwithstanding this, and notwithstanding, moreover, there was at hand the best possible means of ascertaining the truth, having the united evidence of all the prisoners, the general, nevertheless, prepared to act in accordance with the established practice of Austria, caring little whether such practice was in itself barbarous or not; and thinking that in such cases the shortest way was the best. He accordingly made the old soldier lie upon a bench, and punished him with twenty-five stripes, adding the remark that this would teach him to tell the truth.

Suddenly it struck the veteran, that Vogel wished to hear the number of Hungarians reported larger, and reflecting that a falsehood in this direction would be to the advantage of his countrymen, he got over all scruples, and said boldly in reply to a second question: "We were 12,000 strong!" Whether the suspicious manner in which he stroked his mustache, or whether his faltering voice betrayed him, his falsehood was detected, and the general, who strode up and down the room, roared in a voice of thunder:—

"Hungarian dog! Have not the stripes found their way through your thick skin?"

And the unfortunate man was obliged once more to put himself on the place of torture, uttering, as he did so, a vigorous Hungarian curse, that made him show a fine set of teeth. He now received fifteen stripes, administered with that dexterity which is peculiar to Austrian corporals; and after the execution of the sentence, cried out with the little truth that was left him, that the Hungarians were 25,000 in number.

There was something in the countenance of the

Austrian general which induced the hussar to dread a repetition of his ignominious punishment, and he at once explained that he would point out a method of destroying the numerous force at a very cheap rate. The poor hussar, however, had misinterpreted the movements of the general's face, which denoted not anger, but delight, at the thought that the disastrous issue of the furious conflict would be attributed, not to his own bad generalship, or to a want of courage on the part of his soldiers, but merely to an immeasurable superiority of numbers on the side of the "rebellious dogs." The soldier's confession, therefore, pleased him so much, that, after kindly admonishing the prisoner to remain true and faithful to the paternal imperial house, he not only set him at liberty, but received him into the number of his own attendants.

The hussar was now in good spirits again, for with the memory of his personal liberty revived the hope that at an early opportunity he would escape to his countrymen, among whom he would once more feel himself at home, and once more hear his

native tongue; whereas, in Vogel's service, he was reduced to the society of Austrians and Bohemians, a hatred for whom he had imbibed with his mother's milk. To his great delight Vogel took some men of the captured hussars into his service, and employed them, as well as our veteran, in the stable. The reason for this will be readily understood, when we recollect that in Austria Hungarian drivers and riders are preferred to all others.

When the friends met together in the ring they often chatted about old times—fighting their battles o'er again, and discoursing of parents, relatives, and sweethearts, and thinking how ill it would fare with these beloved persons if the Austrians occupied the entire country, till at last they devised and resolved upon a plan of escape.

In the meanwhile, General Vogel, whose troops were much disheartened by their recent defeat, began to retreat to the spot where he had commenced his march. On his way, alas! he received correct information as to the number

of the Hungarian troops, and was so greatly enraged against the old hussar, that, without losing time in investigation, he had him taken out and shot.

None of the hussar's friends were present at the execution, and it was only in a dumb soliloquy that he could take leave of all that he held dear; but the general had visited him, and began to ask after his horses and grooms—not one of them was to be found. The stable was empty, and it was soon ascertained that the grooms had mounted the general's horses, and galloped off to the ranks of their countrymen.

Vogel never returned to the seat of the Hungarian war.

By way of appendix to this true story, we take occasion to make the remark, that, throughout the Hungarian campaign, all the Austrian officers who were made prisoners were treated in a manner that proves the magnanimity of the Magyar nation; while on the other hand, the thousands captured by Austria were treated with barbarity, deprived of their property, and, without regard to

their previous rank, incorporated in the imperial army as private soldiers. As for those who had especially distinguished themselves, or had previously served in the Austrian army, they were either shot or imprisoned for life.

Puszta.

HAIL to thee! Though an exile in a distant land, I still send my greeting to thee—cradle of my infancy! Thou country of the all-conquering Attila—be thou thrice greeted!

Wide are thy plains as the broad surface of the ocean, and blessed are they by God, who gave them to the ancient Arpád. On those plains her blood has shed in streams for religion, right, and liberty; in those plains the yoke of the Slavonians was rent asunder, and beneath them lies many a hero who once boldly waved the Scythian sword, and whose name, blotted out from earthly records, is now inscribed in the chronicles of eternity. Ages ago the waves of an ocean roared over them, and left behind them many a marsh. Now the land

is intersected by innumerable rivers, and inhabited by the descendants of Arpád, the well-known Magyar race, with all their peculiarities of type and of custom—the Magyar race, whose wives and daughters speak so forcibly to the heart, with that fervent soul that darts out of their flashing eyes; and it appears that the recollection of these events, which still continues to exist in the breast of the people, nourishes that secret force by which they feel themselves inseparable from the soil.

May the Hungarian travel over the world, and lay the foundation of his fortune in other lands; yet never corrupt his feelings, heart, and character by foreign treasures, nor profane his love towards his native land!

He then gains experience among different nations; the German cosmopolite, without national feelings; the thoughtless, fickle Frenchman; the Englishman, with his bigoted worship of mammon and his mob of poor; the theatrical, revengeful Italian; the Spaniard, with his love songs; the cunning, mean-spirited Slavonian, the perjured and corrupt Greek, and the humane but jealous Turk.

When he again returns to the banks of the Danube he learns to esteem his people higher, and to love his country with greater warmth; and, when he relates his experiences to his friends, he remembers the Turks most gratefully as they showed him the greatest humanity, and sums up with the old proverb of his fathers,—

"Extra Hungariam non est vita, si est vita non est ita."

The ancient Asiatic origin is still stamped on the Hungarian mind; he is devoted to the creed of his fathers, faithful to his chiefs, loves his country. To show these national virtues, we give the instructions of every Hungarian father to his son, warning him thus:—

Félð ar Istent.	*Tiszteld a Királyt.*	*Szeresd hazádat.*
Fear God.	Honour the King.	Love your fatherland.

When the traveller leaves the capital of Pesth, which, like a coquettish beauty, smiles down upon the blue waves of the Danube as they roll along beneath her stately palaces; and then proceeds through the holy field of Rákos, in the vicinity of Debreczin, in which the Magyars held their

diets for freedom and the maintenance of their constitution, but the altars and monuments of which now lie buried in ruins, he will scarcely find a tree to afford him shelter, so much is vegetation stunted by the hurricanes which roam across the plains. But if he now turns his eyes to the soil, he will see a chain of hills crowned with wheat; if he looks to the north, he will see the Tokay vineyards crested in mist; and in the south he will perceive the mines of Transylvania. The royal castle of Buda, which stands opposite to Pesth, and from its rocky throne mournfully surveys the once glorious plains, will gradually vanish from his sight, and he will now approach the town of Szolnok, situated in the lands of the Huss.

If he now crosses the reedy Theiss, as it winds through the plain with a serpent-like course, he perceives abundant corn-fields, the ears of which, rocked by the wind, move like the waves of the sea. High overhead in the air, he discovers the eagle, which, quitting the Carpathian mountains, now soars along, ready to dart upon its prey.

In another direction, he beholds the hardy

Csikós,* with his herd of horses, brandishing his long leather whip, which is fantastically adorned, and darting along with—

The land of Magyars would you know?
Then see the Csikós on his steed,
A very arrow in his speed,
Sweeping the desert like a storm.
His eye is black, his cheek is brown,
His raven hair in curls flows down,
And round about his stalwart form
The shaggy cloak of fur is thrown.
Thus, in the plain the Magyar flies
Swift as the eagle through his skies.

Farther on, the traveller beholds the Jukász,† a fine specimen of humanity, with his dark hair and his strong form. With his white dogs he watches over innumerable herds of sheep, wrapped up in his Szür,‡ which, though woven from coarse wool, is richly adorned with red cloth. His beloved, a charming girl, with black sparkling eyes and raven locks, is seated by his side as he plays a melancholy air on his bagpipe.

Yonder stands the Gulyás,§ resting on his long staff; he is watching the cattle scattered over the

* Horse-herd. † Shepherd. ‡ Cloak. § Cow-herd.

plain, and from time to time plays soft melodies on a pipe of four feet in length, which his own hands have fashioned from a reed.

And in the remotest background stand white hostelries, church steeples, and lofty ship-masts, rising like trees from the ocean. Presently a hare darts by, followed by the hounds and the hunters, and now on his wild steed appears the Puszta-hirt, riding along, his white shirt and his wild horse giving him a spectre-like aspect. On beholding the weary traveller he stops.

"What news at Buda?"

"None at all—the God of the Magyars does not live there."

"You are tired and thirsty, mayhap?"

"Yes; weariness and thirst are my two unwelcome comrades."

"Ah! then, we'll alleviate one, and quench the other." And with these words, the Puszta-hirt hands to the traveller the kulacs, a heavy wooden drinking vessel of a flattened round shape.

"The wine is not so bad!" exclaims the traveller, after nearly emptying the goblet of its contents.

"You may well say that! It comes from the handsome hostess in yonder Csárda; she will fill a kulacz like this for four kreutzer."

Happy Hungary! When wine is so cheap that the poorest person can drink it.

"How far is it to Félegy-háza?"

"Look there; at that draw-well on the border of the plain, where the storks are perched. Go in that direction, and when you have proceeded about a mile further, you will see the church steeple of Félegy-háza."

"Good-by—God bless you, brother!"

The herdsman has vanished like a shadow, and the wanderer hastens his footsteps; but the sun has already sunk beneath the horizon, and he does not yet see any sign of the place of his destination.

But now the evening breeze he hears,
Which on its gentle pinions bears
The distant hills' melodious song,
Which trembles as it floats along;
This gentle sound, so soft and sweet,
The wearied trav'ller seems to greet,
Who pauses on the lonely heath,
A pray'r of thankfulness to breathe.

Now rises the cheerful moon, by whose soft light the traveller approaches Félegy-háza; and, while the cries of the birds of prey still suggest strange images to his fancy, he reaches the long-desired spot, and reposes his weary limbs.

Wilhelmina.

WILMOS and Pista were dear friends even in their earliest childhood, and while they were at school; there they found a third friend in the person of a charming little girl, named Wilhelmina. Now, it is not in human nature to love two persons with equal ardour; and Wilhelmina was no exception to this general rule, for she loved Pista more than Wilmos. Pista, on his side too, was more attached to Wilhelmina than to Wilmos, though he was a very good friend to both.

In Hungary, on Sunday, it is the custom for young girls to present the youth for whom they feel love or friendship with a bouquet of flowers, which the proud swain is but too delighted to wear in his hat. This custom is so general,

especially at Félegy-háza, that it is practised even by children; and hence no one was greatly astonished, when one Sunday Wilhelmina made a nosegay and presented it to Pista. Every body save Wilmos regarded the gift as a mark of sisterly affection; but in the heart of Wilmos, child as he was, it inflicted a rankling wound, for he felt that, if he had been the person preferred, his happiness would have been unbounded.

The children grew up, and in the bosoms of Pista and Wilhelmina increased the feeling of mutual love, while the heart of Wilmos swelled more and more with jealousy and envy.

When Pista was twenty-two and Wilhelmina fifteen years of age, they had their parents' consent to marry. But the storm of 1848 broke out, and destroyed the happiness of this tender pair, as it did that of so many others.

It was now a time of war. Austria for the seventh time had thrown the gauntlet to the sons of Arpád, and Hungary had picked it up. Wives urged their husbands, maidens urged their brothers, to take part in the patriotic struggle.

Pista needed no such persuasion; he had been among the first to hasten to the defence of his fatherland. Wilhelmina was proud of this demonstration of his valour; the thought that her lover was fighting for his country, seemed to give her a superiority among her youthful comrades.

Wilmos, who felt a repugnance for a soldier's life, stopped at home. He had no notion of falling a victim on the battle-field, especially when the departure of Pista had rendered the heart of Wilhelmina so much more accessible. Pista might just as well be cut off by a bullet as any one else, and then there would be no obstacle to a union of Wilmos with Wilhelmina. At least so thought Wilmos himself, but he happened to be grievously mistaken; for Wilhelmina had felt a decided aversion for him ever since the departure of Pista, and, if the latter had been killed, this aversion would have been increased to the deadliest hatred.

Two months had now passed, and Wilmos had striven with all his might to make Wilhelmina think less of the battle-field, and more about

Félegy-háza and himself; but his efforts were in vain. Wilhelmina's whole thoughts were of the battle, and of Pista, and of the laurels he would gain. As for poor Pista, he often thought of Félegy-háza, having ample leisure for reflection, as he lay in a field-hospital severely wounded.

A field-hospital is a dismal place, especially for one who has a home, parents, and a sweetheart, in the outside of it. So thought Pista, and he accordingly plucked up his courage, and got together his few moveables, and left his dreary abode.

The welcome he received in his native village, especially from Wilhelmina, completely repaid him for all his sufferings. Even Wilmos gave him an embrace, which had all the appearance of friendship, though he could not help blushing when he saw the horrible scars on his friend's face. There were two reasons for his blushes. He blushed because he thought how unworthy he was in comparison with Pista, and also because he remembered his wish, that Pista might never return alive.

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"I thought I should have seen you as a soldier?" said Pista.

"I had a thousand reasons to prevent me," was the reply; "in the first place, my horse is lame."

"That is a poor excuse, Wilmos. If all Hungarians were like you, what would become of us? We should deserve to be the slaves of the Germans. However, I shall now get well and return to my regiment, and then I hope you will accompany me."

Here Wilhelmina took up the discussion, and said how nice it would be if the two friends were together, and protected each other.

On the following day they all three met again. Wilmos and Wilhelmina were sitting by the bedside of the wounded friend, when a shout of "Éljen a hon" (Our country for ever!) was heard in the streets. Presently a troop of herds, followed by a throng of curious women and children, approached the dwelling of Pista, with the tricolor flag fluttering in the air. When they had reached the house they stopped, and gave a hearty cheer. This was too much for Wilhelmina, who began to sob aloud; while Pista,

with a bandage round his head, went to the window, and thanked the throng without, which presently dispersed. Wilmos felt very uncomfortable; he sat on the bed as though it had been a chafing-dish. But when a number of women, who came in to inquire after Pista's health, taunted him with not taking up arms in defence of his country, he could endure it no longer, and rushed out of the house. On the following day he had disappeared from the village, and left his cattle.

The Czikos.

The white shirt flutters before the breeze,
The loving heart is ill at ease.
One long, last kiss to Rosa's hand,
And away—away—o'er the broad green land,
As the scud by the angry storm-wind lash'd
Across the Puszta the Czikós dash'd.
"Ho, comrade, ho—you ride so fast,
What seek you in your madcap haste?"
"I came from the Puszta—I left my cattle—
I jump'd on this horse—I'm off for the battle!"
"Ho—comrade—stop! this must not be,
The steed you are riding belongs to me.
A horse of mine you have stolen—alack!
And I mean, if you please, to have it back."

His head the gallant Czikós shakes,
And a farewell sign with his hand he makes.
" Mine host—a truce to all this stuff—
'Tis you, I trow, have steeds enough;
But I have one only fatherland,
Which I must save with my good right hand.
I stole your horse, lest too late I might be—
Farewell, mine host, and pray for me!"

In the meanwhile, Pista had sufficiently recovered to join his regiment. On the day of departure, Wilhelmina, bedewing the scarred face of her beloved with tears of maiden sorrow, girded on his good sword. Thus accoutred, he set off for Pesth, leaving Wilhelmina so absorbed in the thought of his loss, that approaching night found her kneeling on the spot where they had parted, breathing a fervent prayer for his safety. When her prayer was ended, she rose with a heartfelt joy, which she would not have exchanged for any amount of worldly wealth.

All of a sudden Wilmos reappeared in the village, severely wounded, and all the villagers hastened to see the hero, who had fought so valiantly for his country and his domestic hearth.

His parents received congratulations without end, for being blessed with such an heroic son. Unfortunately for Wilmos, a man came to Félegyháza, and chance conducted him to the wounded man's abode. When he heard of such marvellous feats performed by the son of the house, he expressed a wish to see this pattern of all valour. He was conducted to Wilmos accordingly, but no sooner did he set eyes on him, than all his feelings of romance subsided; and, what was still more, he readily denied the possibility of Wilmos having been a soldier. As for the heroic deeds which Wilmos was said to have achieved, he declared they were utterly impossible; inasmuch as he had seen him at Pesth, leading a dissipated life during the whole time of the conflict. He finished his remarks by asking, with perfect innocence, how Wilmos had sold his horse? Poor Wilmos changed colour, being first red and then white, and then red again; while Wilhelmina, with the exclamation of "Oh, how shabby!" left the room, producing such an effect, that the rest of the party had nothing better to do than to

follow her example. In a short time after this little incident, it was reported about the village that Wilmos had suffered, not in consequence of his valour, but on account of his evil deeds, and that the weapons which had inflicted the wounds had not been guns or sabres either, but good stout cudgels.

In the meanwhile great events had occurred on the broad plains of Hungary. Battles were fought in which the Hungarians displayed such valour, that the fame of their deeds spread through foreign lands, and of course reached Félegy-háza. Lists, too, arrived both of those who had fallen, and of those who had distinguished themselves by extraordinary valour, and among the names of the latter occurred that of Pista. Wilhelmina read the list a hundred times over, and shed tears of joy at learning the heroism of her beloved. Wilmos looked at the list too, but his feelings were very different from those of Wilhelmina.

The fame of the Hungarians' arms soon gave no little uneasiness to Austria, who, though her army in Hungary had been reduced to the most hope-

less plight, nevertheless published bulletins announcing her constant victories over the "rebels" and "robber hordes." However, in spite of every effort to repress them, foreigners and Hungarians found their way into the Austrian barracks; and the consequence was, that several of the Hungarian regiments which had served under the Austrian banner in Italy, Bohemia, and elsewhere, were considerably thinned, several of the soldiers betaking themselves to their own country, and devoting themselves to its defence.

The Hussar.

Across the plain the courser flies!
Upon his back is Hungary's son,
With gesture wild and flashing eyes;
Through storm and wind he hurries on.
He proudly lifts his arm of might;
Two pistols in his belt he bears;
His loved companion in the fight,
His old paternal sword, he wears.

Across the plain the courser flies!
Upon his back the Magyar goes,
And with his blood the saddle dyes,
As from his wounds in streams it flows.

"Haste on—haste on—my gallant steed!
Thy hoof should crush the foe to earth;
We scatter death and gladly bleed,
While fighting for our home and hearth."

Across the plain the courser flies!
The valiant Magyar wounded falls;
"Hurrah! I am no foeman's prize,
No foreign yoke my neck enthrals.
The Magyar ne'er will be a slave;
His life is glorious in its close,
Upon the ground where sleep the brave——"
Alone—alone—the courser goes!

The news which arrived of constant victories by the Hungarian army, kept the heart of Wilhelmina in such a state of excitement, that when the fortune of war changed, and no intelligence arrived, she fell into a kind of fever. Her peace of mind was gone, and fearful images haunted her day and night, till at last her health began to give way. Suddenly the thought flashed across her mind, that she would seek Pista, alive or dead; and this thought speedily took the form of a fixed resolution. She asked Wilmos to accompany, and had the less reason to fear a refusal, as he had already

declared he would risk life itself for her sake. She not unduly valued her influence over Wilmos. He accompanied her, and in a day they had arrived at Debreczin, and in another day reached the desired haven, Wilhelmina having put on male attire, as being better suited to her plans. A young officer who was on duty, saluted them thus:—

"Do you wish to enlist?"

"Yes!" replied Wilhelmina, in a voice of affected depth; "but we chiefly wish to know where the Hunyadi hussars are stationed."

"They are stationed a good way off; they can only be approached by a dangerous road, and moreover they are in constant action."

"Nevertheless, we must join them," said Wilhelmina; "for we have a brother among them." The word "brother" almost stuck in her throat.

"What is his name?"

"Raphael," she answered hastily.

"I see; he is a good soldier, no doubt?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And you both want to go to him? Is that your brother?"

"Yes, Herr officer," answered Wilmos.

"What are your names?"

Now this was a question for which neither of them were prepared. Wilhelmina sought to evade it by saying, "Do not ask our names; it is as insignificant as ourselves." This would not do, and Wilhelmina was forced to give a name of some sort, and now stated that they were both called "Wilmos," alike.

To their great surprise they were separated; and Wilhelmina, who made all sorts of inquiries about Pista, could hear nothing about him whatever. Wilmos, in the meanwhile, had enlisted, and soon became practised in the use of arms.

In a few days the troops received orders to hold themselves in readiness, as a time of more action was approaching; Wilmos could not help experiencing an uneasy sensation. How could he now face the terrors and perils of war without the cheering presence of the two companions of his

childhood, especially "Wilmos the second?" He walked to the window with tears in his eyes.

"Hilloah, comrade, are you crying at the mere thought of a battle? What will you do when the fight really begins? You had better pack up, and go home to your mother. Herr! toss off a cup of wine. That is our way of initiating a comrade, and a very good way, too! it makes capital soldiers. You will gain heart when you see our general Görgey moving among us like a common soldier, and always at the head of the bravest."

On the day after the command had been given, a detachment of the enemy's infantry arrived, and, in his very first skirmish, Wilmos showed that some cause other than cowardice had made him shed tears. One fight followed close upon another, and Wilmos became more and more inured to danger—more convinced that when the peril was the greatest, when the road to victory was most rugged—the generally-beloved Görgey was certain to be found. At last, the decisive day approached—the day that was to decide whether

Austria was to retain the supremacy she had acquired, or Hungary was to recover its ancient independence.

The first rays of the sun awakened the God of Battles, when songs, issued from thousands and thousands of fiery throats, made the earth tremble. Clouds of smoke concealed the ravages that had been made on both sides; but still much that was terrible could be discovered. The fight had lasted the whole day, when suddenly the trumpet sounded the signal for a charge. This sound was irresistible, filling every heart with courage; and the Hungarians, with Görgey at their head, rushed, with a wild shriek, over the corpses of friends and foes.

The enemy fled, panic-struck. Instead of following them in their flight, we will rest upon the plain, and contemplate the various objects it presents. Look, there lies a gallant soldier who has lost both his legs. Drawing a dagger from his bosom, he puts a sudden end to his sufferings. Another has had his left shoulder torn off by a cannon-ball, and we may see his heart beating

through his frightful wound. But his senses yet remain, and he discharges a pistol through his head, scattering his brains over those in his vicinity. Yonder is a faithful fellow, carrying upon his back the half-lifeless body of his friend, whom he has found among a heap of corpses. Yonder, again, wanders a horse, whose hard jaw has been shot away by a musket bullet. The poor animal staggers to a troop of wounded soldiers, as if these could afford him some assistance in his misfortunes; and, standing before them, addresses them with mutely eloquent looks. They take compassion on the sufferer, and one of them, raising his musket to its head, kindly relieves it from its misery.

At a short distance from the scene of these mournful events, amid the scattered carriages, cannons, and ammunition-carts, lie whole rows of wounded men, tended by the army surgeons. But now, pray, close your eyes. The calm cutting and sawing of human flesh is a sight far more horrible than any we have already witnessed. But let it be recorded that every one of them, as he died in torture, uttered an imprecation against

the house of Hapsburg, or a prayer for his fatherland. General Görgey himself received two wounds in this engagement; one in the head, the other in the arm. As for Wilmos, he had displayed such extraordinary courage, that he was at once promoted to the rank of lieutenant; but, in an engagement that took place shortly afterwards, he was so severely wounded that he was forced to remain in a village.

Here he was nursed by a lovely girl, named Matilda, who bestowed so much kindly attention upon him, that he could scarcely do otherwise than recover in a few days. Wilmos was a handsome young hussar, and so thought Matilda. Yes! and so thought Aurora, too; she was a pretty friend of Matilda's. Indeed, Aurora had firmly resolved to capture the heart of the wounded officer; and, with this intent, she continued to make long visits to her friend.

Now the two young friends had totally opposite qualities. Matilda was plain, frank, and unaffected in her manners, simple in her tastes; she had all the qualities of a good housewife. Aurora, on the

other hand, had been lavishly endowed by Nature with personal and mental charms, and might have shone in a fashionable saloon. Wherever she appeared, she was at once an object of admiration, and attracted the attention of every one present, as if by force of magic. Ay, she was indeed a lovely creature, with her black hair falling in ringlets about her white neck, and with the diamond crescent, which, attached to the braid about her head, made her look like a new Diana. There was also in her manner an indescribable something made up of stateliness and levity, which fascinated everybody and offended nobody. That Wilmos was among the fascinated, need scarcely be explained.

This effect of Aurora's charms was any thing but pleasing to Matilda, who resolved henceforth to keep her as far from Wilmos as possible. Wilmos had so far recovered, that he could go out walking—an improvement which admirably suited Matilda's plans. She took him into a pavilion, which had been fitted up in the vineyard in the Swiss style, and in which she had often indulged

in half-pleasing, half-melancholy reflections, amid the perfume of the most fragrant flowers. Here she and Wilmos could indulge in sweet concourse; and, as their eyes strayed over the gay flowers before them, Wilmos found it an easy transition to pass from the commendation of the rose and the lily, to the figurative rose and lily in Matilda's complexion. So highly interesting was their converse, that though it began literally soon in the afternoon, it lasted till sunset. In the meanwhile it may be mentioned, Wilmos had made his declaration of love to Matilda, and—it need *not* be mentioned—Matilda accepted the offer of his hand and heart.

Joy often renders people too confident. Matilda was now so delighted with her conquest, that all fear of a rival was at an end, and she renewed her friendship with Aurora more fervently than ever. But in Aurora she had a subtle adversary, who had already watched her proceedings, and was prepared to countermine her schemes. One evening, when the two friends sat talking together in a merry mood, conversation turned upon Wilmos.

"You wont be jealous, will you?" said Aurora, "if I tell you that Wilmos is the most delightful man I ever saw. No, no! you need not be afraid. I could not love Wilmos, now I know that he is beloved by my dearest friend." This was said half in jest, half in earnest.

"Wilmos beloved by me!" exclaimed Matilda. "Do you imagine that I would set my heart upon a soldier, who is here to-day and elsewhere to-morrow—who experiences a *first* love over and over again, and makes new vows of eternal constancy in every place where he is stationed?"

"Matilda," said her friend, "any suspicion of Wilmos' fidelity would be unjust. Recollect he is not an *Austrian* officer."

The sudden appearance of Wilmos put an end to this conversation. He had come in with Matilda's mother, and was saying something about woman's love being only an affair of the lips, with which the heart had nothing to do; when the good old lady had such a deal to tell Matilda about household affairs, that it was impossible to get in another word. Matilda found it an inexpressible

relief when she was at last told to get supper ready; for she was convinced that Wilmos had overheard her denial that she loved him, and hence she felt so terribly confused. Repressing her feelings, however, she said to Aurora, with apparent calmness, "Will you take a turn in the garden with Herr ——, dear Aurora?"

Now, at the end of a long walk in this garden, was a grotto surrounded with ivy, in which stood a chessboard, ready set up for any one who might be disposed to play. Aurora and Wilmos took their seats in the grotto, and played for "kiss." Wilmos won, and insisted on receiving his prize, while Aurora did all she could to put off the time of payment. She made all sorts of protestations, but at last the eyes of the players met; eyes will often tell truth which the lips would conceal, and Aurora fell on the neck of the conqueror.

At this moment, Matilda, who had come into the garden to ask the lovers to supper, reached the grotto. She heard the sound of the fatal kiss, and as she hurried forward she saw the still more

fatal embrace. With a cry of "Mother! mother!" she fell senseless to the ground.

While Wilmos hastened to seek the mother, Aurora was occupied with her friend, whom she speedily restored to her senses, and whose first words were, "Out of my sight, serpent!"

"I have never deceived you, dear Matilda," said Aurora; but the offended girl would not utter another word. Presently her mother came with a medical man. She was taken to bed, and the doctor ordered that no one should be admitted to her room, as she must not be disturbed, and required repose. The good man was grievously mistaken. Repose was not to be found in Matilda's room; the storm in her own bosom was too violent.

In excited moments, people do not think so rationally, as when every thing is calm and undisturbed. On the following morning, Matilda had already changed her plans with respect to Wilmos; and, when he appeared to inquire after her health, she not only did not close the door against him, but even proposed a turn in the garden. This

time Wilmos had nothing to say; but then Matilda, on the other hand, had a whole heartful of grief, and she began to reproach him bitterly for his conduct on the evening before.

"I have promised to be faithful to you, dear Matilda," said Wilmos, when he had heard her reproaches to the end; "but, indeed, if such trifles as that of last night are to be regarded as breaches of faith, there is an end of all happiness on earth."

"Nay!" was the reply, "that jest looked a little too serious; at any rate, sensitive hearts are not fond of such jests." Conversation went on in this style for some time, till at last Wilmos clasped Matilda to his heart, and a fervent kiss or two was the sign of the reconciliation. The next day they once more wandered into the vineyard, and entered the pavilion which had witnessed the first avowal of their mutual love. While they were engaged in soft converse, a knock was suddenly heard at the door; and Matilda, awakened from her dream, could scarcely summon up voice enough to ask who the intruder was. It

was only the old gardener, who, in a couching voice, mumbled forth all sorts of apologies, saying that he thought the officer was alone in the pavilion. He then took his leave, and the two lovers instantly quitted the pavilion, talking of nothing but of the happiness that was to ensue from their approaching marriage.

It was not till some days had elapsed, that Aurora called once more upon her friend. She had but a cold reception from Matilda, who, indeed, left the room almost as soon as she entered it. Aurora seemed not to notice her friend's conduct, and chatted away with Wilmos, as cheerful and as innocent as ever. Scarcely, however, was Matilda gone than they both changed their tone, and, with assurances of mutual love, projected a plan for a correspondence.

In the meanwhile Wilmos had been summoned to the place where his regiment was quartered, and, as he was now perfectly recovered, he returned to his military service. Before he departed, however—alas, for treachery!—he made arrangements for a future correspondence with Matilda.

When Wilmos was gone, the cause of discord was removed, and the young friends were as affectionate as ever. At least so they seemed to be; for, in spite of all their endearing expressions, they could not refrain from mutual suspicions, which were too strong to be effaced by any continued show of friendship. The servants on both sides profited by this mood. Matilda's maid, in consideration of certain monies and promises, had engaged to deliver up to Aurora the letters received by her mistress from Wilmos, and a similar contract had been made between Aurora's maid and Matilda.

Both the young girls received their long-expected letters at the same moment. The one directed to Matilda was in this fashion: "Nothing but the sacred duties I owe my country, could tear me from the arms of my adored Matilda. Even here thy loving image ever floats before me, and, like another goddess of war, ever urges me to glorious deeds," &c. &c. &c.

The loving girl could not refrain from tears on reading this tender epistle. She was still absorbed

in delightful reflections, in which she depicted to herself a blooming future, when Aurora's servant appeared, and brought in another letter in the handwriting of Wilmos. She opened it trembling, found that it was word for word the same with the one she had just read, save that the name "Aurora" was substituted for the name "Matilda."

In the meanwhile, a precisely similar occurrence took place in Aurora's chamber. She also read a letter sent to her by Wilmos; she also dropped tears on pathetic passages; and she also soon obtained another letter, in which Matilda was addressed in precisely the same terms as herself. In the first moment of jealous rage, she enclosed Matilda's letter in her own envelope, and despatched it to her friend, not reflecting for the moment that she thus betrayed her own curiosity. Matilda at once paid Aurora a visit, and a mutual explanation ensued, which ended in a hearty laugh on both sides at the trick that had been played on them, and a reconciliation that promised to be more lasting than the other.

In the meanwhile the freedom of Hungary was tottering on the brink of its grave. Russia, Austria, Wallachs, Croats, Servs, Bulgars, fought on the side of tyranny and despotism, and helped to ring the knell of a liberty which had lasted a thousand years; which, since 1526, had been seven times threatened with revolution by the Hapsburg dynasty, in the defence of which blood had often flowed in streams, and in whose sacred cause innumerable victims have been dragged to the shambles of Austria.

Every act of Austria against Hungary has been marked by perjury on the part of the king who committed it; and every perjury has been accompanied by the perpetration of countless deeds of cruelty and bloodshed.

When Hungary had fallen before the rod of the two despotic powers, many of her bold warriors took the pilgrim's staff into their hands, in the hope of better days. Wilmos, among others, had left his home, and travelled in the company of a young captain to Turkey. There he fell sick, and his sickness would have terminated fatally had not

the paternal care of his comrade supported his sinking strength. So great were the exertions of this trusty friend, that his own health began to decline.

The friendship which existed between Wilmos and the captain was a subject of admiration among all the fugitives, and some, to account for it, said they had been intimate from their earliest childhood. As for the illness of Wilmos, it seemed to proceed rather from the state of his mind than from any other source.

In due time, thanks to the exertion of his friend, he began to recover; and, while he was still wavering between life and death, it was discovered that Wilmos was not Wilmos at all, not the friend of Pista, but an old acquaintance, Wilhelmina.

This discovery made such an impression on the young captain's mind, that the sentiment of friendship was soon changed into that of love. A tender sympathy arose between them; although Wilhelmina's early charms had long since faded. Alas! the hair, which once hung in luxuriant curls, was now cropped in military fashion; her

white forehead and rosy cheeks had been burned by the sun; her tender hands had become rough and coarse; and her form, once so slender, was now thick-set and masculine. Nevertheless, there was still a fascination in her manner, which had magic enough to win the heart of the young captain. On the other hand, the elevation of the captain's mind, and the disinterestedness of his devotion, had awakened in Wilhelmina a strong inclination in his favour, and it was settled that the day of their nuptials should take place as soon as she had sufficiently recovered to leave her bed.

The young warrior was once seated by the bedside of his betrothed, watching the movements of her breath, and the play of her countenance. It was a bright starlight and moonlight night, and as is only seen in the East; and a silvery ray, playing on the face of the sleeper, endowed her with unusual beauty. Stunned with admiration, her lover exclaimed, "Oh! how beautiful must thou have been in the days of thy bloom, when even now, as thou approachest thy decay, thou resemblest an angel. Perhaps thou hast for ever lost the

joys of thy first love!"—While he tortured his heart with these sad thoughts, he saw a melancholy smile on the face of Wilhelmina, and then a movement as though she were about to speak. Still no sound was heard, and it seemed as though she were afraid to trust her lips with the secret of her heart. At last a deep sigh burst forth from her bosom, and then in a soft trembling whisper was uttered the name "Pista."

"Poor girl!" said the captain, "I was not mistaken."

About this time a young riding-master came to the scene of these events. He found many of his friends among the refugees, and this was a source of high satisfaction; since, although his melancholy was not to be removed, he could at any rate amuse himself by gossiping about the events that had taken place in his unhappy country, and in the cause of injustice. All sorts of dismal topics were discussed. Thus the dangers consequent on flight were described, and there were questions and answers as to who had been shot or hanged, and who had been thrust into an Austrian prison, till

at last the stranger was asked, whether he knew an officer named Wilmos.

"Why, Wilmos was the friend of my boyhood. Where is he? What has become of him? lead me to him."

"Nay, if you are so much interested about Wilmos, perhaps Wilhelmina will interest you still more."

"Wilhelmina!" exclaimed the stranger, springing from his seat, "can she be here! Nothing but a special decree of heaven can have brought her. Come—come—let me see her!" And off he went in company with one of his comrades. They entered the sick-room, and he recognised at a glance the faded form of his Wilhelmina. Rushing to her bedside, he embraced her with ardour, and held her long folded in his arms.

The young captain viewed this spectacle with a strange mixed feeling; he saw another's happiness raised on the ruins of his own.

* * * * *

The marriage of Pista, for the riding-master was no other, took place on the day when Wilhelmina

left her room. As for the real Wilmos, it was afterwards learned, from the narrative of an old hussar, that he had fallen in one of the first skirmishes.

After Pesth and Buda, being left defenceless, were occupied by the Austrian general, Windischgrätz, Debreczin became the goal of his wishes and his operations. Notwithstanding the severity of the winter, he exerted himself to the utmost to reach that point; but all his efforts proved fruitless, for his army suffered a signal defeat at Szolnok. Bem, with a considerable force, dispersed the misguided Saxons and Wallachians in Transylvania, and drove the Austrian troops into Wallachia.

In the meanwhile, the Croatians, Servians, and Raizians had been kept down, and the ranks of the Austrian mercenaries had been thinned generally. Several Bulgarians were among them, and have since been seen, by the writer of this narrative, in a terribly maimed condition.

We may give the names of the Hungarian generals, who, in 1848-9, conducted the war for the defence and liberation of their country. Those

who are marked with two asterisks (**), were shot; those with one (*), were hanged by the Hapsburgs as soon as the banner of Hungarian liberty had been trampled on.

Generals.

AULICH.*—A well-educated soldier, once in the Austrian service, and a faithful adherent to the good cause.

BEM ended his life a pasha at Aleppo, in Asia Minor. In Hungary, and more particularly in the mountainous country of Transylvania, where the names of Attila, Kinizsy, and Hunyadi, are immortal, he will never be forgotten. It may however be said, that he did not wage war against Austria and Russia so much from principle as from a love of war, and a hatred for the oppressors of his country, Poland.

BULHARIN.—An old Pole, fitted by mother Nature to be the superior of a convent rather than the head of an army.

CZECZ.—A young unpretending man, who, as a Hungarian, was the first pupil in the Austrian military academy. At a time when he would have had more opportunity for the practical application of his consummate military science, he would have been a distinguished general.

CSUHA, though he has somewhat less brilliant qualities

than Czecz, is a man of unswerving patriotism, and is therefore a good soldier, especially as he is willing to follow the advice of persons more experienced than himself.

COUNT DEMBINCKI, an old Polish military adventurer, famed for his numerous retreats, and a stanch supporter of Prince Czartoryski in his Panslavonic attempts. As for the military science which is attributed to him by the prince's partisans, he has given no sign of it in Hungary; but, on the contrary, contributed to the ruin of that country, by his loss of the battle of Temeswár. He had probably found out that his Panslavonic schemes would bear no fruit in Hungarian soil; but that, on the contrary, a victorious termination of the war would prove fatal to his views. Görgey, who found him out in time, in the work he has published on the Hungarian insurrection, has given a clear estimate of his military services.

COUNT DESEWFFY (of Desewff),** belonging to a most ancient and patriotic Hungarian family; as a soldier, he was famous in all the battles where heroic valour was most wanted.

DAMJANICH,* not having received a military education, was only serviceable in carrying out plans devised by others; but, when he was set going in the proper direction, there was little doubt of his success. He was one of the bravest soldiers of Hungary.

GASPAR* was ever to be found where courage

was most required, and the call of duty was most imperative. He was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, but in two years was liberated.

GAL (of Gyula, Chamberlain).—A Hungarian general, in whom zeal and perseverance compensated for the absence of other qualities. Sentenced to eighteen years' imprisonment.

GAL.—A gallant young warrior, mutilated by losing his right leg.

GÖRGEY.—The deeds accomplished by this, in every respect, extraordinary man, will render his name immortal. His greatest fault is his excessive modesty. If he only had enhanced himself more highly, Hungary would now have been saved; or, at any rate, he would have been placed where he could have done the best service for his country. But what can modesty do in times of danger, when opposed to a boaster-Machiavel like Kossuth?

GUYON, a married Englishman in Hungary, who does honour to his nation by his distinguished valour. His want of military knowledge has been compensated by the boldness of his exploits. After the fall of Hungary, he became a Mahometan, and is now a Turkish Pasha.

BARON HRABOWSKY was a well-educated military man, with twenty orders of merit, and a noble patriot. He was commissioned by Ferdinand himself to investigate the Hapsburgian intrigues of Jellachich, Ban of Croatia, and was taken prisoner and con-

demned to sixteen years' imprisonment, but was put to death after two years.

E. Kiss (of Elemér and Itebe).**—A Magyar *millionnaire*, decked with a number of Austrian and foreign orders of merit. He was a patriot and an accomplished soldier; but his great crime in the eyes of Austria was his immense wealth. He lost his life that Austria might confiscate his estates and his plate, which amounted to twenty-eight hundred-weight of silver.

Kmetty.—A good subordinate officer, with habits of the most punctual obedience, whom no obstacle can prevent from obeying a command; but he has also more qualities as a general. He became a convert to Islamism, but returned to Christianity.

Klapka.—A Hungarian soldier and patriot, full of zeal for his cause, though he had no opportunity of accomplishing great deeds. Now in exile, he uses the pen for his country's cause as he formerly wielded his sword.

Knezich.*
Lahner.*
Count Leiningen (of Westerburgh).*
Lazar.**
} All men and warriors.

Lenkey—was sentenced to death, but was pardoned.

Meszaros.—A gentleman and a soldier of various acquirements. He speaks and writes all the languages of civilized Europe. Neither his

connection with the Austrian school, nor his high rank as general in the Austrian army, have caused him to swerve from the path of honour and duty. The king himself appointed him minister of war, by virtue of the laws of 1847-8, and he fulfilled his duties to the last hour of his country's political existence. Having thus sacrificed every thing to honour and patriotism, his only reward is to wander about the world at an advanced age, a homeless exile, in search of an honourable grave.

Baron Majthenyi.—A man of undoubted courage, who, with more tact, would have made himself more distinguished; now at home.

Nagy, Alexander.*—The most heroic courage compensated for this general's other deficiencies. Danger was a word not to be found in his vocabulary.

Pölt (of Pöltenberg).*—His life was too short to allow of a correct estimate of his character. He was, however, a man of elevated mind, and a courageous soldier.

Count Pigethy.—A famous general of the hussars; sentenced to sixteen years' imprisonment.

Perczel, formerly an Austrian cadet. Without military qualities, he gained by a few lucky successes the rank of a general. Many persons spoke much of his courage, but of this he has given no striking proofs. He is of a quarrelsome temperament, fond of factious intrigue, and withal so puffed up with vanity, that he thinks himself

specially chosen by Providence as the liberator of Hungary. The deeds he has done in Hungary, especially among the Raizan, show that he has all the qualities of a petty despot expressed in his terrific face.

REPASY.—An accomplished Hungarian, who died in the midst of his activity.

STEIN.—At present a pasha in Turkey, to which country, if he show as much energy as he did in Hungary, he will prove an important acquisition; for his energy is combined with the highest military qualifications.

SCHWEIDEL.**—An Austrian colonel, who sacrificed his rank and his life for his native land, but had few opportunities of displaying his talents.

COUNT TELEKY.—A poor soldier and a faithless patriot, to whom the path of glory was open. He was a traitor.

TÖRÖK (of Szendro).*—Chamberlain, and colonel in the Austrian army.

VETTER (Knight of Doggenfeld, F. M. L.).—A man profoundly skilled in military science, and once a professor in the Austrian military academy. He, also, had but few opportunities of displaying his military talents. He succeeded in escaping from the Hapsburgs by a woman's devotion, in the most romantic manner.

COUNT VECSEY (of Hajnócskö, Chamberlain).*—A man well educated as a soldier, of various acquire-

ments, but still not equal to the tact required of him.

VYSOCKI.—One of the many soldiers who grew out of the revolution. His military character stands high among the Poles; but in Hungary he has made no great effort to gain the laurels of victory.

Under the command of the above-named generals, the inexperienced Honvéd troops scattered the paid and thoroughly trained armies of Austria, as a hurricane disperses the light clouds of heaven. When the fortress of Buda had been stormed by Görgey, the imperialists had lost their moral and physical force, and were in peril of utter destruction. Thus did the glittering sword of the Magyars rend asunder that dark web of Austrian intrigue, which will be obvious to any one who looks over the various proclamations and manifestoes of Austria. We insert the following extract from a manifesto, published by the Emperor, Francis Joseph, the first Autocrat of Hungary:—

"A wicked faction, led on by a party of unprincipled revolutionists, after heaping crime upon crime, and exhausting a whole store of incentives, in order to seduce you into a treasonable departure from your alle-

giance, and to disturb a country which has for many years harboured our faithful subjects, now make open war against your king, for the purpose of depriving him of his hereditary rights, while they establish a dominion over you, and appropriate to themselves the property of others. Nor is this all. The revolutionary faction seeks its chief support among the dregs of foreign nations. Thousands of incendiaries and adventurers, devoid alike of property and principle, are in their pay, and already appear as the leaders of the insurrection, in which character they intend to carry out their detestable plans, at the cost of your blood and treasure. These unprincipled proceedings we are determined to check, and on this account we have united with our ally, the Emperor of Russia, to put down the common enemy of us both. It is, therefore, with our sanction, and even by our choice, that the Russian army appears in Hungary, where it will preserve the same discipline as our own troops.

"*Given at our Palace at Schönbrunn, May* 12, 1849.

"FRANCIS JOSEPH."

After the proposals for peace, which Hungary had made to Prince Windischgrätz, had been so shamefully rejected; after Austria, in spite of her many defeats, had once more challenged Hungary to the contest; after Ferdinand had been suddenly

deposed through family intrigues, and his brother, Francis Paul, had in his turn resigned the regency to his son, Francis Joseph, so that the crown of Hungary was treated as a mere stake to be played for; after the treacherous charter of Olmütz (Octhroirte-Vervaszung) had cancelled not only the Pragmatic Sanction, but the entire constitution of Hungary; after General Görgey seemed to be leading on the Hungarian arms to victory after victory, until the power of Austria should be destroyed; lastly, after Kossuth began to tremble, seeing that the nation would soon forget the mere orator, and could now entrust the care of government to the man of action—to the victorious general; after all this, we say, the dethronement of the Hapsburg dynasty in Hungary was formally proclaimed on the 14th of April, 1849. By this measure, the cause of Hungary, for which the diplomatists of Europe already felt but little sympathy, seemed to grow positively dangerous; the internal policy of Hungary was disturbed; factions were created, many of the most distinguished patriots retired from the scene

of action, declaring that they would not fight for the new dynasty (*i. e.* Kossuth), and thus the declaration of independence became the seal of Hungary's ruin.

The progress of this fatal measure was as follows:—Louis Kossuth, then president of the committee of national defence, basing his opinion on the records of the Hungarian victories, declared that the time was come when Hungary might take that place among European powers which she had lost for 300 years. She ought, he said, to be represented at the congress of nations which was to hold its sittings in Italy, and completely to cut off all connection with a dynasty which had repaid the love and fidelity of a generous and confiding nation by depriving it of its rights. A resolution of the national assembly to this effect was desired by the nation, who, with unswerving patriotism, had borne the burden of the contest; it was desired by the gallant army who had sacrificed their lives for the liberation of their country; it was required by the circumstance that, in the proposed European congress, nothing could be

decided unless Hungary were represented. In fine, the House of Representatives was charged, in the name of God, country, and mankind in general, to pass the following resolutions:—

1. Hungary, together with Transylvania, and all other appertaining provinces, is publicly declared a free and independent European state. The territory of this state is declared indivisible, and its integrity inviolable.

2. The House of Hapsburg-Lorrain, by its acts of treason, perjury, and insolence, against the Hungarian nation, as well as by the unscrupulous audacity with which, by force of arms, it has ventured on a dismemberment of the country—separating Transylvania and Croatia from Hungary, and extinguishing the spirit of independence throughout the land—has, of its own accord, violated the Pragmatic Sanction, and rent asunder every tie of mutual obligation between itself and Hungary. The perjured House of Hapsburg is hereby, in the name of the nation, perpetually excluded from the government of Hungary, and all the provinces appertaining thereto, and is declared to have forfeited all right to the soil, and all the civic privileges of the country.

3. While the Hungarian nation, by virtue of its inalienable rights, joins the family of European states as a free and independent power, she declares that, provided her own rights are not invaded, she desires to

live in peaceful and friendly terms with all other states, especially with those who were formerly her associates under one common rule, and also to form friendly relations with the Turkish empire and the Italian states, based on a foundation of mutual interest.

4. The future plans of government, with all its details, is to be drawn up by the National Assembly; and in the meanwhile the country, to its full extent, is to be under the provisional government of a regent and assistant ministers, such regent, and the ministers he shall appoint, to be held personally responsible.

After the dissolution of the committee of national defence, established at Pesth, Kossuth was appointed provisional governor of Hungary until the scheme of government should be resolved upon. He governed the country accordingly, having appointed as his ministers, Szemere, Count Casimir Batthyányi, Vukovich, Horváth, Mészáros, Duschek, Csányi, and Görgey. Soon afterwards, the diet was removed from Debreczin to Pesth.

Until the 14th of April, 1849, Hungary, although she clearly saw through the schemes of Austria, had allowed herself to be lulled by the delusive hope, that the Hapsburgs would at last

desist from their purpose, and avoid further bloodshed. She forgot that true expression of Mirabeau—"*The greatest crime which a nation can commit, is generosity in the hour of victory.*" This very generosity was the capital fault of the Magyars; for, over and over again, they had an opportunity of destroying the dynasty of Hapsburg. The Hungarian did not shed his blood for new and inactive ideas, nor for mere self-interest. No, his blood was shed in a holy war, for the defence of his native land against the tyranny of the Hapsburgs, who endeavoured to introduce a despotic system of government.

When the Hapsburgs had failed in their plans, they called in the aid of Russia, and unfeeling Europe looked on without sympathy, not venturing to raise her voice against this gross violation of the law of nations. A Russian army, 250,000 strong, without raising the slightest remonstrance from the European diplomatists, set itself in motion, and, in connection with the Austrian troops, attacked Hungary at seven points simultaneously.

The operations of the Russo-Austrian force were chiefly directed against Pesth, and the diet was consequently forced to retreat to Szegedin.

The little troop of Hungarians had now nothing to depend on beyond their own good swords. So they trusted to the justice of their cause, and to the living God, who with mighty arms directs the fate of nations. Strangers to fear, they marched upon the blood-stained plain against their new foe, although they well knew that all Europe had already signed the death-warrant of the Magyars. But their force was utterly disproportioned to that of the foe, and, few as they were, they could not in their isolated position procure the necessary supply of arms.

The White Angel.

WHITE angel! White angel! Vision of the starry night! Pale, trembling form of mist on the moonlit hill!

Then does it sit motionless. Its soul is a lovely star, which shines through it, with its glimmering ray.

The sky is clear; neither cloud nor bird passes across its surface.

The moon with her soft light looks down upon the lonely form of mist, till at last she slowly sinks behind the green hills that skirt the opposite side of the horizon.

To the left, on a mountain-peak in the midst of the forest, stood the gloomy ruins of an ancient Magyar castle, like an overgrown giant reposing in death, with his face upturned towards the sky.

To the left is a desert, which it fatigues the mind to contemplate. Here stands a hill, there spreads a flat surface, now and then occurs a tree, a bush, or perhaps a scanty village. All seems wrapped in sleep and silence, excepting thee, white angel.

But thou, white angel! white angel! art still slumberless.

One star after another sinks to repose. The whole sky moves; but thou still sittest there, the white shadow of an invisible soul.

When thou makest thy appearance all nature is frozen; not a leaf is stirring; the ships remain stationary on the sea. But the first breath of wind disperses thy form, and a star darts along to shine in the moonlit sky.

White angel! white angel!

A roseate angel of the earth! Blessed was he who looked upon thee; blessed was he upon whom thou lookedst; a power of absolving from sin was bestowed upon thy lips.

Beautiful as thou art in death, what must thou have been when yet alive? Yet in vain thou art a star to the people.

Thou sometimes appearest in the calm nights of spring. Then the soft sound of bells is heard in the vicinity, and the people praise God who have met thee. There will be abundant harvests and abundant vintages; granaries and cellars will be filled to overflowing. Blessed be the Lord of heaven, for the white angel hath appeared!

What sorrow now brings thee down to the earth in the spring-tide, when the roses and lilies are beginning to bloom? Cannot the flowers open their leaves without thy presence? Or dost thou wander to seek one who cannot rise to thee from his grave?

* * * * *

In the June of 1849, the Magyar general Görgey happened to be in the vicinity of Miskolcz. In a village near the town he and his army passed the night.

He had taken up his quarters in the seignorial castle. All the family were absent, with the exception of a lady-companion. The general did not care much for inconveniences, and he was well tended by the hospitable lady.

His wounds had not been dressed for three days; he had been taken half insensible out of the vehicle which had brought him, and he was no sooner placed on his bed than he had a severe attack of fever. The lady wished to assist the physician in binding up his wounds, and shuddered as she saw the deep cut which reached from the crown of his head to his forehead. "Heavens, what a frightful wound!"—"Would it were mortal, if it could but save my country!" he replied, without giving the least sign of pain.

After a few hours of peaceful slumber, the general awoke. The pale, sad-looking lady was seated at his bedside, watching every one of his movements. He called his adjutant, and learned that the enemy was driven back in all directions, while the best order was preserved in his own army, and the road was open to the Theiss.

"Let us go at once!" he exclaimed, starting from his couch; "the army has rested long enough."

"The army perhaps, but not you," said his physician, gently thrusting him back on his pil-

low, and endeavouring to persuade him, even if he could not sleep, to enjoy at any rate a few hours' repose, and keep his mind free from all thoughts of the campaign. The general looked through the window upon the starry sky, upon the moon, as she already began to decline, and upon the woody mountain; and, while his glances thus scanned the horizon, he saw the pale white misty form, motionless amid the general calm.

"What is that?" he inquired; "it would look like a distant fire if it were not more white than red. If it were winter, I should take it for the aurora-borealis. What can it be?"

The lady by his couch said, "It is the white angel."

He cast an inquiring glance upon the speaker, who answered it by saying that there was a legend connected with the apparition, and that the people looked upon it as a good omen. The general requested the lady to tell him the story, saying that he was the more ready to hear it, inasmuch as he was forbidden to think of any military operations for at least two hours. The

lady smilingly complied with his request, and, begging him not to laugh at her, narrated the following tale.

Many hundred years ago the Magyars murdered each other. Some were Pagans, some were Christians, and hence they carried on a work of mutual slaughter.

The Christian king declared war against all who sacrificed white horses to Haduc, and, after a sanguinary conflict, succeeded in defeating them. Their generals were made prisoners, their armies were scattered, and their altars were pulled down. All that remained of them was a troop small in number, but strong in resolution, who took refuge in the forest where their leader's castle was situated.

The name of the lord of the castle has long since passed away, but the castle itself is still standing; its ruined walls still defy the ravages of time, and when, at the hour of midnight, the storm howls through the empty windows, the residents in the valley think that the souls of the heathen are lifting up their voices.

The lord of the castle had a lovely daughter, who was regarded by every one in the district as a beneficent genius; for she fed the poor, wandered from village to village to heal the sick, and could not sleep herself if she heard the weeping of others. When the wild sons of battle offered burnt-sacrifice to Haduc on the stone of the abyss (Örvény kö"), where the massive remains of the demolished altar are still visible; while the grey-haired Táltos, or priest, made the blood of the snow-white horse flow into those strangely formed channels, which may yet be seen—the daughter of the castle, accompanied by all the young beauties of the district, would bear garlands of lilies and roses to the neighbouring spring, as a bloodless offering upon the altar of the Great Spirit.

The best and handsomest of the heroes was the maiden's lover. His name also is forgotten; but there is no doubt that he was the best and bravest, for he was loved by the best and fairest of maidens. The little troop hoped to remain long in their castle of refuge, and on some favourable occasion

to sally from its walls, and fight once more for the gods of their fathers.

In the meanwhile the lord of the castle reflected deeply on the future, and clearly foresaw what would be the end of the contest; namely, incalculable misery for the whole country, an inextinguishable flame of civil war, and a hatred that would last from generation to generation. On these reflections his heart was touched with compassion for the people, and he went with his army and his subordinate chiefs to the Christian king, praying that he might be taken as a sacrifice, but that the army and its chiefs might be spared. The contrary was the case; for the lord of the castle was spared, and the other chiefs were beheaded. Among them was the betrothed of his daughter.

On the following day his daughter died, and she was buried three days afterwards. On the fourth day she appeared to her father in a dream, with a face pale as that of a corpse. Her long black hair, which had never been confined by a kurt, but had flowed freely down to her knees,

had turned white in the grave, and shone like silver. The hands, her face, the shroud that enveloped her, were all as white as the light cloud in the sunshine. Round her forehead was a wreath of lilies and white roses. She did not utter a word, but she handed to her father a letter, in which were set down the names of all the chiefs whom he had delivered up, and who had been beheaded on his account.

The lord of the castle was maddened by the vision. He sprang from his bed, and, as he hastened into the open air, he fell headlong from his ramparts upon the steep rocks beneath.

Since that time the castle has remained empty. Every year plucks a stone from its turrets; every spring raises an additional flower upon its desert walls.

And when the superstitious peasant casts eyes towards the horizon at midnight, and sees a bright light in the distance, he murmurs to himself, "That is the spirit of the white angel!" and regards it as a good omen. Then he dreams the whole night through of glittering stars and smiling

faces, while with long silvery hair white faces and white garments flit rapidly before him.

Thus ended the tale. The general thanked his hostess for her kindness; and, as his active mind could not rest any longer, he gave orders to march, and, ill and exhausted as he was, he was lifted into his carriage. His pallid face was set off by the blue handkerchief which was twined about his forehead. When he had proceeded some distance, he looked back, and once more saw against the horizon the pale form of light which has the name of "White Angel."

* * * * *

Autumn had come, and the leaves were falling.

In a dark narrow room lay the Magyar general, sick, lonely, wretched, far from his country. How welcome would death have been to him!

There he lay burning with fever on the bed of sickness. The wound on his forehead pained him, but still more painful was the wound in his heart.

One midnight, when he lay in deep slumber, a white form appeared before him. He fancied he

had seen it before, but he could not recognise it distinctly. The long silver hair was flowing below the knees; the hands, the face, the dress, all were white. Around the brow was a wreath of lilies and white roses. In its hands it bore a letter, which it laid on a table at his bedside. During the whole night it sat by his couch without uttering a sound, and it was not till he opened his eyes in the morning that the form vanished. And even then he fancied he could see the silver hair as it floated away.

On his table lay a letter, which had been brought in while he slept. With a ray of hope he clutched it, opened it, and read it. It contained the news that thirteen of his generals had been condemned to death and executed. He alone had been spared.

When, through the fault of the Pole, Dembinski, the battle of Temeswár, fought on the 9th of August, 1849, had terminated in favour of Austria and the Panslavonic party, the section of the

Hungarian force which, under the command of Görgey, approached Arad and Világos, was no longer to be relied on. Loss of hope and confidence, as well as over-exertion, had reduced the army of Dembinski, once 40,000 strong, to a handful of men, morally and physically weak; and the Transylvanian army under Bem had been so completely dispersed, that scarcely a trace of it was left. A corps of Görgey's army under Nagy Sandor, which had been sent on the 11th to Temeswár, where it was to join Dembinski, had been attacked by the Austrians, and completely cut to pieces.

When Dembinski, contrary to the will of Görgey, resolved to give battle at Temeswár, he rendered the fall of Hungary a matter of certainty. The blame of the calamity must also be shared by Zamoizki and Czarnowski, two Poles who turned the defeat in Italy to the advantage of their own Panslavonic views.

Private motives and private interests thus brought the national cause to destruction.

In vain did Charles Albert stake his life for the

benefit of the Italian nation. Private interests sapped the basis of his noble endeavours; and the selfish policy of Mazzini, who, taking advantage of the moment of victory, proclaimed a republic, brought about the complete overthrow of an edifice so nobly commenced. Now, the same fault which Mazzini committed in Italy, was committed in Hungary by Kossuth.

To return to Dembinski. His whole operations in Hungary had no other object than that of employing the victories gained by the Hungarian arms, for the furtherance of those Panslavonic interests which he represented. The leagued enemies of Hungary—the Servian and Raizan—were combined with Czartoryski, and from him they received their plans of conduct.

Görgey was never satisfied with the military talents of Dembinski; and, in the strait in which he now found himself, he declared that his generalship was positively mischievous. On the evening of the 7th of August (1849), he and Nagy had an interview with Kossuth, urging him to remove Dembinski. It was obvious, as Görgey said, that

Dembincki was working for his own interest alone, and was therefore ruining the cause of Hungary.

Two days afterwards Görgey received from Kossuth an answer to his representations. It consisted of a despatch, addressed to Kossuth by General Dessewffy, and read as follows:—

"My Lord Governor,—On the morning of the 9th of August, by Dembincki's command, we gave battle under the hostile walls of Temeswár, and were defeated. General Bem, by his personal influence, succeeded in speedily getting together the remains of the scattered army; but, by a well-concerted movement of the enemy, we were again dispersed, and our army is now in such a deplorable condition, that in spite of the efforts of General Guyon, and our own exertions, scarcely 600 soldiers can be brought together."

Görgey now advised Kossuth to fly, as Hungary was lost. Kossuth abdicated, and illegally named Görgey dictator, that he might throw the blame of his own misdeeds on the shoulders of the latter. The form of his abdication was as follows:—

"To the Nation,—After the disastrous defeats with which Heaven has lately been pleased to visit the nation, we can no longer hope to carry on a defensive war against the united powers of Austria and Russia with any prospect of success.

"Since, under such circumstances, the salvation of the nation, and her security for the future, can only be expected from the general placed at the head of the army; since, moreover, according to my own conviction, it would be not only useless, but injurious, to continue the present government—I hereby declare to the nation, that, actuated by those patriotic feelings which have made me consecrate my whole life to the service of my country; I now in my own name, and in the name of the ministry, finally resign all share in the government, and invest general Arthur Görgey with the highest military and civil power, until the nation shall come to some final decision.

"I expect from him, and to this would I hold him responsible before God, the nation, and the tribunal of history—that he will employ his power to the best of his ability, for the salvation of our poor country's political existence, and for her future necessity.

"May he love his country without selfishness, even as I have loved her, and may he be more successful than I have been in securing her happiness! By my actions I can no longer serve my country; but if my death can be of any use, I will lay down my life with pleasure.

"May the God of Justice and Mercy be on the side of the nation!

Given at the fortress of Arad, August 11, 1849.

LEWIS KOSSUTH, *Governor.*
SABASTIAN VUKOVICH, *Minister of Justice.*
LADISLAUS CSANYI, *Minister of the Public Works.*
MICHAEL HORVATH, *Minister of Public Worship.*

If the nation had not placed its whole confidence in Kossuth; if he had not been the only person capable of leading it and inspiring it with hope; if he had not prematurely abdicated and fled—matters, though they were bad enough, might have taken a better turn. At any rate, the heroes of Hungary might have saved themselves with *him*, or he might have fallen with *them*.

Why did he now, and not sooner, resign the dictatorship to Görgey? He himself says, "to gratify Görgey's vanity." What! was the whole nation sacrificed to the vanity of one individual? Since this, we plainly see that the guilty party was Kossuth; and that, while he casts the blame upon Görgey, he alone has dug the grave of his country's freedom.

The deed of abdication was entrusted to Csányi, with the charge, that he was not to deliver it up to Görgey until Kossuth had escaped. The fact is, he was afraid of Görgey. The fact of abdication, together with the circumstances to which it owed its origin, might have induced Görgey to arrest the cunning politician. He was, however, a shrewd

lawyer, who knew what he was about; and the abdication did not reach Görgey till eight o'clock in the evening, when Kossuth was already safe across the Hungarian border.

On the following day, Görgey summoned a council of war to consider the imminent danger of the country. All those, who would otherwise have attended it, had now fled like the nightingale before the approaching storms of winter. He called attention to the adverse circumstances of the time, to the facts that nearly the whole of Europe had sunk back into her ancient slavery, and that all the powder-mills of the country had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and thence concluded that there was now no hope of saving Hungary from destruction. As for a retreat to Transylvania, no good could be expected from it, since the land was already laid so utterly waste, that it was impossible to maintain an army. Under such deplorable circumstances, and to prevent more useless bloodshed, he could only recommend a surrender to the Russian arms.

Colonel Zambolli, of the hussars, proposed a

surrender to Austria; but of this the council would not hear, and Görgey's proposition was adopted. Accordingly, Colonel Count Gregor Bethlen, and Counts Coloman, Schmidegg, and Esterhazy Stephen, were sent as deputies to the headquarters of the Russians.

After this desperate course of a surrender to Russia had been determined, Generals Görgey, Kiss, Aulich, Lázár, and Nagy proceeded with the whole of their staff to Világos, where Görgey made the following speech before the assembled army:—

GENTLEMEN,—The disasters which have of late occurred have brought our poor country to the brink of destruction. Why the army of 40,000 men, commanded by Dembinski, which I was to have joined, engaged, contrary to orders, in the fatal battle of Temeswár, which ended in its destruction, I do not know. In consequence of that calamity the government has issued a proclamation, in which it gives up all hope of saving the country. In fact, it has abdicated, and Hungary is now without a government.

I have taken the dictatorship into my hands, that is

to say, on the condition that you will be pleased to acknowledge me, my only object being to bring this unfortunate war to an end.

All these circumstances we have duly considered in the council held at Arad, and it was I who advised that we should lay down our arms. Understand we do not surrender to Austria, whose banners we have so often trodden under foot, but to Russia, in order that we may show the world that the overpowering force of Russia has compelled us to succumb.

That I am not drawing you into the commission of a dishonourable action, these officers will bear witness; they are the same who led you on from victory to victory. Here stand the heroes, a sufficient guarantee that we design nothing derogatory to the honour of a soldier.

I regard it as a patriotic duty to prevent further bloodshed; and hence I am the first to lay down my arms.

If there is one among you who is not of my opinion, let him come forward. I will resign into his hands all the military power which is now at my disposal.

On the following day, a deed was done which had never been done by the Magyars during the whole period of their existence. They surrendered

their arms, 14th of August, 1849, to a Slavonic nation—a nation that had been so often defeated by their ancestors, the Huns, the Avars, and the Scythians.

The Hungarian force was now more like a nomadic tribe than a regular army. The people felt such terrors at the name of Russia, that they joined the army, and followed it whithersoever it was driven by the Russians. They took with them all their property, and left none of their cattle behind them. Aged men, women, and children, followed in the train; weak mothers bore their tender infants in their trembling arms.

If on the occasion of ordinary marches great confusion prevails; on the occasion of the present catastrophe it had reached its greatest height.

The laying down of the Hungarian arms was a heart-rending spectacle, as if the hour of the last judgment had arrived.

Mothers flung their infants to the ground, knelt by them, and raised their hands to heaven as if

imploring mercy. They raised a loud shriek of grief, and shed floods of tears; while here and there might be heard bitter imprecations, mingled with the sound of hacking weapons. At times the report of a pistol sounded; gallant warriors put an end to their existence rather than survive their country's honour. Some flung the Hungarian banners on the ground, trampled them under foot, at the same time plucking the Hungarian colours from their shako and uniform; while others picked them up and bedewed them with their tears, kissing them as so many holy relics.

When the fortune, the pride, the glory, the future prospects of a whole race are consigned to destruction, when thousands perish on the scaffold, the sight is less horrible than those of the ruins of a time-honoured nation.

The gigantic character of this horrible drama was also plainly shown when Görgey saw for the last time the army, by whose arms he had gained so many laurels, and whose glory was now to be

obscured. He rode along the ranks, bidding a last farewell to all by waving his white handkerchief, answered by the shout of "Eljen!" which rose from every heart. This was followed by such deep sobs, that even the rugged sons of the north could not refrain from tears.

This, however, was a mere prologue to the drama afterwards played under the direction of the famous Hapsburgs.

Let us only reflect what would have been the result if Görgey, instead of following Kossuth and laying siege to Buda, had thrown Kossuth into prison, or marched straight upon Vienna, where the banners of the immortal king of Hungary, Matthias Corvinus, had once waved in triumph. What, in this case, would have been the aspect of Europe? At Vienna, thousands of armed men would gladly have attached themselves to Hungary; the demoralized Austrian soldiers would have deserted; Germany and Italy would have risen; the Polish heroes of Ostrolenka would

have snatched up their arms; and the Hungarian tricolor would have unchained the fettered nations. Görgey would have been the liberator of Europe, and the glory of an Attila would have shone like a halo of glory round his head.

Hungary had fallen a prey to the two rabenous double eagles.

Count Casimir Batthyányi, and Bartholomæus Szemere, fled from Arad to Widin; the two Poles, Dembinski and Wisocki, with the Polish legion, which still numbered about 1500 men, fled also; and Count Monti, with his Italian legion, about 500 strong, fled likewise. As for Kossuth, who had disguised his person by shaving off his beard, he had fled first of all.

Hungary, with mute despair, contemplated a dark future.

It may not be uninteresting to cite in this place an incident which exhibits the national belief, the

fine character, and the ardent patriotism of a man of ordinary stamp.

After the fall of Hungary, Görgey, who had been sent under Austrian escort to Klagenfurt, met in the streets of that town an old cripple, formerly a Hungarian hussar, and presented him with £2 in Austrian paper money. "To whom am I to be thankful for such generous sympathy?" asked the man. "I am Görgey," was the simple answer. "Oh! then," exclaimed the veteran indignantly, "take back your money, for which you have sold our fatherland—I do not wish a share of it! I have fought under your victorious banners, but I should now bless that sword which would have killed you. I prefer to be a beggar!" and, throwing the money at his feet, the helpless man went his way.

The overbearing power of Russia brought free constitutional Hungary beneath the despotic

sway of herself, and her vassal Austria. She destroyed the ancient liberty, and for the first time exercised an absolute government over land and people.

It is a melancholy fact that the history of a nation, which preserved its liberty for a thousand years, must begin a **new period** with Russo-Austrian despotism, beginning on the **14th of August, 1849.**

CHAPTER VI.

Autocracy.

FOURTH PERIOD.

1849 TO 1855.

Asiatic Chiefs.

Preface.

AFTER five struggles for a constitution, bound by so many oaths, it might naturally be supposed that a new division of Magyar history could only open with an epoch of brilliancy; that the nation would step forward with new life, new dignity, new claims; that she would at last look with pride on the imperishable edifice of her well-earned freedom; that, armed with physical and moral power, she would be ready to aid the bondsmen of the north to fling aside their chains.

Alas—no! The once free Magyar exists no more; his name is struck from the list of peoples; the nineteenth century has swept him from the surface of the world; he wears fetters for the first time, and, as a slave, crawls into the concluding

chapter of his history. The wings of the proud eagle are broken, and he lies inglorious at his tyrant's feet.

The Hapsburgs brilliantly performed their office as missionaries of tyranny and despotism; they have belied the doctrines of religion, which teaches us that our mission here is the perfection of our spirit, that we may again be similar to God. They have obtained an inhuman triumph over religion and humanity.

Any one who dares give utterance to righteous complaints; who does not bend the knee to despotic power; who does not willingly bow the neck beneath the axe of the executioner, is—as Magyars are now—a rebel. The deeds of tyranny are open; a thousand guiltless victims, ruthlessly slaughtered, bear witness to its crimes; and the world, by silence, has tacitly given its approval. By means like these has the House of Hapsburg held together the tottering empire of Austria—under the supremacy of Russia—and the diplomatists of Europe have sent their greetings to the new absolute Austrian state.

One consolation we can yet draw from the annals of history: namely, a firm belief that this state will be crushed under a bond of heavy curses, and that another social edifice will be built upon its ruins. Can it be otherwise? Can an empire last for ever, which is wholly held together by perjury, and by the bayonets of a foreign despot?

The nation now degraded will sooner or later revenge itself. *Lento gradu ad vindictam sui divina procedit ira, tarditatemque supplicii gravitate compensat.* The punishment will be universal. Both the principal criminal and the accomplice will alike pay the penalty of their guilt. The principal is the tyrant, the accomplices are the people, who have suffered the perpetration of crime. A people that cannot make itself free, deserves to be enslaved.

Just as national types are reproduced in successive ages, so in our nineteenth centuries do we find tyrants endowed with precisely the same qualities as those who existed centuries ago.

Once, single tyrants were enough to cast millions into chains, and to slaughter the noblest sons of

the people on the scaffold. The populace gaped at the horrors that were perpetrated before their eyes, to terrify them from uttering their just complaints.

The same fashion exists at the present day. Tyrants, with the same ruthlessness, massacre the noblest of the land, shed streams of innocent blood, and the people look on as their sons are slaughtered, gape at horrors which, were they endowed with a spirit of energy and activity, could not endure another moment.

The people is now what it has ever been; it is destitute of will. Its mind is like the waves of the sea; the feelings of its first bosom are stirred by the plausible sophist, who can direct them even as the waves are swayed by the hurricane.

Often the strong motives of the people are perilous to the tyrant; but then he grows bold, and answers complaints and petitions with the murderous implements of war. A contest arises. If the people is victorious, it allows itself to be lulled into security by promises clad in poetical expressions, and the tyrant gradually puts on

chain after chain, until the ancient yoke of slavery is as heavy as before. On the other hand, if the tyrant is victorious in the contest, all must tremble at his vengeance; for he is never in want of ruthless masters, who, for the sake of rank or money, would slaughter their own parents in cold blood.

Thus, during successive ages, has the world little altered, and not at all improved. Governments and people are still under the curse of their old vices; they rise and they fall again, by their own fault alone.

The Flight.

WHEN that great day of a nation's funeral, August 14, 1849, had passed, the veteran Bem still retained his courage. He marched from Temeswár, across Lugos, to Déva in Transylvania, with a trifling force, hoping to acquire new strength.

His ardent hopes were doomed to a speedy disappointment; for he suddenly found himself so completely surrounded by the Russian power, that it was only by the casual discovery of a mountain pass he could now save his own person. On the 18th of August he was completely in the enemy's toils. Some were astonished that he thus allowed himself to be ensnared, others accused him of treason, and proposed that they should take advantage of the night to save themselves by a

speedy flight. The danger became more and more imminent, the position more and more perplexing, until at last, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Bem summoned his men to follow him, without stating his intention to any one.

Fortunately many persons resolved to join him. Among them were the Generals Guyon and Stein, Lieutenant-Colonel Ballogh, Wepler, the writer, and a number of officers—in all, 350 men. These resolved to follow Bem at all risks, and, if need required, to obtain his safety at the expense of their lives. On the road from Temeswár to Déva many thought that Bem would surrender himself to the enemy. They were mistaken; he was merely endeavouring to reach the village of Lesneck, which lay at the foot of a chain of mountains that reached into Wallachia. No path was to be seen that could facilitate the ascent of the mountain; but the hero was not to be daunted. He climbed a steep declivity, while the others, inspired by the fullest confidence, followed him into the pathless waste, without knowing whither they were going. After a three days' march, the fugitives, crossing

the Transylvanian mountains, came to the border village of Marót, where General Kmety with thirteen of his followers were held prisoners by the Wallachians. It so happened that Bem had sent forward some Polish lancers to reconnoitre, and that these had been taken into the confidence of the Wallachians, who mistook them for Austrians. The prisoners were handed over to their custody, and were thus saved from an ignominious death; though what sort of death the Wallachians had not yet determined. Some were for shooting, others for hanging them, others again for burning them alive. On the following day the march was continued into Turkey; for the Turks had not forgotten their kinsmen of Hungary, and had frequently offered their protection. The mountain was so steep that it could not be ascended without difficulty. When they had reached its summit, they looked back for the last time on their desolate country. In melancholy mood they thought of their national song.

Slowly did the rider lead his faithful steed down

the precipitous path, at the foot of which twined the gnarled roots of the pine and the fir. The waste was silent and death-like, as the heart of the fugitive. No rippling stream, no verdant field; mother earth seemed as though she would afford no shelter to her children.

In the valley beneath lay a dense mist, which intercepted the prospect; the wind rushed howling over the mountain tops; the stones, loosened by the horses' feet, thundered down into the abyss below. Here the vital power of nature appeared to be paralyzed; the steed sought in vain for moss or grass. Often in the search was he hurled into the abyss, and bore his rider with him.

On the ninth day, they reached the small town of Bajadi-Rama, which is situated in a pleasant valley; and after three days more, the small town of Thurn-Severin, where they found the yanisa of Orsova and many other Hungarians. Not long before, the Austrian troops, driven by Bem out of Transylvania, had found a refuge in the same place, whence they were brought back with the aid of Russian bayonets.

The Last Farewell.

In the course of my exile my mind was absorbed in sad meditation. As a homeless wanderer I stood, deserted in a foreign land, on the green banks of the Danube. And as the stream rolled majestically along, winding its way through the green fields of my fatherland, sad thoughts arose in my bosom, and I raised my eyes to the heavens, in search of some sign by which the future might be revealed to me. But all—all was silent; the waves, no longer stained with blood, now flowed along bright and clear, wearing the mist as a morning veil, and seeking the embrace of the sea, who would receive them as eternity welcomes her children. Receive me also, O ye waves; for I feel that I shall die in a foreign land! Receive me, but inspire me with the consoling thought, that the golden dome of freedom will shine upon the land of my fathers.

God be with thee, cradle of my infancy!

A false-hearted tyrant plunged a murderous knife into thy bosom, and thy blood was shed. But the decrees of fate are written down in the book of

justice, and the time for which we pray so anxiously will come at last. God be with thee, my fatherland! A severe destiny tears me from thee—a homeless wanderer; but, even after all, I still remain thy son. When shall I look once more on your verdant plains? Farewell! farewell!

The Delusion.

ONE ruthless power is fully able to destroy the dearest monuments of ages, to annihilate every sacred relic, and to extirpate or enslave those who, at the sacrifice of their own lives, would defend their priceless inheritance. Nevertheless, the destruction of a whole nation is beyond its strength; no power is strong enough to extinguish that ardent love of country which glows in the bosom of a people. Though the physical force of the nation may be broken, there still remains a hope that its ancient monuments may some day be restored. This hope may, indeed, be delusive; but it always is accompanied by the cheering conviction, that he who feels it has done his utmost in the cause of humanity.

The hope thus implanted in the bosom, often

binds us to events in themselves trifling, as if they were the forerunners of the approaching day of our salvation. Even when the error is discovered, hope soon rises again with undiminished power.

The Honvéd.

Resting before a gate, upon a stone,
The Honvéd sat, deserted and alone.
Upon his swarthy brow his hat was press'd,
His eye was fix'd, his head was on his breast,
And as on brass, upon his haggard face,
The marks of pain and sorrow ye might trace;
For fate had written there with heavy hand
The mournful history of his fatherland.
He sat—a marble image of the past,
His dark-brown cloak across his shoulders cast,
His mournful face disfigured by a scar,
The sad memorial of his country's war.
Of fights, and battle-shouts, and sabres gleaming,
Of freedom—conquest—treason, he was dreaming;
He thought too of his home, his wife and child,
His noble weapon, and his charger wild.
How he march'd proudly to the cymbal's sound,
And how his chief a death in battle found;
Thus did he sit, the monumental stone
Of his own life—sad, silent, and alone.

A Russian happen'd through the gate to ride,
Deck'd out in all the pomp of martial pride,
Quick to salute him did the Honvéd stand,
Bowing his head, but lifting not his hand.
"Wilt not salute me, dog?" the Russian said,
And struck the hat from off the Honvéd's head;
"Learn the respect that to my rank is due,
Or, rebel, I will beat thee black and blue!"
"Look, hero, look!" 'Twas thus the Honvéd spoke,
And from his shoulders he let fall his cloak.
"Thou see'st now, why I greet not with my hand;
I lost them both for my dear fatherland!"
Into the Russian's cheeks quick rose the blood;
Abash'd before the simple man he stood,
And, to repay the wrong that he had done,
Flung a full purse before the Puszta's son.
The Honvéd with his feet the bounty spurn'd,
And to his former resting-place return'd;
The multitude, that had assembled round,
Now scatter'd gold and silver on the ground,
While many paid the tribute of a tear;
Nay, even Hungary's fairest dames appear,
And, softly weeping, kneel upon the sand
To gather up the gifts with ready hand.
By these the Honvéd to his house is borne,
Their lovely hands his brow with wreaths adorn.
An "Eljen," shouts the crowd, with joy elate;
The Russian sees how Magyars love and hate.

After the destruction of Hungarian freedom in 1849, those deluded inhabitants, who had held the dagger to the bosom of their common mother, began to find out how grossly they had been cheated. But the discovery came too late. The cannons of the Magyars now thundered no more; the tricolor was trampled in the dust, and the banner of tyranny waved in its place. Every where the most unbridled disorder prevailed; and the foreign traveller, who valued his life, was forced to flee the smiling plains and the habitation of man, to seek safety in the woods, now inhabited by the Wallachians, who, feeling that they had been deceived, now raised the standard against their former ally Austria, for whose gold they had committed so many crimes.

But repentance came too late!

The report was then current in Hungary, that a large Turkish force was hastening forward to restore the Hungarian monuments which had been destroyed. This rumour was owing to the cannon-shots which had been exchanged on the frontiers between the Wallachians and the

Austrians. Of the recent insurrection the Hungarians knew nothing: the movements of the troops along the empire was all that they saw; they heard the report of cannons, and so concluded that it must be the Turks.

Dark and gloomy clouds now gathered over the minds of the suffering people; but the sky above was clear and serene; the sunbeams fell brightly upon the mountain-tops; and the sear and withering leaves of autumn were falling, as ominous symbols, to the ground—there to moulder and perish:—these were the same leaves that in the spring-time adorned nature in rich robes of green.

On the banks of the Maros, near the village of the same name, stood a Hungarian peasant, gazing vacantly upon the rushing current of the stream before him. At this moment the downfall of his fatherland, to which he had already sacrificed his only son, his hope and pride, was present to his imagination; and it was this that caused his dejection of spirit which he now experienced. A tear rolled from furrow to furrow along his weatherbeaten cheek; and when, by degrees, he

recovered from his moody reverie, his heart seemed as if it would burst with anguish. He lifted his eyes towards heaven, and the words, "O God!" fell tremblingly from his lips. But whilst he thus stood plunged in grief, he perceived the figure of a man approaching. He accosted the stranger, whose name was Reményi-Hope, with the Christian salutation—"Praised be Jesus Christ."

"Whither lies your way, brother?" he added.

"I have no certain road before me; I have lost my employment; the family whom I served was lately murdered by the Austrians; the king has taken their property to himself, and has driven me out of doors into the wide world," was the answer.

"Don't be uneasy, dear countryman; you are still young and active, and the future is sure to favour you yet with a little good-luck."

"At present I have nothing left me but hope."

"But, pray, what is the latest news?" resumed the peasant.

"Let us be upon our guard. Our country has become a country of traitors; the true-hearted Magyar is used as an ill-received guest in his own

land; we might be seen or watched. You know it is now our duty to perceive what is bad, and to offer one's self to whatever is noble and good."

"But can it really be true that 200,000 Turks are upon the frontiers, and are coming to help us?" asked the peasant.

"If we should be heard, it is all over with us," interrupted Remény, and then he added with a low voice—"It is all quite true; but let us get up on yonder hill; we cannot there be overheard by spies or listeners."

"God be thanked!" resumed the peasant, as they moved forward towards the neighbouring hill. "God be thanked! my spirit, which was almost dead within me, is again revived; for I shall once more be able to take revenge on the Germans, the Croats, the Servians, the Rézians, the Wallachians, the Saxons, the ... the Russians, and the Cossacks, and on those misguided Circassians who were wallowing almost to suffocation in the blood of our country. Vengeance will therefore fall—if late, yet surely—upon the murderers of our children and of our brothers; for Heaven has not yet

entirely abandoned or cast us off. If, as you say, the Turks are approaching, and that the brave old Bem is at their head, then we are saved:—the Lord's name be thanked for it!"

"It must be so," replied Remény. "Heaven cannot behold such enormities."

"I will tell you something," interrupted the peasant; "I'll tell you something that happened yesterday in our village. You know that the maidens of the hamlet are well-known for their beauty, that they are like blooming rosebuds. At the present time, there are Cossacks in the place, who practise their coarse licentiousness like wild bears even upon those poor creatures. They seize them by violence, rudely embrace them in the public streets, in the open day, and wherever they can lay hands on them; in short, I cannot tell you all the outrages they are guilty of. Our old provincial magistrates and public functionaries have no longer any power left; they dare not even express their opinions against these doings. We, therefore, don't know to whom we shall fly for refuge. Besides, we Hungarians cannot even

come to a mutual explanation with these Cossacks and Germans. When any of them want money, they search a man, and take from him every thing, to the last farthing. If they wish for wine, brandy, meat, bread, tobacco, or aught else, they break open the doors, houses, and cellars, and take whatever they find, and destroy what they don't use.

"Times like these were scarcely known in the ages of barbarism, and even when such things occurred they would not be endured; but these savages snatch the daughters from the arms of their parents, and violate them before their eyes. This it is, my friend, which exasperates us—yes, exasperates us to feel anger and indignation; but, alas! to no purpose. In yonder large white house lives my brother-in-law, who has a lively pretty daughter. A Cossack is quartered at his house. Yesterday this fellow laid hold of the maiden to kiss her by force, and while he was struggling with the resisting girl, her father entered the room. The behaviour of the Cossack, and the tears of his child, roused the father's anger to such a

degree, that he seized a stick, and laid it across the back and shoulders of the Cossack. Now, listen to what took place afterwards.

"The father was this morning brought before the commander of the Cossacks, who, notwithstanding the age and feeble health of the old man, caused him to receive fifty lashes of the knout (Kancsul). Now, what do you say to all these Austro-Russian acts of violence? to which must be added the ill-treatment and the cudgelings which we are obliged to suffer at the hands of the Germans, who are, if possible, still more barbarous. Thousands upon thousands of innocent persons are punished in this way; and women, nay even noble ladies, are not exempted from this inhuman treatment. Ladies of wealth and position who ventured to beg for mercy for such innocent victims, were tied up to stakes, and beaten with rods till they had lost breath and consciousness. The same punishment is inflicted upon any women who give a morsel of bread, or any other assistance to poor, maimed, or crippled Honvéds."

While the honest countryman thus spoke, tears

rolled down his sunburnt cheeks; and Remény was deeply moved by the sad pictures of his native land, even though they were sketched by the simple pencil of nature. Meanwhile they had reached the brow of the hill. Here the eyes of both wandered to the distant horizon, behind which the frontiers of their country stretched away far beyond the range of sight. Plunged, as it were, in a waking dream, and filled with new hopes, Remény did not perceive that the mantle in which his form was concealed had fallen from his shoulders, and when his eyes, weary with gazing into the distance, fell upon his companion, he perceived him standing, uncovered, at a respectful distance!

"Pardon me, sir," said the peasant, "not having discovered before this how I should have behaved in your presence." It was only now that the mantle, which had fallen off, discovered the uniform of a Honvéd staff-officer, which Remény wore, and he replied—"I am satisfied if you only esteem this dress which I wear; it is not myself, but the cloth which I wear, that deserves to be

honoured;" and he gave the rough hand of the countryman a fraternal shake. "Look thither!" he continued; "look thither! so that you may believe my words, through this telescope, at the tops of yon distant hills; there already waves once more our tricolor, and the red Turkish banner with the crescent; at the foot of the hill you will see our friends the Turks, with their scarlet Osmanlian head-dress."

The peasant took the telescope, looked in the direction indicated, and then, relieving his bosom of a deep sigh, exclaimed, "God be thanked, I have seen all!"

"Well, what have you seen?" asked the staff-officer. "Banners — red — white — green,* yellow cannon, and the countless grey tents of the Turks," replied the peasant.

"Hasten, therefore, to your village; tell its inhabitants what you have heard, and what you have seen with your own eyes, so that hope may console them in their present misfortune."

On the following day every thing wore a new

* The tricolors of Hungary.

aspect in the neat little hamlet; a joyful spirit seemed to animate the countenances of its inhabitants, for they now believed that the day of deliverance was at hand. This sudden change struck the little Russo-Austrian despots of the village so forcibly, and rendered them so uneasy, that they inquired into the cause of it. Their suspicions were accordingly soon excited, and fell upon the unhappy peasant, who was at once brought before the Cossack officer in command, and, by means of an interpreter, the whole matter came to his knowledge. The Russian and Austrian officers knew well enough that the affair had no foundation; that they had nothing to fear from the Turks, and therefore laughed heartily at the simplicity of the poor countryman. The unhappy man, however, was brought into the court-yard and laid upon a bench, where he received twenty-five stripes with a stick; and, when he had endured this punishment, he was asked again what he really had seen. He repeated his first declaration, and upon a given signal the corporal repeated the twenty-five stripes afresh. When he had undergone this

infliction, the same question was immediately put to him for the third time; and the peasant, excited by pain to a state of the fiercest rage, cried out, "Isten lelkem! By God, I have seen all!" "All!" they re-echoed with laughter—shouts of derisive laughter; but the helpless peasant was once more compelled to mount the bench, where he received fifty more stripes from the hands of the corporals, until his senses became affected, when he was let loose and suffered to return home.

The picture which he had seen through the telescope, on the distant hills, was one which the poor Magyar had created for himself, from the red —white—green fading autumn leaves of the trees, which, symbolical of the Hungarian tricolor, were hastening to their wintry grave, and from the shrubs which had already lost their foliage. The report of cannon, however, which he heard at the time, was a reality. It was those very fire volcanoes which the Wallachians had shortly before used against their own freedom, against Hungary, but which they now turned against their faithless ally, Austria.

And Remény was no peasant, such as this assumed disguise appeared at first to bespeak him; no honoured staff-officer, such as he had falsely represented himself to the countryman; but an Austrian officer in the garb of a peasant, who stooped to the conduct described in our narrative, in order, by such an inhuman proceeding, to break down thoroughly the spirit of the people, and deprive them of all hope.

There was now no longer any hope for the salvation of Hungary. The brave warriors were no more. Their leaders were partly in the clutches of Austria, partly wandering about the country seeking for a place of ambush, and partly already on Turkish territory, at Thurn-Severin. Here they gave up their arms to the Turks, who caused them to be taken to Kalafat; and from Kalafat, which lies on the left bank of the Danube in Wallachia, opposite the Turkish fortress of Viddin, the fugitives were transported across the Danube, and were established in camp tents pitched upon the plain, which extends before the fortress walls of Viddin. All baggage, horses, waggons, &c.,

remained behind at Kalafat, as Mohmed had pledged his honour that they should be sent on. To the disgrace of the Turkish functionaries, however, he broke his word, and thus deprived the helpless and destitute men of all they possessed.

The garrison of Viddin surrounded the encampment of the fugitives, in order to render it impossible for any of them to escape from the fortress, until diplomacy should have terminated its disgraceful negotiations concerning the unhappy exiles.

Then Hungary was destroyed by this diplomacy of the nineteenth century. It was only in the fortresses of Peterwardien and Comorn that any signs remained of the Hungarian warriors, but even these submitted; for in the melancholy end of their War of Liberty they saw the shameful apathy and the disgraceful conduct of European rulers, which was a reproach to the age.

Klapka, the commander of Comorn, had stipulated, in his capitulation to Haynau, for a safe conduct through the Austrian territory for

such of his followers as had to fear the vengeance of Austria, and for the exemption of all Honvéds from Austrian military service. Haynau accepted these and all other conditions of the capitulation, but not a single one of these points was observed; on the contrary, the armies which had capitulated were treated in the usual barbarous manner, which most corresponded with Hapsburg interests.

The Sixth of October, 1849.

FOR the three centuries and a half during which the Magyar nation has been ruled by the Hapsburg dynasty, we had sufficient opportunity for observing that all their endeavours were directed to the introduction of an absolute system of government into Hungary. On this account the Magyars had already been six times involved in sanguinary conflicts, in which they had always been supported by foreign powers. But the European politicians of the present day, who have continually on their lips the phrases "national liberty" and "popular rights," and who, while they talk of maintaining the "integrity of nations," are, in their hearts, themselves forging the chains of despotism, unanimously acquiesced, by the tenor of their policy, in the subjugation

of Hungary. The Hungarians never demanded the armed assistance of the European powers; for although their number scarcely exceeded five millions, yet they felt themselves sufficiently strong to cope with the intrigues of Austria. But that Europe should support the sacred cause of Hungarian freedom by its sympathy, at least so far as diplomacy could effect that object, might justly have been expected; the rather so, that the Hapsburg party rose up in rebellion against that Pragmatic Sanction which had been ratified by the other powers of Europe, and which determined all their rights in Hungary. But no! Europe was silent; and, with a conscientious and scrupulous observance of the principle of non-intervention, looked upon the club-law proceedings of Austria with apathy or indifference.

The drama was hastening to a close for which Hapsburg had furnished the matter—to a close which astonished Europe. The great popular battle of freedom and of humanity was fought, not only for the ancient hereditary rights of the Hungarian nation, but for the freedom of all the

civilized races of Europe. Hungary sacrificed upon the altar of liberty upwards of 80,000 of her noblest sons for the universal meal. By a false throw the bloody die was cast, which was to decide upon the existence or non-existence of the Magyars and of their freedom: Despotism won, and slew its arch-enemy Freedom, with which was borne to the grave an entire nation. Upon the ruins of which Despotism established its throne, and, personified in the tyrants of Austria and Russia, trampled in the dust the banner, the unsullied character, and the proud heroic spirit, of Hungary. The nobles of the nation, justly proud of their ancestry and of the virtues of their fathers, are annihilated, plundered of all their rights, and their warlike pride humbled in the dust; nobles who, from generation to generation, can trace the several branches of their families—who obtained for the country its liberties, and defended them through ten stormy and eventful centuries—ancestors whose brows were decked with laurels honourably won. Under the influence of such a consciousness, it could not be otherwise

than that the impending danger should excite to a deadly conflict, hearts inflamed with pious veneration and ardent love for liberty and their fatherland. On the field of honour the country had indeed to thank its nobles, and not its gold, that they had become instruments for aiding to forge its fetters, but not as the faithful servants of a despot. Upon their breast was seen no decoration or star, to supply which an ever-bleeding heart might have been hung as a befitting token of merit. The Hungarian nobles rejoiced especially in their privileges and in their ancient prerogatives, of which they felt justly proud. For this they were considered haughty by the world; but this so-called haughtiness was of an elevated character. Far from being heartless, it was generous and prodigal of its bounties. Their pride of ancestry gave offence to none, but rather procured respect; and the authority and influence which the position demanded, was supported by boundless possessions. These qualities necessarily caused them to remain devoted to their legitimate rulers with unshaken fidelity. In this respect their

example stands alone in history; and the reward which they now reap for such loyalty is such as a corrupt and degenerate world alone can give.

A bitter lot awaited the Magyar, who, even from the most ancient times, had accomplished so much for the cause of freedom, of religion, and of Christendom, and who at one period was the outwork and barrier of Christianity itself. The heart of the nation was at all times free from the pernicious principles which produced such prejudicial results in the other countries of Europe, such as socialistic and communistic ideas, and the demagogical intrigues of republicanism. The Hungarians knew only these rights, and that constitutional compact, which Arpád the founder of the kingdom had established, in conjunction with his seven leaders, and which was sealed with their blood. The nobles, the pillar of the nation, watched over this sacred inheritance, and in its defence fought severe sanguinary battles against the House of Hapsburg, under the leadership, respectively, of King John Zápolya, the Princes Bethlen, Botskai, Francis and George Rákóczy, and Count Tököly. The

Turks had ever been their protectors and friends in the field, and, when necessity required their aid, they were always found in arms by the side of the Magyars, to assist them in defending their threatened freedom. Well may history condemn this noble and friendly succour, cemented by so many sacrifices; but this history is only an expression of the will and of the sentiments of the faithless and perjured Hapsburgs. We have explained the infamy and recounted the deceitful procedure of the Christians, who dishonourably laid their own crimes and enormities upon the shoulders of those who defended them. Even in the late drama of 1848, the Turks were quite prepared to renew their ancient friendship, with armed assistance to aid Hungary in the defence of her threatened rights, and thereby to restrain Hapsburg from committing many sins and acts of cruelty; but underhand diplomacy, and Palmerston's profound dissimulation and political baseness, withheld the generous Turks from pursuing the course which they were ready to adopt in favour of humanity, and to prevent the present destructive war in the East.

The Magyar now exists no more but in name. He has no longer a will of his own. His most dearly prized compacts between prince and people are set aside by superior arbitrary power; in his country, violence, perjury and crime are set up as laws, as first principles; and, if he should venture to raise his voice against them, he is forthwith conducted to the scaffold.

The brave and death-contemning hosts of heroes, who hitherto guarded the forms of Liberty and Justice, are now scattered; trampled in the dust is now the tricolor which Mars erewhile waved so high before the breeze, and in its place flutter with demoniac and scornful mockery the tawny banners of Austria.

Silent are now, alas! the cannons of Görgey, and stilled for ever is the martial music of Rákóczy; sad and weary, too, the sword of Talia has sunk back into its scabbard, and the watch-word warcry, "Eljen a hon!" which first resounded on the Carpathian hills, is heard no more; only a few warrior-heroes with deep-bowed heads are seen at Arad and Világos. There they stand like

the ruins of bygone greatness, as bright memorials of the past, on the brink of ignominious devastation, and in the midst of their enemies, who had come forth from the lands of the Muscovite to extirpate our noble-minded abettors, and to pierce the ardent breasts that were yearning for freedom amidst the enemies of mankind—the enemies of human progress towards a glorious goal!

The dark night-clouds, threatening destruction, swept past to usher in a brightened welcome dawn, which should efface the blood-marks throughout the land, and dry up the tears of the widows and the orphans, and of many a maiden who bewailed her lover; for no damsel had vouchsafed to her chosen one the pressure of her hand, unless he was prepared to lay down his life for his country, or until he could produce the roses which he had plucked upon the battle-field. They had all done their duty—all had been accomplished in order to fulfil the wishes of the fair beings to whom they had pledged their faith; not knowing that, over deeds achieved in the name of freedom and of humanity, the sword of Damocles already hung,

and that they must lay down their lives upon the field of honour, under the hands of the implacable furies, for all that is noble and generous.

But in the same measure as those ardent youths were willing to respond to the wishes of their betrothed, so was Austria's field-marshal, Haynau, eager to execute the behests of his Hapsburg master; and no servant of Austria possessed more largely than he did the virtues necessary for that purpose; for he could willingly have caused to fall by a single stroke the heads of all those Magyars who nourished in their bosoms the love of freedom and of fatherland.

In bygone times, whoever expected safety for his person from the love of justice of cannibals, was deceived. These wretched people, however, have in some measure laid aside their horrid customs; whereas our civilisation has again revived them, only somewhat modified, and these modified customs were adopted by Haynau. He accordingly established at Arad a sanguinary tribunal, which differed from that of Eperies only, in as much as in the one case the executioners were Italians, in the

other, slaves. The bloody drama, enacted by Caraffa 160 years since, was again brought upon the stage by Haynau, as soon as the fortresses of Comorn and Peterwardien had surrendered. In this instance the character of Eliza Ujheli was played by the Archduchess Sophia, the mother of the Emperor Francis Joseph, which part is in fact the leading one in the drama; and in this terrible tragedy scenes were enacted which might well be compared with those of the Reign of Terror in France, or with the inhuman atrocities of a Nero or a Caligula, and which made men's faith to waver in the existence of an all just and almighty Providence.

The chiefs and leaders of the Hungarian army, whose swords decked with laurels they voluntarily laid down before the superior force of the Russians, were condemned to death on the night of the **6th of October**, as the reward of the confidence which they had placed in humanity; men of lofty and generous sentiments, of liberal and refined education, of extensive military acquirements, but who were so unfortunate at the same time as to possess consi-

derable wealth—men who had won for themselves honour in their civil capacity, as well as the unfading laurels of heroism in their military career.

The next day, the **6th of October**, was that appointed for the work of slaughter; on that day twelve months before, Latour, the Austrian minister of war, was hung from a lamp-post by the populace of Vienna; and now therefore was the day of revenge—the day of tyrannical triumph!

Their hours are now but few; their children, their wives, their parents, humanity, and freedom, will soon have to bewail their loss for ever! Soon they will be lost to those by whom they had first been inspired and roused to the battle—to those who often sent up their ardent prayers to Heaven, and besought help and protection when the Russians obeyed the summons of carnage—to those in whose arms they were to pass the few last remaining days of their earthly career—lost to the dear ones whose features were bedewed with tears of filial gratitude and affection—and lost to the still surviving mother, who had so often caressed

the dear pledge of her love, and nursed at her bosom the scion of a brave and noble father. With tears of joy she sang her child to sleep at twilight, in the sweet hope that the morrow would greet her with new joys.

With anxious feelings of hope, the mother slumbers lightly. The images which she had formed in her waking moments, now flit before her in a dream. She sees her husband amidst the confusion and din of battle, surrounded by enemies who are thirsty for his blood; yet, like a warrior-hero, he overcomes his opponents. As if sprung from the earth, new assailants again attack him; his strength gives way, and he is conquered. A scream from the depths of her own bosom awakens the dreamer. But again she sinks into slumber, and again beholds her husband, as with laurel-crowned head he returns home, and flies to her fond and faithful arms. But the moments of happiness are few; he must away once more—away to the rush of battle! She sees him fighting where the danger is greatest; on either side of him she sees brave men sinking dead to the ground;

she thinks of the wives, mothers, and children of the fallen warriors. Suddenly her already bleeding husband is attacked by a superior hostile force, and is vanquished. She can sleep no more throughout the night. With the first rays of the rising sun she already stands by the willow-tree, and looks with anxious heart towards the spot that holds the second half of her heart, whither he went to fulfil the duties which his country imposed upon him.

Then she perceives in the far distance a heavy cloud of dust arising. She listens, but hears no sound of cannon. She gazes upon the approaching cloud, which each moment assumes a more singular appearance. At length this cloud becomes divided, and she perceives approaching the form of a man on horseback. It has already reached the borders of the forest. The form is that of a stranger; it may be a fugitive coward. His countenance is wholly concealed by the dark dust of the plain, his shako pressed tightly over his face, and fastened round his bearded chin; in his helmet is stuck, by way of ornament, a small oak branch,

the leaves of which are already faded. A simple grey cloak flutters in the wind, in the vain attempt to disengage itself from the fastenings by which it is attached to the body. At his side hangs a sword, apparently the most valued portion of the horseman's equipment. His high boots fitted with spurs rest in rusty stirrups. His horse, reeking with sweat, is so covered with dust that its colour cannot be distinguished. The entire form is that of a spectre-knight, or of a Hunish warrior escaped from the hordes of Attila. Her fancy had always depicted to her the "warrior" as resembling such a figure as this. His appearance still continued to rivet her attention as he drew up before her. Upon alighting from his horse, however, and suffering it to go free, the faithful animal shakes himself in order to get rid of the dust and perspiration with which it is encumbered, and thereby causes a holster-pistol to go off. The terrified woman becomes so violently agitated that, uttering a loud cry, she is on the point of sinking into a swoon; when the warrior, whose wild and disordered appearance prevented her recognising him, has

already approached sufficiently near to catch the fainting woman in his arms.

"It is I, my dearest wife; it is thy own Horace whom you see!"

It is only now that she recognises him for the first time. The sudden and unexpected joy has deprived her of speech, so that she cannot utter a single word, but imprints upon his brow the ardent kisses of love and affection, which are far more eloquent than any words could be. Lifting then his precious burthen, he folds her in his arms, and presses her to his breast, after which he bears her to her chamber, the sacred temple of their love. Tears of joy then roll down his sunburnt visage upon perceiving his sleeping infant child, the dear pledge of their early mutual affection.

He cannot resist the impulses of his paternal heart; with eager speed he approaches the tender and beloved image of himself, snatches it from its little cot, presses it to his beating heart, and overwhelms it with ardent kisses; when, to consummate his happiness, the mother rushes into the arms of her husband.

Who can adequately describe such a scene, such happiness? Who can convey a just idea of the feelings which caused the mother's eye to kindle with rapturous delight? Every tongue is far too meagre in words, and every comparison too feeble.

The morning dawned with new delight, and even nature itself seemed to partake of the common joy. But as the sun was ending its daily course, and its last parting rays fell athwart the plains, the young husband hastened away to the fulfilment of his great task. He was gone, and vanished was the sun behind dark and lowering clouds, never more to rise for the wife and for her child. It was the evening of the **6th of October**! The next morning dawned in gloom, nature appeared in mourning array. In vain she looked forth with expectant heart over the wide plains. Murky and mischief-boding clouds obscure the heavens, which but lately were so serene.

It was the sixth of October, in the year 1849!

The god of war arouses the camp from repose;

the other spirits of darkness commence the work, and send round their poison-flowing goblets.

Innocence quails not; but the perjured criminal trembles in his heart before the vengeance of the righteous judge.

Each of the hero-warriors, indeed, was ready to suffer death for his country upon the field of honour, but not by the hands of the executioners of despotism. For them death had no terrors, but only the mode in which it was dealt out by the implacable furies. The consciousness that one must die upon a gibbet, the bare thought of thus bringing disgrace and infamy upon one's name and race, is in itself fearful; but the thought that the scaffold is to be the sad parting place where we must bid farewell to this fair creation, and to all that we hold dear upon earth, is terrible and overwhelming. No one can fully realize the anguish-fraught feelings of a parent, of a son, of an affianced bride, at such a sad and painful moment; none, save that God before whom their beloved ones must shortly appear, from whom they are about to receive that reward which the world

cannot estimate, and in whose presence we shall find that happiness which they vainly sought for here below—that happiness which is everlasting.

They lay fettered in heavy irons, separated in different chambers. Their last home was drawing near. Aurel was also at Ard, and under guard in the fortress. On receiving intelligence of the terrors which were soon to be put in force, he remained unmoved; for he thought that, notwithstanding the depravity of the nineteenth century, yet that the customary laws of nations, and the sacred usages of antiquity, would be respected, and that warriors, who are either vanquished or who have voluntarily laid down their arms, would not be condemned to mount the scaffold like common malefactors. Taking comfort in this reflection, he betook himself to the society of his friends, over whose heads already hung the sword of Damocles.

General Kiss, whose breast was decorated with the orders of merit of several potentates, was the first whom he went to visit. The general, who was loaded with irons, greeted him cordially, saying, "I am delighted at this our last meeting.

My hours are numbered, and therefore I am rejoiced to think that you still remember me, and that you have come to bid me a last farewell."

"No, your excellency, it is not quite so bad as that; I trust we shall yet live to see many happy days. Austria, supported by Russia and by European diplomacy, wishes only by her sentence to show us the power which shamefully enough she now possesses. She only wants to strike us and the rest of the people with terror. I feel convinced that she will bring none of our friends to execution."

"I believe the contrary; Austria has now attained what it has been striving for during the last three centuries and a half. The numberless executions, and the infamous Hapsburgian massacre of Eperies, testify to us clearly what its endeavours are and have been: its aim is destruction. Hungarians and their nation find no support throughout the world; both are now suffered to depend upon the arbitrary will of the House of Hapsburg; and this arbitrary power is formidable, and in its terrorism is unattainable by the remaining sovereigns of

Europe. It is for this reason, my dear friend—for this reason we shall all be executed, and many more besides us; many of them who shall lament us will be put to death because they are patriots."

"No, your excellency, I repeat it, all those who are now condemned are men of high rank and standing, men of well-known family connexions, and who are at the same time possessed of extensive wealth."

"It is just because we are men of position that our heads must fall, and mine especially, as I am known to be rich; for to the Hapsburgs the death of a patriot, of a man of liberal mind, is no less welcome than his property, which they appropriate as soon as they have murdered him. Their principles of action and of government have been the same from time immemorial. In order to secure the spoils which they have plundered from various nationalities, and to guard them for their own behoof, they have recourse to crafty schemes, wholly unmindful of the justice or injustice of the means which they employ. To this principle they have already long since sacrificed conscience and

its dictates. With the ancient nobility they are but little concerned, for it will not bend to their reprobate arms; they prefer having around them poor and penniless adventurers of the lowest classes, because these men will prostitute themselves to any purpose for rank and lucre; and it is these *parvenus* who defend and support the crime-tottering throne.

"Never have I quailed before death; but the thought of suffering it under the hands of the common headsman, and the reflection that our unhappy country will fall into the flesh-rending talons of the oppressor, chills the very marrow in my bones.

"Had I dreamt that I should suffer death by the hand of despotism for the sacred cause of my country, I would at least have divided my silver plate amongst the poor; but no, that too must fall a sacrifice to Hapsburg rapacity and vengeance."

"I repeat it, I believe I am not mistaken in saying that your excellency has a deep insight into the workings of human nature."

"You will one day, and that very speedily, remember my words—the words of Kiss."

At the end of this colloquy sounds of lamentation were heard issuing from the court-yard. At length they increased to a loud woe-cry of anguish. It came from the breast of the iron-fettered general's wife.

The painful anguish which she suffered seemed to have almost driven her to distraction; she continued to exclaim without ceasing, "Where is my husband, ye Austrian murderers? I must go to my husband!" But her lamentations were in vain, for she was surrounded by hearts colder than the prison walls. Two of the Austrian soldiers approached, and seized her by the arm in order to lead her out of the court-yard; but she flung them both aside with giant strength, and sprang across the yard, towards the prison door. Here, however, were standing two sentinels, who immediately lowered their bayonets against her as she advanced. She stood still and looked at the soldiers with a wild and frenzied stare, but these animated clods only laughed at her ghastly appearance. At this

moment she perceives on one of the cell-doors the number of that in which she knew her husband was immured, and catches the sound of his voice through the half-opened door. Suddenly she became animated with a wild spirit of determination, rushes forward with superhuman force and lightning speed, and gains the prison cell of her husband. Both had lost the power of utterance; for a moment they gaze upon each other in mute emotion, when she sinks to the ground insensible. The fetter-laden husband rushes to her side, to assist and comfort her.

Meanwhile the guards, who had increased, entered the cell, and looked with stolid indifference upon the scene before them; even the prison surgeon, who was nursed in the bayonet humanity of Austria, came forward and said with a gruff voice, "Take this dissembling patriotic strumpet away!" Hereupon the general, looking towards heaven, exclaimed in broken accents of suppressed emotion: "O God! what wrong have I done, that I am thus terribly afflicted?"

The surgeon, however, replied with a derisive

smile, and, turning to his companions, said with an ironical sneer, "You see, comrades, we have here a specimen of a genuine Magyar hero." The soldiers in their turn laughed acquiescingly, with the exception of one of their number, who with a look of anger measured the little monster from head to foot, and said with a firm voice, as though it concerned nobody: "He was a hero, for he beat our troops; but he is also a brave and generous man, or he would have looked upon the condition of that noble woman with as inhuman a heart as yourself, Mr. Doctor." This speech produced a loud laugh from the doctor, and he supposed the speaker must also be a Hungarian and a patriot. This query being answered in the affirmative by a resolute "Yes," the little tyrant became so enraged, that he immediately ordered the soldier to be placed under arrest, in order, as he said, that this patriot should also enjoy the benefit of prison discipline; and concluded his directions by saying, "We want none but faithful servants to support the imperial throne."

After this the prisoners received a second visit

from an individual who was a perfect stranger to them. The figure of this person was rude and ignoble; the expression of his countenance, and his entire exterior, bespoke him to be an unsympathizing and heartless man, from whose breast all feeling was banished. Nature seemed to have degraded herself at his creation. Out of the form of this man all humanity seems crushed—a form upon which freedom pours her execrations, because it poisons the air with the pestilential breath of tyranny—a form created in the image of God only to dishonour our common nature, and reduce it below the level of the brute—a form that for the sake of vile lucre destroys all that is lofty, noble, and generous.

Let us follow this figure to the brave Damjanich.

The general did not recognise the new-comer, nor did any of the other prisoners. He acknowledged, however, in a friendly manner, the cold salute of the stranger, as if it had come from one of his oldest acquaintances. "I ought to know you," he said, addressing the individual before him. "I doubt it," was the curt reply of the latter.

"Possibly so," continued Damjanich, "only I know that you will be my last friend. I had a favour to ask you; I wished you to be my friend."

"What for?"

"If you were my friend, I could be satisfied that at our next meeting, when I shall have to yield up my life, you would perform your duty with so much circumspection and care, that I could commit myself joyfully into your hands. Have I mistaken your office?"

"No, you have not."

"I am very glad to have made your acquaintance; and I trust you will be kind enough to perform this my last request. Will you not?"

"Certainly," returned the heartless hangman; "it is my duty always to do my best."

"Very well, then, you will do your best for me also. You will have a good deal of work, my good friend; on this occasion you will have men under your hands who have already often looked death in the face—who don't tremble before it; and this opportunity will therefore be a fitting one to show your professional skill.

"It is a fearful spectacle for the multitude when a man quails before the cup of death, and when his struggles are prolonged; this indeed is dreadful, and therefore be our friend, and take our life speedily, as the lightning cleaves the sturdy oak."

One of the general's friends, named Kálmân, here entered the cell, and the executioner disappeared.

"My sad and broken heart is filled with joy," he said, addressing Kálmân, "at seeing you now always by my side;" but the latter was so touched at the sight of the general in fetters, that he could not speak a word. The pain which he felt was visible in his looks. "Who," he said at length, "who is the man that left you just now?"

"This is our last friend, my dear Kálmân."

"O God!" he exclaimed, and the tears started in his eyes, "it is a sad bond that obtains for us his friendship. Accursed be the nation that gave to birth men who, for the sake of paltry gain, can become monsters!"

"It is our own fault that men are about to commit a crime against us. The history of our

ancestors stood open before us, and scenes such as those of the present times are there recorded clearly enough, and in sufficient number, which might have told us that our honour, our magnanimity, and our confidence would be imputed to us as crimes. The world often repays good deeds with evil, but Hapsburg's reward is death.

"This," he said, raising his broken arm, and gnashing his teeth with chagrin, "this is to blame that fate now crushes my head; the arm that now wears these manacles should either have slaked the thirst for just vengeance which I feel, or a cannon-ball should have pierced my breast.

"Hapsburg insolently flung down the gauntlet before us, and we did not take it up as it deserved. We fought for him who threw it at our feet; we fought for the king; we were drawn into the meshes of intrigue; our destruction was contemplated, why did we not also seek to destroy?"

"Yes, alas!" returned Kálmân, "many circumstances contributed to bring about a contrary destiny. It was our patriotic duty above all things, in conformity with our preconcerted reso-

lution, to set aside the vacillating policy of Kossuth, so that it should not prevent the necessary measures from being taken. He was always occupied in seeking for rank, fame, and popularity, and in removing all obstacles to the attainment of that object. But now he is gone, fled like a timid hare, when the moment of fiery ordeal appeared; he now shews the world, by his premature flight, that he was never a man of great but only of petty mind, and in the midst of danger was a mere song-bird of passage."

The moments which were still granted them to live became fewer and fewer, and the fearful hour of separation was drawing near. They now both took their pens to dip them into the feelings of their grief-worn breasts, in order to pour forth the last utterance of their weary hearts, the interpreter of the angel of death, to the beloved being who awaited their return home, in the sweet hope of a joyful meeting, and of better and happier times.

Their spirit, which never knew danger, was ever now excited, but the flight of thought was terrible,

and heart-rending the words in which the last farewell was couched. When the forked lightning threatens the earth with devastation, when the volcano vomits forth its flames, and seething springs pour out their waters, and when all nature seems hastening to ruin, then a single serene spot in the vault of heaven gives hope that danger and destruction are about to vanish.

Men destroy what God has blessed. The bold and lofty spirit above quails not before the exterminating hirelings of murder, trembles not in its citadel; it is the outer veil only that is rent by the change. The noble spirit is daring upon the field of honour, it looks unblenching upon the angel of destruction, who hastens forward to lull him to sleep, and lure him on to the vortex, or upon the mischief-laden clouds that gather above his head: he is ready for the last conflict, and he advances to encounter his adversary —death.

The blood-hounds of tyranny were celebrating a solemn festival under the faithful auspices of Hapsburg. These furies appeared in all their

splendour, and joy beamed in their eyes; they were greeted with salvos of cannon.

There are four guests invited to this evening banquet. Three of their number have prepared themselves for the occasion—their feelings are steeled; the fourth sleeps. A friend approaches him to rouse him to the banquet. The sleeper is then dreaming, but at the entrance of his friend he springs up, exclaiming: "To arms, to arms! the enemy is at hand; the fight must be a warm one!—hark! how the cannons thunder!" The dreamer, however, is soon brought to his senses; a glance at the cold walls of his cell, and another at the dreary countenance of the friend who came to summon him, soon restored him to a consciousness of the dismal reality. "What a delightful dream I had just now," he said; "what a pity it is that it should here have an end" . . . He now related the dream to the friend who walked by his side, whilst they both proceeded to the spot where they were already awaited.

The banquet commences, of * * * *

After the next salvo, a crimson stream gushes

from the faithful hearts of three of the guests; it gushes forth like a clear spring which has its source by the mountain side, and flows along through the valley. The fourth guest, Kiss, stood then unhurt, like, as it were, a threatening sign from Heaven, that its elected one should not be damaged, and that it pronounced him "innocent," and "inviolable." Not one of the balls had touched him. He therefore sprang up and said aloud, "I am not struck, and therefore free;" but scarcely were these words uttered, when, at a signal from the mistress of the feast, fresh hirelings stepped forward, and once more discharged their pieces. Hitherto he had been standing; but the second discharge took effect, yet only partially, and caused the martyr to stagger on his legs. "A bad shot—better! better!" he cried with a dull and hollow voice, and, whilst he was tottering, they sent their deadly bullets for the third time against his faithful heart, to still its generous pulsations. His noble spirit soared aloft towards its Maker; he was no more.

The so oft repeated report of musketry excited

in the bosom of the innocent and hopeless wife of the last-mentioned patriot-martyr, a fearful foreboding, so that she suddenly started up and exclaimed: "It is my husband!" Her voice gave way; a dark cloud obscured her senses, and she sank back lifeless upon her couch.

Her heart was broken. The angel who had conducted the faithful soul of her husband beyond the stars, had come thence to lead hers thither also. Her spirit hastened upon the wings of light, and of pure undying love, to join her murdered spouse in the realms of bliss, where the demon of tyranny has no more power. To him remained nothing but the earthly tenements of the murdered heroes, as a memento of deeds at which fiends well might blush.

This spirit of darkness, however, was not yet satisfied with the first sacrifice which had been offered at his shrine. The grim and solemn banquet required a costly outlay. Meanwhile, the slaves stood ready to do their master's bidding. There were still remaining men loaded with chains like the most abandoned criminals—men who were

the nation's pride, and who for magnanimity and heroism had not their equals in Europe. They were led forth—where stood the little merciless monster, with savage-glowing eyes and fiendish aspect—to the scaffold.

Oh! had the Hapsburg throne only had in its line of sovereigns such noble souls as those who now ascended the gibbet, the people would have blessed them for it! Beside the little monster, close to the scaffold, stood Damjanich. Nagy Sándor the brave, a man of noble bearing, was the first to ascend the steps, and when he reached the stage on which this dismal tragedy was to be enacted, he addressed the following words to the spectators:—

"God be with you! God be with thee, my fatherland, thou country of woes and of sorrows!"

After him Count Vécsey mounted the scaffold and said: "Let me, friend, at least leave this world with the thought that Görgey was no traitor."

The Austrians knew Damjanich, for he had often inspired them with fear; they knew that he fought for honour and his country—that his sword

was always amidst the foremost of the combatants; and it was for this reason that he was left for the last. He had seen all his unhappy companions convulsed in the throes of death; and it was only after this sad spectacle had harrowed his feelings that he was himself suffered to mount the scaffold, but this scaffold was already hallowed by the blood of martyrs.

By this proceeding Austria showed a mean spirit of revenge, and proved once more that only reprobate and miscreant characters can practise cruelty, and that assassins and cowards, with force on their side, are especially ingenious in devising barbarous modes of putting brave men to death.

The bloody drama was now drawing to a close (it was ten o'clock), and the Russo-Austrian tyranny was all but complete; there still remained only the dregs of the fatal goblet, which must needs be drained, and so to end the banquet becomingly, the cup is presented to the Count Louis Batthyányi, at Pesth. He took the poisoned draught with manly firmness. Anxious thoughts of his country, his wife and child, indeed embit-

tered the deadly potion, but he drained the bowl in a manner worthy of himself, and of those whom he left behind lamenting.

Thus sigh and exclaim now the nation and people: in whom, alas, have we placed our confidence? My people! The lesson is by no means new; your experience has already been six times dearly bought. Wherefore still so indocile? You should have known ere this how to bend before such hours of bitterness.

On the following morning the private soldier, who, on the previous day in the prison, had dared to address the surgeon in such unsuitable terms, was brought forward for examination.

To the question, What nation he belonged to? he replied, That he was a Hungarian—that he had formerly done military service for his country; but that, having been taken prisoner, he was compelled to swear fidelity to the Austrian flag; that, if he

still served under the standard, he was nevertheless in heart and soul an Hungarian. Such address as this must naturally be chastised. How could he venture to express affection for his nation—his fatherland? He was accordingly sentenced to receive fifty stripes of a stick.

This time was the gleaning season of Hapsburg tyranny; and the sickle was wielded with a faithful and powerful hand by Haynau. Sacrifice was added to sacrifice in quick succession.

When it came to the turn of Baron Sigismund Perényi, a greyheaded veteran of seventy-three, he begged for permission to address his last words to those around him:—

"Teach my children," he said with a loud and firm voice,—"teach my children to pray—to pray devoutly—teach them to pray with holy fervour and constancy; but their prayers will be devout and fervent only when they have cursed Hapsburg tyrants everlastingly before the Lord."

The roll of the drums here interrupted his voice,

but too late. Perényi had said what he had wished to say, and his words were heard by all the multitude; for his voice was powerful, and seemed to ascend to the blue vault above him.

As the heroes of Hungary had fought as became noble patriots, so they died like brave men, with a consciousness of the sacredness of their cause: free in spirit as the eagle that cleaves the skies, freely did their last words resound, and unsubdued were their lofty minds; free as the lark when revelling in the summer-noon's delights, it soars along through the serene air, and sings its pæans as it seeks the sun.

They suffered willingly, because love of their country and their homes had summoned them to their duty. Nature for them now puts on the emblems of mourning, and mourning blossoms hang upon the trees beneath which the nightingale pours forth her notes of sorrow.

In vain does the affectionate wife linger with anxious longing for the sympathetic pulsation of her husband's heart. Fond hope! thou poor bereaved one, his heart beats for thee no more.

The cold steel or the sluggish lead of the tyrant has robbed thee of that heart which erewhile throbbed for thee and thy little ones alone. Instead of a joyful meeting with thy beloved, a dismal intelligence awaits thee, which is now being brought by the sorrow-winged angel of death. Tears of joy no longer moisten the eyes of thy spouse. No more will thy tears fall sweetly upon his bosom, but will only bedew the mound where in coldness his body is laid. Thy breast too, which so lately was filled with joy, will henceforth be the seat of corroding cares and bitter anguish; for the noble heart which overflowed with love for thee and for his country, is now cold in death and stilled for ever. The arm that once embraced thee with tender affection is numbed and powerless. The eye whose light was wont to cheer thee, while its fire struck awe into his enemies, is now dim and lustreless. The lips from which so often thou didst drink delight, are now pale and motionless. The being, wife, for whom thy beating heart doth yearn, fell by the hand of the common hangman!

At length the angel of death arrives with the

letters for the widows and the orphans; the letters which contain the ETERNAL FAREWELL!

It is not the husband, not the brave warrior, that yonder comes; speak thou strange form that lookest then so sad, like a spirit of evil omen! Hast thou no sign whereby I may know that he has sent thee? Deliver thy message, and keep me no longer in painful suspense!

The messenger is silent; he utters not a word; he seems like a skeleton, fearful to look upon. The letter bears a black seal, and thence the ominous fantasy.

The handwriting is that of the beloved; how happy the sight of it makes the fond wife. She presses the letter to her lips, examines the characters once more, and then hastily conceals the welcome missive in her bosom. But the anxiety of the wife soon withdraws it from its hiding-place; with a ringing laugh she adds: "Thou poor little heart, didst thou feel too warm under the covering of his words? thy curiosity is in vain, I will torment and punish thee for thy impatience." Once more she draws forth the letter,

examines it on all sides to see whether it has no particular mark upon it; she found none. "But why hast thou a black seal? In order to tease me, I suppose. Ah, you arch rogue! But then you should not have written the letter yourself, for of course dead men can't write; no matter, I shall think of this little anxiety which you wantonly contrived for your poor wife, and won't I punish you for it when I see you?"

With these words she hastily snatches the letter from her bosom, reads the few opening lines, rushes to her child in order that it should share her overflowing happiness, and kisses it with cordial affection: "That, my pet, is a kiss from papa!"

At length she resumed, and after reading a few lines farther, her senses began to swim, her whole frame trembled, and she sank to the ground. But the strength of delirium caused her to spring up once more, she continued to read on, but entirely overcome she sank once more with distorted features to the earth. Here she lay for a long time insensible, her cheeks pale, and her lips blanched as if in death; she lay like a tender

flower struck down by the blighting north wind, and perishing upon the desolate soil. Her pulse at length began to beat faster and faster, and threatened to burst from its habitation; and a violent nervous irritation disturbed her beautiful countenance. With a clear laugh, but in a voice which was not her own, she again rose up: strength had returned, but her senses came no more, her mind was gone—she was a maniac! Shortly after this the mother and her child were found dead in their bed; the orphan babe was locked in the affectionate embrace of its widowed mother.

Then did the hand of Russia and of Austria destroy the happiness of the Hungarian people; it was this that invaded the domesticity of private life, and ruined the peace of families.

The Hussar.

Mother! dost weep that thy boy's right hand
Hath taken a sword for his fatherland?—
Mother! where should the brave one be,
But in the ranks of bravery?

Mother! and was it not sad to leave
Mine own sweet maiden alone to grieve?—
Julia! where should the brave one be
But in the ranks of bravery?

Mother! if thou in death were laid;
Julia! if thou were a treacherous maid;—
O then! it were well that the brave should be
In the front ranks of bravery.

Mother! the thought brings heavy tears,
And I look round on my youth's compeers;—
They have their griefs and love like me,
Touching the brave in their bravery.

Mother! my guardian! O be still!
Maiden! let hope thy bosom fill;—
King and country—how sweet to be
Battling for both in bravery!

Bravery—ay—and victory's hand
Shall wreathe my "Csákó" with golden band;—
And in the camp the shout shall be,
O, how he fought for liberty!

By the hands of Russo-Austrian executioners, upwards of 2000 of the noblest and bravest men

in the land were snatched from their homes and from their country, or dragged to the scaffold. But a countless number of the nobles are doomed to suffer for an entire generation in the dungeons of Austria, from which there is seldom any deliverance. Amongst these are bishops, priests, public functionaries, noble ladies, youthful and tender maidens, citizens, and even simple domestic servants. And in order to extinguish the last sparks of honour and love for their country by brutal force, innocent women and maidens of rank and wealth were scourged naked, in public, and their possessions and property confiscated. This proved for Austria a most successful speculation, for it brought her 150 millions of guilders current coin.

This conduct was sanctioned by the diplomacy of Christian Europe as legitimate. It was only the heathen and barbarous heart of the Turks that bled in sympathy. But Christian Europe bound their hands, lest they should hasten to defend the rights of outraged humanity!

For the sins thus committed against the Hungarian nation and people, the whole of Christian

Europe will have to suffer as being accomplices in a crime to which they gave a tacit consent. We record here, for posterity, the names of a few of the martyrs of freedom. We say *a few*, for the compass of this work is too limited to admit of all being given; as those who were put to death by the Hapsburgs, or who are now pining in solitary dungeons, might be reckoned by whole legions. Austria itself estimates in its official returns the number of those sent to the scaffold at more than 2000; so that, from the fall of Hungary to the present time, the number of executions have averaged two each day. The few names that we here place on record, will ever continue as a perpetual memento of Hungarian martyrdom in the cause of liberty, and of the inhuman vengeance of Hapsburg barbarity in 1849. Our list also contains the names of some fugitives, who, instead of awaiting the laurels of the executioner, which they had won, fled from the scene of danger.

The total number of fugitives amounts to about 250 persons, and reckons for the most part individuals of little worth, who scarcely deserve

mention: amongst these men, too, are to be found several who are mere Jew adventurers, belonging to Kossuth's party.

We must not wonder that the Hungarian war of freedom brought about such fearful devastation and slaughter, for all had been pre-arranged from the outset. Lord Ponsonby, the British ambassador at Vienna in 1848–49, was already aware of all the plans which Hapsburg had in contemplation the previous year; for he says in a despatch to his government, "The affairs of Hungary are going too far, and will cost too many human lives," &c.; and further on he adds, "Russian intervention will follow."—(*Blue Book, Hungarian Affairs*, 1849).

Lord Palmerston, at that time England's minister for foreign affairs, did nothing whatever against the unconstitutional and revolutionary course pursued by the Hapsburg party, nor against the club-law murders perpetrated by Austria.

May God grant him a just reward for his labours!

The Men of 1849.

Andrasy, Gyula, Count	In exile.
Almásy, Captain, Count	16 years.
Almásy, Pál, Count	In exile.
Albrich, Major	16 years.
Asztalos, Sándor	In exile.
Alsó, Major	12 years.
Abancourt, Major, Count	Hanged.
Aulich, General	„
Angyal, Apothecary	8 years.
Asbóth	In exile.
Abráhámi	18 years.
Aman, Lieutenant	16 „
Ambrus, Civil Service	15 „
Amsberg, Lieutenant, Baron	16 „
Báthyányi, Casimir, Count	Death in exile.
Báthyányi, Louis, Count	Shot.
Bugyik, Civil Service	Hanged.
Baldini, Colonel	Shot.
Burski, Ballogh, peasants, each	3 years.
Baierle, Colonel	10 „
Bullogh, Preacher	5 „
Baier, Colonel	18 „
Berzsényi, Colonel	18 „
Benicki, Colonel	20 „
Bárángi, Captain	12 „

Butz	16 years.
Bassó, Lieutenant	16 „
Bohrmann, Do.	15 „
Branner, Major	16 „
Bárcza, Major	16 „
Ballogh, Janos, Colonel	In exile.
Berzenczey, László	„
Bethlen, Gergely, Count	„
Baláshazy, Major	16 years.
Beöthy, Ödön	In exile.
Barsa, Preacher	20 years.
Budafalvi, Preacher	16 „
Berczel, Do.	Hanged.
Benkö, Do.	16 years.
Borsy, Captain	16 „
Barczay, Do.	16 „
Bemer, Bishop	20 „
Bonis, Civil Service	Hanged.
Bartha	Shot.
Csányi, Civil Minister	Hanged.
Czecz, János, General	In exile.
Csernus	Hanged.
Czillich, Colonel	18 years.
Cserei, Do.	7 „
Czintula, Do.	16 „
Csermely, Major	16 „
Csenkay, Do.	16 „
Csápán, Lieutenant	16 „
Csusak, Colonel	16 „

Czuczor, Preacher . . . . . 8 years.
Csekonich, Daughter of a landed Proprietor, Scourged.

Desewffy, Captain, Count . . . . . 16 years.
Desewffy, Count . . . . . In exile.
Dipold, Colonel . . . . . 18 years.
Ditrich, Captain . . . . . 16 „
Dudo, Civil Service . . . . . Hanged.
Damjanich, General . . . . . „
Desewffy, General, Count . . . . . Shot.
Dudas, Preacher . . . . . 2 years.
Damaszkin, Major . . . . . 12 „
Dobieski, Captain . . . . . 12 „
Derra, Major . . . . . 12 „
Driska, Do. . . . . 12 „
Dallos, Lieutenant . . . . . 15 „

Ehrenbruck, Lieutenant-Colonel . . . 16 „
Edényi, Captain . . . . . 12 „
Eszterházy, Pál, Count (obtained amnesty) . In exile.

Féhérvary, Miklos . . . . . In exile.
Fekete, Civil Service . . . . . Shot.
Fülöp, Civil Service . . . . . In exile.
Földy, Professor . . . . . 18 years.
Ferenczy, Colonel . . . . . 16 „
Foldvary, Do. . . . . 18 „
Ferget, Major . . . . . 16 „
Festetics, Count . . . . . 10 „
Fejér, Captain . . . . . 12 „
Fejes, Swineherd . . . . . 8 „

Frivisz, Major . . . . . 16 years.
Fedrigon, Lieutenant . . . . . 10 „
Festetics, Countess . . . . . Scourged.
Fördös, Horseherd . . . . . 8 years.
Fekete, Cowherd . . . . . 12 „
Freiburg, Major . . . . . 18 „
Friba, Preacher, 65 years old, 100 stick stripes

Gelich, Major . . . . . In exile.
Gyron, Colonel . . . . . Hanged.
Gaspar, General . . . . . 10 years.
Gruber, Captain . . . . . Hanged.
Gruber, Sausage-maker . . . . . 3 years.
Gyurász, Peasant . . . . . 3 „
Gorove, Istvan . . . . . In exile.
Gyurman, Janos . . . . . „
Gáll, Sandor . . . . . „
Göbel . . . . . 3 years.
Gallas . . . . . 4 „
Göttmamo, Major . . . . . 10 „
Girten, Captain . . . . . 16 „
Gálványi, Lieutenant-Colonel . . . 16 „
Gonrik, Parish-Priest . . . . . 16 „
Girten, Captain . . . . . 16 „
Görgey, Brother of the General . . . 14 „
Györö, Captain . . . . . 16 „
Genei, Civil Service . . . . . 16 „
Gyurmay, Lieutenant-Colonel . . . 16 „

Hadik, Colonel, Count . . . . . 18 years.

Hoffman, Captain	8 years.
Hajdu, Professor	20 „
Horvath, Michaly, Bishop	In exile.
Horvath, Major	16 years.
Hauser, Do.	16 „
Hauk, Colonel	Hanged.
Herkalovich, Captain	15 years.
Hengel, Lieutenant	16 „
Hamár, Shepherd	2 „
Horváth, Colonel	18 „
Hazmán, Györey	In exile.
Hemig, Judge	12 years.
Hainik, Pál	In exile.
Haidan, Civil Service	Hanged.
Issok, Servant	12 years.
Illien, Preacher	12 „
Imredy, Lieutenant	16 „
Irányi, Daniel	In exile.
Ihász, Colonel	„
Jaszvits, Lieutenant-Colonel	16 years.
Jafazensky Do.	16 „
Jakob, Horseherd	16 „
Juhász, Istvan, Colonel (amnesty)	In exile.
Jánek, Swineherd	6 years.
Jeszenák, Baron	Hanged.
Jezipovich von Turopolya, Count	16 years.
Jekelfalusy, Bishop	12 „
Jonak, Lieutenant	16 „

Jonasi, Lieutenant-Colonel . . . . 16 years.
Josika, Miklos, Baron . . . . . In exile.

Kazinczy, General . . . . . Hanged.
Kolman, General, now a Mussulman . . .
Kiss, Colonel . . . . . 18 years.
Kiss, General . . . . . Shot.
Kreith, Priest, Count . . . . . 6 years.
König, Captain . . . . . 15 „
Kautsur, Preacher . . . . . Shot.
Köffler, Major . . . . . 20 years.
Kapuszták, Student . . . . . 2 „
Knesich, General . . . . . Hanged.
Károlyi, Count . . . . . 2 years.
Kronetter, Bookbinder . . . . . 8 „
Karolyi, Count, 150,000 fr. C. M. Fine .
Kossuth, Lieutenant-Colonel . . . . 16 years.
Kossuth, Lajos . . . . . In exile.
Kotzo, Major . . . . . 10 years.
Kisfaludi, Lieutenant-Colonel . . . 16 „
Kölgen, Do. . . . . 16 „
Karacson, Captain . . . . . 12 „
Kribini, Major . . . . . 16 „
Kolosy, Do. . . . . .
Koczro, Do. . . . . .
Kolosi, Captain. . . . . 16 years.
Kofzatt, Colonel . . . . . 16 „
Keller, Major . . . . . 10 „
Kemény, Farkas, Baron . . Death in exile.

Kovats, Janos	Death in exile.
Kiss, Lieutenant-Colonel	16 years.
Klapka, George, General	In exile.
Kiss, Miklos, Colonel	„
Kompolty, Major	16 years.
Kornis, Károly	In exile.
Kiss, Captain	16 years.
Karacsay, Sándor, Count	In exile.
Keresztes, Lieutenant	16 years.
Kmety, Istvan, General	In exile.
Kalviri, Civil Service	7 years.
Katona, Miklos, Colonel	In exile.
Kafzer, Lieutenant	16 years.
Korponay, condemned to death, but having become mad, the execution did not take place	
Kubula, Lieutenant	16 „
Luzsinski, Captain, Baron	12 years.
Lippich, Captain	12 years.
Lonesal, Civil Service	
Leutoch, Major, Baron	16 „
Leitner, Lieutenant-Colonel	16 „
Lang, Garber	20 „
Liptai, Colonel	18 „
Lekoczki, Priest	5 „
Lazar, General, Count,	Hanged.
Leinengen, General, Count, cousin to her Majesty the Queen of England	Shot.
Lahner, General,	Hanged.

Litmaier, Major . . . . . 16 years.
Lemme, Captain . . . . . 16 „
Lenkey, Colonel . . . . . 16 „
Lukacs, Colonel . . . . . 16 „
Lill, Civil Service . . . . . 15 „
Lasberg, Captain, Count . . . . 15 „
Luzsenki, Lieutenant, Baron . . . 6 „
Lonovich, Bishop . . . . . 20 „
Lackay, Connon . . . . . 8 „
Lopreszty, Joseph, Baron . . . . In exile.
Ludwig, Joseph . . . . . „

Mészáros, Field-Marshal, Lieutenant . . „
Majtenyi, Baron . . . . . „
Mednyanski, Major, Baron . . . . Hanged.
Melko, Clerk . . . . . .
Mauerbert, Preacher, ... Hanged.
Meravek, Michalek } Shepherds . . . 3 yrs. each
Meszlényi, Colonel . . . . . 18 years.
Mesterhazy, Colonel . . . . . 18 „
Mezei, Colonel . . . . . 18 „
Marjasy, Colonel, Count . . . . 18 „
Mathesicki, Civil Service . . . . 5 „
Michalovich, Lieutenant-Colonel . . 16 „
Marsze, Lieutenant-Colonel . . . 16 „
Marmann, Major, ... Hanged.
Mitterpacher, Captain . . . . . 10 years.
Makrai, Lieutenant-Colonel . . . 16 „

Markus, Civil Service,	Hanged.
Martinyi, Lieutenant-Colonel	12 years.
Majthényi, General, Baron	10 „
Mukich, Major	16 „
Mecsery, Captain	16 „
Majer, Major	16 „
Molnár, Major	16 „
Messina, Lieutenant-Colonel, Baron	12 „
Mezosi, Major	18 „
Madarasi, Civil Service	20 „
Medveczki, Judge	15 „
Majtenyi, Colonel, Baron	10 „
Madersback, Countess	Publicly scourged.
Madarász, Laszlo	In exile.
Marczi, Gipsy,	Hanged.
Mednyánski, Sándor	In exile.
Nagysunt, Captain	16 years.
Nyitray, Do.	16 „
Nemeth, Do.	16 „
Niejner, Do.	16 „
Nyeregjártó, Lieutenant	16 „
Nagy, Major	16 „
Nagy, Lieutenant-Colonel	18 „
Nemeth Do.	18 „
Nagy, General,	Hanged.
Nagy, Pál	In exile.
Nagy, Imre	„
Nyary, Civil Service	18 years.
Neuwirth	20 years.

Ondriks, Orban, } Herds . . . . . 3 years.
Ocskai, Civil Service . . . . . Hanged.
Okolicsanyi, Lieutenant-Colonel . . . 16 years.
Olah, Shepherd . . . . . 3 years.
Ormay, Colonel . . . . . Hanged.
Orczy, Countess . . . . . Scourged.

Ponkracz, Laszlo . . . . . In exile.
Prevendar, Captain . . . . . 12 years.
Pontyos . . . . . 5 „
Papp, Colonel . . . . . 18 „
Paulovich, Colonel . . . . . 18 „
Pigetti, General . . . . . 15 „
Pereczy, Colonel . . . . . 18 „
Parcselics, Do. . . . . 18 „
Petrac, Swineherd . . . . . 3 „
Perenyi, Baron, (75 years old) . . . Hanged.
Puki, Miklos . . . . . In exile.
Pulszki, Ferencz . . . . . Emigrant.
Perczel, Moriz . . . . . In exile.
Perczel, Miklos, Colonel . . . . . „
Petöcz, Civil Service . . . . . Shot.
Pöltenberg, General, Baron . . . . Hanged.
Petko, Priest . . . . . 4 years.
Pfeifer, Do. . . . . 5 „
Papp, Justice of Peace . . . . . 2 „
Pletnich, Captain, Count . . . . 6 „
Pallik, Civil Service . . . . . Hanged.

Péchy, Captain	12 years.
Pudoly, Lieutenant-Colonel	16 „
Puky „	18 „
Pados, Priest	6 „
Podoszky, Major	16 „
Pataky, Captain	15 „
Philipowski, Major	16 „
Pollak, Lieutenant-Colonel	18 „
Petrovich, Priest	12 „
Psotka, Colonel	18 „
Querlende, Lieutenant-Colonel, Count	18 „
Rafai, Colonel	18 „
Rusicska, Captain	16 „
Rafay, Civil Service	Hanged.
Radayi, Count	2 years.
Ráhonczy, Colonel	18 „
Roka, Prebendary	20 „
Reinischek, Prebendary	2 „
Rudnyanszki, Bishop, Baron	6 „
Rónay, Priest	In exile.
Rázga, Preacher	Hanged.
Rajcsányi, Captain	10 years.
Romai, Priest	8 „
Sontag, Samuel	In exile.
Sümeg, Captain	14 years.
Saghy, Lieutenant	12 „
Sontag, Civil Service	18 „

Szápáry, Lieutenant, Count	18 years.
Schweidel, General	Shot.
Sebesi, Preacher	8 years.
Szákszá, Do.	Hanged.
Schmideg, Kálmán, Count	Death in exile.
Schweizer, Printer	Hanged.
Streit, Priest	„
Szaur, Peasant	3 years.
Szálo	3 „
Szarvady	In exile.
Szacsvai, Civil Service	Hanged.
Sandor, Civil Service	„
Szekulich, Lieutenant-Colonel	18 years.
Szatmary, Colonel	18 „
Szeredy, J., the writer of this work	In exile.
Szemere, Bartolom	„
Simonfy, Lieutenant-Colonel	16 years.
Sebö „	16 „
Simonyi	In exile.
Storteczköi, Priest	5 „
Speletich	In exile.
Sandor, Major	16 years.
Szentivanyi, Lieutenant-Colonel	18 „
Schveidel, Captain	16 „
Spielmann, Lieutenant-Colonel	18 „
Seel, Major	Shot.
Szábó, Imre Szábó, Istvan Colonels	In exile.
Simonsits, Captain	„

Stiff, (18 years old,) Civil Service	Shot.
Toth, Lieutenant	16 years.
Tomanoczy, Captain	16 „
Towarnicki, Captain	16 „
Teleki, Laszlo, Count Teleki, Sandor, Count	In exile.
Teleky, Count	6 years.
Teleky, Banka, Countess, for corresponding with a lady friend in Paris	15 years.
Lovey, Clara, her lady in waiting	10 „
Tronsek, Major	16 „
Toth, Colonel	18 „
Tamás, Major	Hanged.
Torbiroka, Peasant	3 years.
Treksler	Hanged.
Török, General	„
Toth, Preacher	„
Thomsdorf, Major	10 years.
Toth, Captain	18 „
Toth, Preacher	20 „
Udvarnody. A lady, publicly whipped; fifty thousand guldens fine, and three years' imprisonment	
Ujháry, Lord-Lieutenant of Presburg	In exile.
Vecsey, General, Count	Hanged.
Varga, János, Preacher	In exile.
Vida, Peasant	8 years.
Vay, Ladislaus, Count, obtained amnesty	In exile.

Vaida, Lieutenant-Colonel . . . . 14 years.
Vendelin, Civil Service . . . . . 8 „
Venturini, Lieutenant . . . . . 20 „
Vukovich, Sebö . . . . . In exile.
Vetter, Field-marshal Lieutenant . . . „

Woroniecki, Colonel, Prince . . . Hanged.
Wartensleben Lieutenant-Colonel, Count . 18 years.
Waldberg, Colonel . . . . . 18 „
Weisel, Lieutenant-Colonel . . . . 18 „
Wass, Count . . . . . .
Weber, Captain . . . . . 16 years.
Wolff, Major . . . . . 16 „
Wels, Do. . . . . 16 „
Wunder, Major . . . . . 16 „

Zelinski, Colonel . . . . . 20 years.
Zsibó, Do. . . . . 16 „
Zehmarkt . . . . . Hanged.
Zsámbokréti, Captain . . . . . 15 years.
Zieher, Lieutenant . . . . . 16 „
Zambelly, Colonel . . . . . 18 „
Ziko, Do. . . . . 16 „
Zichy, Otto, Count . . . . . In exile.

The *proof* of the above list was sent to Mr. Kossuth for the purpose of inserting any family names of importance that might have been omitted in the roll of sacrifices to his vicious ambition; to which he replied, in a spirit worthy of his antecedents,—

Sir,—I have no data to complete the incomplete list of names.

L. KOSSUTH.

Drunk with the blood of patriots, the monster now reposes upon the laurels of his crime-purchased fame, whilst the heroes of Freedom are mouldering in the grave. But from this blood-sodden earth will one day spring a giant race, for the delivery of their country and for Austria's destruction.

The din of battle has ceased, the sanguinary tribunals are over, and the tyrant is enthroned amidst the rattling of chains, whose burden weighs down the necks of the people;—justice is banished from the land, and the constitution, to which fidelity had numberless times been sworn, is annihilated, and slavery riots in its prosperity. Oh, Austria—how praiseworthy, how glorious is thy rule! The Hungarian sings the songs of his country no more, but weeps for her fate, whilst a gloomy sadness overshadows his brow. The streamlets that awhile flowed along with a merry and gladsome gurgle, now seem to glide away with a slow and mournful murmur, as though they would share the sorrows of the people; and all nature seems arrayed in the sable robes of sorrow.

Glorious, however, was the death of the heroes for whom the nation laments; for they bled for the holy cause of their fatherland. Since the times of Nero and of Caligula such atrocities had not been perpetrated; and yet the Hapsburg despots still sit upon their blood-stained throne, and haughtily shake their heads whilst the people tremble.

They sleep within the silent grave,
The brave, who early fell;
No marble slab is o'er them raised,
Their gallant deeds to tell.
The wind, which stirs the grass around,
Rustles with dull and mournful sound.

Upon this sad and holy spot
Doth lost Hungaria stand,
And prays that better times may come
To her afflicted land;
The flowers that deck the soil are red,
A people's tears are o'er them shed.

Though here the mould'ring heroes lie,
Their spirits freely soar,
And through the pallid moonbeams gaze
On Hungary once more;
Here once a noble tomb shall stand,
Or darkness shall engulf the land.

The history of Hungary is written in our open book in characters of blood. Europe was aware of the abominations practised upon the descendants of Arpad, and yet it suffered Hungary to be hurled into the dark grave of slavery. For Europe, however, the downfall of Hungary will prove a fruitful source of evil. Hungary would have been the wall against which the Slavonic hordes of the north, who sooner or later will overrun Europe, would be dashed to pieces.

The sacrifice is great. Hungary is a wide and open grave; but let not the tyrant suppose that he has extirpated the nation of the Magyars. They cannot be destroyed, for already the seeds of revenge, the seeds of freedom, are germinating in their breasts.

After the fall of Hungary, its commercial freedom was oppressed: house-tax, court-tax, war-tax, poll-tax, tobacco-duties, and duties upon articles of consumption, together with several other exhaustive imposts, were laid upon the people, in order to support the tottering credit of Austria. But this was not enough; the sanctity

of private life was invaded and violated by the spies and agents of a secret policy, against which the people dared not utter the faintest murmur of complaint.

In the execution of this plan, as we have elsewhere stated, those races who sought to envenom the points of the murderous Hapsburg daggers, which were turned against the chaste bosom of our common mother, and who strove with daring hands to destroy the common rights of the people, were ignorant of the Magyar tongue. They laboured to forge more securely the chains of their own bondage. Perhaps they now see their error, perhaps experience has now taught them, but too late. They are now rewarded for the deeds which they accomplished for the behoof of Austria.

Let us now cast a brief glance at the imposts of Hungary as formerly regulated, upon constitutional principles, by the diet, and also upon the present mode of raising taxes, which are now arbitrarily levied upon no fixed principle or plan, but by means of ukases, and then we shall be able to

estimate justly the Hapsburg system of club-law booty.

Previously to the year 1848, the house and land taxes paid by the Hungarian husbandmen amounted to 4,305,244 guldens. The domestic taxes of all the counties—*i. e.*, the expenses of the whole of the internal administration of the country—amounted to 5,453,125 fl. c.m. Now, however, the direct taxes are raised to 60,000,000; the indirect taxes, such as the stamp-duty, 35,000,000; tobacco monopoly, 30,000,000, &c.; so that the direct and indirect taxes amount altogether to 155,000,000 fl. c.m. The paper currency circulating in Hungary is about 50,000,000; so that the gulden is paid in the way of taxes three times. The nobles, too, are also included in this arbitrarily imposed exaction.

The amount of the crown revenues is 3,895,019 fl. c.m.; that of the salt-pits, 10,092,725 fl.; of the mines, 952,986; making a total of 14,940,730 fl. c. m., which should be devoted to covering the expenses of the state.

Since the time that Napoleon I., conformably to

the wishes of the European powers, was sent to St. Helena, in order to repose there for the remainder of his days upon the laurels which he had won, the attention of all constitutional governments has been directed to the gradual curtailment, where possible, of popular freedom.

France was the first that, in 1848, rekindled the torch of extinguished freedom, and that summoned the nations to cast off their fetters. The latter awoke from the long sleep, and shook their chains; but France heard them rattle with indifference, and suffered the wearers to bleed and be crushed in the attempt to escape from their bonds.

Their pseudo-Lycurgan lawgivers, who, from insidious and selfish calculations, disseminated their socialistic and communistic ideas in conjunction with their republican intrigues, contributed chiefly to the downfall of liberty. It was this cause also which drove the French nation, after its late revolution, forward towards a vortex, from which they were saved only by their last convulsive death-struggle on the 2nd of December, 1851. To these intrigues likewise must Italy, Hungary,

and the brave Germans, ascribe their defeat, and the blood which they shed in vain; nay, more, that they are now in closely riveted chains, and are marked with Russian despotism as they were before. France, therefore, was the primary and immediate cause of all the insurrections of 1848. It was France which, by its seductive example, gave scandal to other nations, and brought upon them such disgrace as can only be washed away in blood. It will therefore only be when France shall have lent her aid to the nations who are now groaning under the yoke of slavery, that she will have recovered her *prestige* and her lost greatness.

The present period is a more favourable one than any that has hitherto been presented. The continent of Europe receives French arms with acclamation, and it would cost but little pains to bring the boundaries of the former Roman Empire under the sway of the French sceptre. Let Napoleon III., Emperor of France, only repeat the summons which his immortal uncle issued to the Hungarians, and then .....!

The selfish policy which England pursues by

nature and upon principle, is working the overthrow of the nation itself. She sacrifices her slender moral reputation and influence to material interests, and compels the nations which heretofore hated, now to execrate her name. She looked on with indifference when, in the struggle for freedom, those nations were defeated one after the other—when their demands, founded upon oaths and upon the most sacred promises, were answered by criminal usurpations at the point of the bayonet —and when their bravest and noblest men were sent to the scaffold, and their widows and orphans left beggars.

The utter apathy with which England looked on, but held aloof, on this occasion, will not readily be forgotten by those who were engaged in the struggle for liberty. After the lapse of centuries it will still be fresh in the recollection of their descendants.

When, however, Hungary was laid prostrate by the last fatal blow, political discourses and funeral orations were delivered over its bleeding and mutilated corpse; but these harangues of *post*

mortem condolence, evinced only a morbid pseudo-sympathy, which came too late, and which was, perhaps, as unreal and hollow as it was bootless.

In the British Parliament which sat in the month of February, 1850, the cause of Hungary was supported by a few, but only by a few, noble and honourable men. Of these noble and generous men, however, Lord Palmerston, the minister for foreign affairs, was not one; on the contrary, he replied on one occasion to Lord Dudley Stuart, who had maintained the justice of the Hungarian cause, that he (Palmerston) could speak more favourably against Austria; which words (if they had any meaning) went to shew that he approved of the conduct of Austria. When also, on another occasion, Lord Claude Hamilton and the Marquis of Lansdowne characterised those Hungarian patriots, who defended their constitutional liberties against a tyrannical power, as "robber-hordes," he acquiesced and was silent. Unhappy England! Such are the men whom tyranny and despotism delight to honour; truly thou hast at thy helm

the faithful servants of Russia! Such men as these are shaking to its foundations the fabric of thy own freedom!

The liberties of England are the work of the ancient Saxons, whose noble hearts are now mouldering in the dust; not of the present selfish race of Traders, who sacrifice all for their own mutual advantages, or who only act when their interests are in immediate danger of being compromised. Well might it be said that "the days of chivalry are gone," and that, in more senses than one, we are living in the "age of iron;" albeit, in another, men seem bent upon realizing the millennium of mammon, the "golden age."

It was, in like manner, men of sinister and selfish dispositions, of a cognate character with those we have named, who undermined and overthrew the liberties formerly enjoyed by Germany, which, now cut up into innumerable petty states, resembles nothing so much as a political bedlam. It is astonishing how forty millions of souls, following the leading strings of their thirty-two petty princes, should tamely submit to a treaty concluded

between the latter in the year 1815, which, at the same time that it secures the existence of the princes, robs them of all their rights as men.

Forgetful of its own invincible power, Germany suffers the sword of Herrmann to corrode in its scabbard, instead of raising itself, in its full-aged majority, to that position in the scale of nations which it would be justified in maintaining.

In the Magyar mind of Radovitz germinated the great idea of "One Germany," which the people delight to sing incessantly; but with singing and beer it ends—Germany is only a political madhouse!

Peers of Hungary.

Here follows an alphabetical list of the names of the families (to some of which are attached their Christian cognomens) who took part in the late constitutional struggle of 1849; and it is very remarkable, that in all the national engagements against the Hapsburgs, many members of the same families were to be found.

May nations, therefore, honour such patriots, and history remind such families of their duty to preserve and hand down to posterity their national virtues!

Princes.

Batthyányi.
Eszterházy.
Grásálkovich.
Pálfy.

Counts.

Almási, Felix, exile, hanged in effigy.
Amade.
Andrásy, Gyula Aladár, in exile.
Aponyi.

Bánfy.
Bárkóczy, Michael Anton.
Batthyányi, Lewis, shot.
Batthyányi, Casimir, death in exile, in Paris.
Batthyányi, Stephen, two Ladislaus.

Batthyányi, in England, a traitor to his fatherland.
Beleznay, Joseph.
Benyovszky.
Berchtold.
Bercsényi.
Berényi.
Bethlen, Gergely, Gábriel, Joseph, Oliver, John.
Bolra.
Brunswick.

Csáky, Ladislaus Joseph, death in battle.
Cziráky.

Dessewffy.
Derasse.
Draskovich.

Erdöry.
Eszterházy, Paul Joseph.

Forray.
Fáy.
Festetich, Oskár Fàsriló.
Forgách, Jenö.
Frimont.

Györy.
Gyulay.

Hadich, Joseph.
Haller, Alexander.
Hugonay.
Hunyadyi, Coleman.

Kálnoky, Michael Joseph.
Karacsay, Alexander.
Károlyi, Edward, Pista, Istvan, Georgy.
Klobusiczky.
Kunn.
Kollonich.
Koháry.
Kornis, Alexander, Lárár, Joseph, Michael.
Kendefy, Joseph.

Májláth.
Mikes, Keleman, death in battle.

Nadasdy, Leopold, imprisoned.
Nákó.
Niczky, George.
Nemes.
Nyáry.

Orsics.

Pálffy, Joseph.
Péchy.
Pejachevich.
Pongrátz.

Ráday, Paul, Stephen, Alexander, Sedem.
Révay.
Reviczky.
Rháday, Stephen.

Sandor.
Shmidegg, Coloman, death in exile.
Serényi.
Sigray.
Somagyi.
Somsics.
Stockhamen.
Szápáry, Geisa.
Szecsényi, Daniel Stephen.
Szècsén.
Szeredy.
Szirmay.
Szluha.
Sztáray.

Teleky, Oskár, Ladislaus, Alexander, Emerick, general.
Toldy.
Toldalagy, Michael.
Toroczkay.
Török.

Vass, Joseph.
Vay, Ladislaus, Charles, Joseph, Michael, brothers.
Vecsey, general, hanged.
Viczay.
Vajkffy.
Venkheim, Béla.

Zay.
Zichy, Otto, Manuel, Joseph, died in battle.

Barons.

Appor.

Bakonyi, Alexander.
Balassa.
Banfy, John, George, Paul, Joseph.
Bárkóczy, Michael Anton.
Bedekovick.
Berger.
Bernáffy.
Bezzeviczy.
Bésán.
Blagoevich.
Bornemisza, George.
Budai.

Ditrich.
Döry, Lewis.
Drosnik.
Diószegi, Arpád Geiza.
Duka.

Eötwös, Joseph, the poet, escaped before the affair.

Fellnez.
Fischez.

Gawenda.
Geramb.
Geringer.
Gerliczy.
Ghlanyi.
Grueber.

Hellenbach.
Huszár, Anton, Joseph, George, brothers.
Horeczky.
Hrabowsky, Joseph, general, 15 years' imprisonment.
Horvath.

Irdenczy.
Inczédy.

Jósika, Nicholaus, the poet, in exile.
Jósinczy.
Jeszenák, Nicholaus, hanged.

Kemeny, Wolfgang, death in London.
Kerekes.
Kelemen.
Knesevich.
Kray.

Lakos.
Liptay, Alexander Anton.
Luzinsky, Francis John.

Majthényi, Joseph Francis.
Maretics.
Mariásy.
Mártonicz.
Mecsery.
Mednyánszky, Alexander Cæsar.
Meskó, Ladislaus, hanged.
Mihalievics.
Miko.
Mikos.
Mobosiczky, George.

Nesmery.
Nyáry.

Ocskay.
Orczy, Stephen, death in battle, Joseph, Alexander.

Pásztory.
Perényi, Sigismund, aged 65 years, hanged.
Podmanyicsky, Frigyes.

Pongrácz.
Prónay.
Puchner.
Palocsay.

Radossewich.
Radák.
Redl.
Reway.
Rewiczky.
Rodiczky.
Raszner.
Rudnyánsky, Stephen.
Rukay.

Salhausen.
Schönstein.
Schustekh.
Sennyey, Joseph.
Simonyi, Michael.
Sivkovich.
Splényi, Alexander.
Stipsics.
Sztojka, George.
Szepessy.
Szörényi.

Vay, Nicholaus Miklós.
Vecsey, Nicholaus.
Verklein.
Vernhardt.

Wesselényi, Nicholaus.
Wenkheim, Béla.
Wlasich.

NATURALIZED PEERS.

Princes.

Breczenheim.
Lichtenstein.
Odeschalchy.
Windisgrätz.
Hohenczollen.
Nugent-Laval.
Sachsen-Coburgh.

Counts.

Blankenstein.
Buttler.

Cavriani.
Cebrian.

Degenfeld, Otto.

Eglofstein, John.

Herrach.

Königsegg.
Kuen.
Kemniczer, Joseph, death in battle.

Lamberg.

Migarri.
Mitrovszky.

De La Motte.
Pallavicsini.

Rogendorf.

Schönbórn.
Sermage.
Steinlein.
Stahrenberg.
Stubenberg.
Sina.

Tige.

Wartensleben, Gustave.
Waldstein.
Wandernoth.

Barons.

Brudern.
Hiller, István.
Horeczky.
Kotek.
Lopresty, Joseph and Stephen.
Laffert.
Jechtig.
Kulmer.
Mandel.
Walterskirchen.

According to the statistics of Fényes.

The Hapsburgs, by the most infamous tyranny, have done all they possibly could to inflict humiliation and disgrace upon the provinces they have conquered; and their name is held as much in abhorrence throughout Hungary, as is that of an efreet or ogre among the Orientals.

The characteristic of the Hapsburg family—

inevitable evil—has been fully exemplified in the great Eastern question; and the following language, addressed by the bereaved Constance to the Archduke of Austria, in Shakspeare's noble tragedy of King John, is as applicable to them now as at any period of their existence:—

"Oh, Austria!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been my sworn soldier? Bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength!
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?"

CHAPTER VII.

Abdul-Medjeed-Khan.

PROTECTION.

Asiatic Chiefs.

Protection.

THE Hungarian fugitives were, in October, 1849, in the insignificant Turkish town of Viddin; it has a gloomy appearance, mostly inhabited by Bulgarians, and but a few Turks. The inner town is surrounded by tolerable fortifications, famous for battles fought in the times of old by Turks and Hungarians. One side of it is washed by the Danube, upon which a thousand cannon look down. In the middle of the Danube, and opposite the fortress, a steamboat lies at anchor, carrying two twelve-pounders.

The remains of the Hungarian army which claimed the protection of the sultan—of that high priest of humanity—reckoned 3460 Hungarians, 1340 Poles, and 560 Italians, who received daily two pounds of bread, some meat, rice, butter, and salt.

In those gloomy days of half-imprisonment, the

news of a surrender of us to the enemy suddenly surprised us, which particularly terrified those who had most to fear from the Hapsburgs.

The information given by the former unofficial chargé d'affaires of Hungary at Constantinople, Count Julius Andrassy, was, that the Porte, urged by the Austrian and Russian ambassadors, had agreed to the surrender, and our only resource was to embrace Islamism. Under such circumstances, every one had his fate in his own hands, and needed the counsel of no one. Kossuth himself was too weak, too spiritless as usual, to advise any one; he also only waited for an unfavourable result of this question to pass over to Islam.

A few days after receiving Andrassy's letter, Bem and Kmety, who had hopes for their country in the Russo-Turkish affairs, embraced Islamism. Colonel Kolmann had already done so in Constantinople. These were followed by General Stein, Lieut-Col. Ballogh, Major Baróthy, Alberti, Kollin, Orozdy, Nemegyey, Grin, Hollan, Nuni, Divicsek, Preiss, Toldy; the staff-surgeons, Gáll, and Schneider; the surgeons, Regelsberger,

Krátky, Robbay, Nadenicsek; besides the subaltern officers, Toth, Czillinger, Kalmár, Hazai, Grosz, Czïrék, Kapp, Kiss, Tüköry, Reisz, Keller, Bernath, Farkas, Deretski, Kotek, Mandl, Naher, Siegel, Szártory, Kulosovitch, and upwards of a hundred privates; of the Poles, Zarzicki, Dworoniecki, Major Macdonald, seven officers, and eighteen privates; of the Italians, eight officers and fourteen legionaries. Some repentantly retraced their steps. It was a comical sight to see the wives of some of the renegades of lower rank dressed in their wide Turkish clothes. Many of them forgot their wives left at home, and after the Turkish fashion took several; but their new fortune did not last long, for soon their families came and claimed their ancient rights. The change of religion was made by the men declaring themselves before the pasha, the women did not require this form; nay, they must be Turks if they would remain wives of the renegades, for a Turk can only have a Turkish wife. The initiation into the Mussulman faith—namely, circumcision—was to take place three months after.

Soon after it was clear that the information of Count Andrassy was of uncertain origin, and that the Porte had decidedly refused to surrender us. Only after the storm had delayed bursting over our heads did Kossuth appear among us on horseback, with a white feather in his hat, like a true demagogue and a snob, the first time his countrymen had seen him again. He informed us of the failure of Russia and Austria in their efforts to obtain our surrender, reminded us of the duties we had to fulfil towards our country, and exhorted us to manly perseverance; for at that time he thought, "only through this can the love of our country be acquired; how the chiefs of the nation may have the future of their country in their hands; how the buried freedom of our country may bloom once more, and the days be near which may again call it into life." Such were his words then; they were accompanied by a universal hurrah!

Towards the end of September, 1849, the Austrian general Hauslab came to Viddin, to take back to their country those who would uncondi-

tionally throw themselves upon the mercy of Austria. It can only be ascribed to the influence of the climate and the bad weather, which produced endless diseases, and destroyed four hundred and sixty Hungarians, one hundred and twenty Poles, and eighteen Italians; as well as to the insufficient nourishment, the want of clothing, and the hopelessness with which they viewed the future—that so many in the hope of a better fate obeyed the summons of the general, and threw themselves upon his mercy. Among these were the staff-officers Hrabowski, Szorát, Farkás, many superior and sub officers, with their men, but among them only a few Poles and one or two Italians; the greater part of those that returned were given up to the Austrian military, the rest thrown into prison. The reception of the general was no friendly one. His placards were torn from the walls, and he himself was greeted with such hootings and yelling, that, had he not taken refuge in his ship, it might have been dangerous to his personal safety. Some days after the return of the general, the remaining four hundred and ninety-

five Hungarians, and eight hundred Poles, after being provided with clothes by the Turkish government, were taken to Schumla, but the Italians to Adrianople; the latter were soon afterwards sent to Sardinia. During our journey of nineteen days, we became acquainted with a great portion of Turkey and its inhabitants. Our way led through Wallachia and Rumelia, by natural roads through fertile plains and valleys, which are, however, uncultivated. All that can make travel agreeable in this part of Europe, made us believe that, after so many bitter trials, Fate had at length taken us under its protection. This journey showed us that the character of the Slavonic population, generally inhabiting this country, stands in strong and disgusting contrast with the humane, open behaviour of the Turks, although many privileges have been granted them by the present sultan, Abdul-Medjeed-Khan, such as no European monarch has bestowed on his people. The Bulgarian does not acknowledge this, and is full of hatred against his government. Perhaps the Russian knout will hereafter bring him to his senses!

Upon our arrival on Turkish soil we sought eagerly for examples of the cruelty and tyrannical conduct of the Turks towards the Bulgarians and other Christian inhabitants; but we were daily more convinced, that these cruelties were the invented lies of inexperienced travellers and Russian and Austrian agents: the grave, open heart of the Turk is not capable of such. His hospitality is rivalled by no nation. We experienced it a thousand times, and saw it practised towards travelling workmen; but we never saw a stranger who had heard of or experienced Bulgarian hospitality and assistance.

The Bulgarians dream of a united Slavonic kingdom—an idea probably introduced by the numerous emissaries and agents of Russia among this people. They therefore showed the Poles more sympathy than us Hungarians; there even arose friendly relations between them, which were maintained by our Polish comrades, although they knew that the Bulgarians prayed ardently for a Slavonic union under the Russian sceptre. They spoke too of eighty-eight millions

of Slavonians, but do not know that these eighty-eight millions are divided into nations which can only understand each other through an interpreter. The diet of Prague showed this, in which the Bohemians were obliged to employ the French language in order to debate on the Slavonic interests. During our passage from Viddin to Schumla, we were escorted by two divisions of cavalry, commanded by Colonel Ismael Bey. At our arrival in Schumla, Nov. 21, 1849, the town was immediately surrounded by guards, the heads of the emigration placed under surveillance, and no one allowed to leave the place.

Fatime.

The wanderer's melancholy spirit foresees not
That a sod upon earth yet blooms for him.

THE soft dawn of a beautiful spring day coloured the cloudless sky, when Geiza, lost in thought, traversed the gloomy town of Schumla. He was an exile, far from his native land, and this made him melancholy. He longed to be in the open air, longed for refreshing nature, where, as at his own home, the air is filled with the song of the nightingale and the bubbling of brooks; but his longings were in vain, for they had set guards at the gates of the town, who mercilessly drove him back again into Schumla.

Light steps suddenly sounded in his ear; Geiza looked up and saw a woman's form approaching: she was borne on like a zephyr. Had she risen

from the waves, or from the cup of a rosebud? Lightly, and scarcely heard, she glided by the wanderer. Her beautiful head was wrapped in a snowy transparent veil, her rich hair interwoven with pearls hung luxuriant over her. The brow was high, the mouth rosy and small. A green satin kaftan, embroidered with gold, waved round her body; beneath appeared her trousers of red silk, white stockings, and slippers of gilt leather. Over her whole figure was thrown a cloak of azure blue. As she passed by him, his eyes were drawn as by a magnet towards her beating snowy bosom, her pearl-adorned neck, and pretty little hands.

Geiza's blood stagnated, and his heart trembled from sorrow and joy; his eye timidly followed her form, until she remained standing in one of the dark lanes, and, turning towards him, waved her handkerchief as a greeting, and suddenly vanished into the mysterious interior of a Turkish building. Geiza gazed long at the ruinous walls; they enclosed the object of his desire, of his heart: he was now more solitary than ever.

He felt as if he loved; his blood ran warm to his

heart and head, and he held the vision as supernatural—as the flower-queen of the East. She was a believer, a daughter of Mahomet.

At length he rouses himself from his dream, and rushes towards the spot where she vanished. In vain! he sees but the cold walls.

As Geiza, returning, threw a last look at the walls, and accidentally glanced at the windows of an adjacent building, he saw at one of them a strangely dressed female form, veiled so closely that his eyes could not distinguish it; the form vanished from the grated window so soon as it had drawn his attention to it, but soon appeared again and let fall a note at his feet. Geiza hastily picked it up; upon it was drawn a snake-shaped stroke. He looked once more at the window, as if to inquire the meaning of this extraordinary note, but received a sign from her to go, and the charming figure of the beautiful Mahometan disappeared.

Geiza's thoughts were occupied the whole day upon the event of the morning; in the evening he hastened to a dervish, to whom he showed the mysterious letter. With a dignified mien, as if he

was on the point of solving the problem of squaring the circle, he took the note, then with Eastern dignity and slowness took his shattered spectacles, set them on his nose, took them off again, and subjected them to the process of cleaning; in short, the poor Geiza was nearly dying with impatience, till at last the hoary-headed dervish said—"Sir, this means Fatime."

The weight was removed from his heart, but he was afterwards somewhat discouraged. The girl should have written to him something more than a mere name, which did not satisfy the boisterous demands of his heart.

He left the dervish and returned to his abode. For the first time it appeared solitary—fearfully solitary—and it had never appeared so before. The four bare walls, which contained nothing more than a woolsack, on which Geiza used to eat, rest, and sleep, and which formed the sole furniture of his dwelling, had never appeared to him so empty. He threw himself on his bed, but could not sleep, for Fatime ever hovered in heavenly shape before his fancy.

On the morning of the following day, the summons of all believers to pray sounded from the battlements of the mosque; Geiza had already left his dwelling. It was Friday. The Mahometans flocked to the temple, Geiza also went there, for there he hoped to see Fatime; he must first, however, pass her house. This time more prudence was necessary, for it was Friday—a day on which the Turkish women pay visits. Fatime might have company; besides, on Friday the whole female world is in motion, and he might be observed.

After waiting for hours, and a fruitless examination, he went homewards, fearing discovery. Yet once more, and for the last time, he would look towards the spot where he had last seen her, and then never—never more. He went back, but this time he was rather startled when he saw a woman approach. He stood still, with beating heart and trembling limbs. She was veiled as usual; but a burning feeling in his soul said, "That is Fatime!" Gladly would he have flown towards her; but he recollected himself in time of the strict prohibition

against saluting a Mussulman woman in the street or speaking to her, yet he took the pledge in his hand. She had observed this last movement; her eyes glanced through the veil at the note, and as she glided past, and the rose-like fragrance of her breath touched his cheek, she gently whispered to him "Fatime." In this one instant were concentrated the sweetest moments of a whole life; it was a ray of light amid gloomy clouds, which shed over his whole being a glorious radiance.

A magnetic force drew him towards Fatime; she walked quickly, but for her sake he durst not follow her hastily. At length she turned into a narrow lane, that was bounded on the left and right by a garden, and here she stood before a door, opened it, raised her little hand threateningly to Geiza, and slipped into one of the gardens among her sisters, among the fragrant gifts of Flora.

Geiza mounted quickly a little eminence, Fatime stood near the wall. On seeing him she showed signs of childish joy, and threw kisses to him. Oh! how hard are the manners and laws of the Turks! They did not permit Geiza to return the

greetings of the beloved one; for, if seen by profane eyes, his own fate and that of her he worshipped would be sealed. He must appear cold and indifferent, however violently his bosom throbbed, however ardently his heart was inflamed. At length Fatime withdrew into the garden-house, appointed the prison of the most beautiful flower of the East.

Geiza gazed long at the silent walls of the house; for as it was already evening, and Fatime appeared unveiled in the balcony, he stood there still. A kaftan of green silk was thrown round her beautiful figure, and a fez, negligently covering her pretty head, adorned her lovely face. She waved her hand in farewell.

He returned home with great joy. He laid himself down to rest, but sleep fled from him. He ever saw Fatime's charming form beckoning to him and greeting him. He sprang up, seized pen and ink, and wrote a description of the beauty, to give vent to the melancholy of his soul.

But to point out the look
That shot forth from her eye.

At sunrise he again ascended the hill; the house was closed; it was mute and desolate to him, as if it were uninhabited. He saw women from the town pass by him, who wore perhaps the same dress, but he missed in all that seraph-like step.

On the third day he at last saw Fatime come out by the garden gate; she was alone, and struck into a flowery path leading to the mountains. Geiza followed her. She observed him, and signed to him to remain. For the first time he disobeyed the command, and followed with light steps. She suddenly disappeared in a thick bower. He followed; she stood waiting for him behind a bush, and at his approach threw back the veil from her face, and stood before him blushing modestly like a Venus—beautiful and godlike. A look of her eye penetrated his soul; she blushingly gave him her hand, which he covered with a thousand kisses. She spoke, and her voice was that of an angel; for she told him that she had seen him daily, and could not resist her desire of speaking to him. Geiza ardently embraced her for this

confession, and pressed her to his breast—both trembled, and their cheeks blushed.

They sank upon each other's breast,
And ardently gazed in each other's eyes;
Intoxicated with love and bliss,
They are pluck'd from this earthly world.

O, why do such moments pass so quickly? Did they but last longer, we need not long so for heaven!

Poor Fatime seemed as if she slumbered in the arms of her lover. Nothing but her loving heart seemed to live; but Geiza understood her language, for his own made it intelligible to him. He kissed the maiden, called her back from her heavenly dream into the melancholy reality; the approaching separation from her lover was the first thought that occurred to her, and she wept —wept sweet tears for his departure.

He pressed her to him, and sought to calm her—

"Still, sweet one," said he, "stop your lament.
Be calm, faithfully cherish my image.

These warm kisses tell
How gladly I would stay on thy bosom.
The summons of fate calls me far from you;
Therefore—farewell in silent solitude,
Till a happy meeting again rejoin us."

Thus Geiza and Fatime separated; still in the far distance a white handkerchief waved as a farewell—perhaps for ever!

The moments of love pass rapidly by, for earthly happiness is but of short duration; but the recollection, because it is melancholy—lasts for ever.

Geiza is now bereft, and alone in the world.

Bliss! what art thou?
A frame that perishes,
A smoke that is blown away;
A fire that loses heat,
A flower that withers.

Bliss! who finds thee? where dwellest thou? Not here on earth. Perhaps beyond the grave? The voice of cold reason says scornfully, "No!" Fortune, or happiness! where art thou?

The Honvéd.

I have lost all
That once pleased me;
I am many a days' journey
Distant from my village.

Yet I could reach it
If I went for any thing;
But, if I go there,
All does not go on as formerly.

Once, if I return'd from the fields,
My sweetheart sprang to meet me;
Now only powder and lead
Await my return home.

When, on a Sunday,
I went into the village;
Then the gipsy quickly
Took his fiddle.

With proud looks
He glances around,
And opens the dance
With the Rakóczi march.

We listen'd to the sounds,
Our hearts beat;
We felt deep the sweet
But painful sorrow.

With measured tones
The dance began,
As if the air
Were a man in bonds.

But suddenly he breaks
Through all bounds;
The fiddle grows furious,
We listen'd no more.

Why closest thou thine eyes, gipsy,
So potent and wild,
So often as thou
Playest the lively air?

Thou wouldst not shun
The furious fight,
The sorrow thy fiddle
Causes in our heart.

Now the gipsy is silent,
The master severe;
Hear not with pleasure
The songs of Hungary.

What now are they doing?
Who are bitterly displeased,
That now his home
Is closed to the singer?

He sings in his heart
The Rakóczi march,
And feels yet deeper
His severe tortures.

And think if sorrow
Should deeply penetrate;
The sinew drawn too tight
Will often give way.

Meanwhile in Hungary
They shoot and they hang;
What does the Emperor
Think of all this?

Is't thus they will gain
The love of the people?—
I am much rejoiced
That I am no emperor.

General Bem, who had disagreed with Kossuth for the reasons we have mentioned, sought to deprive him of his influence over the fugitives, and to undermine their affection towards him, employing for this purpose General Perczel, who had before

wished to make himself chief of the emigration. The latter hastened to Schumla before the body of exiles, and received from Halim full powers to preside over the military department of them.

After our arrival in Schumla, we found men who had undertaken to take care of our earthly welfare, in the persons of the Austrian consul Kössler, and the Turkish lieutenant-colonel Faik-Bey, also the agents of the Polish prince Czartorinski, Count Zamoiski and Koscielski. The first of these observed the whole conduct of each emigrant in order to report it to his government, and the second had to provide for our maintenance.

According to the orders of the Turkish government, which were made known to us through Faik-Bey, the fugitives were to receive rations according to their rank, after the manner introduced into the Turkish army, by which one ration was distributed to the soldiers up to the rank of lieutenant; two to the first lieutenant and captain; four to the commander of a division; eight to a major; sixteen to a lieutenant-colonel; twenty to a colonel; and thirty-two to a general; each of these portions,

if desired, could be redeemed by fifty paras; the staff-officers had besides two portions for their horses.

For the arrangement of their affairs the fugitives chose a committee, with Kossuth as president, which afterwards, since General Perczel was not recognised as commander of the exiles, undertook the whole guidance of its affairs, both foreign and connected with Hungary.

The excellence of this arrangement was soon perceptible. The simple ration of the men, up to a lieutenant inclusive, was not sufficient for the most modest maintenance. In order to ameliorate their condition in some degree, Kossuth proposed to the staff-officers to contribute some of their pay to the starving subalterns. This store was divided in such a manner that the lieutenant, instead of fourteen piastres, and the first lieutenant twenty-four piastres monthly, received one hundred and twenty piastres per month.

Towards the end of December, the meritorious patriot Berzenczei arrived at Schumla after long and dangerous wanderings through Hungary; and

made a short speech at the solemnization of Christmas, in which he so forcibly depicted the sufferings of the mourning people at home, that the wounded hearts of the homeless fugitives gave vent to a flood of tears. When the Austrian consul was informed of this, he requested Faik-Bey to stop the service as a check upon such speeches; but Faik-Bey, although suspected to be a second reporter in the interests of Austria, gave him the brief answer that he did not understand the Hungarian language, and therefore could not grant the request of the consul. And, in spite of Austrian spies, numerous religious services were held, and encouraging speeches made, in the open air in a little wood near the town.

This distressing year had passed by with its storms, like as thunder rolls away in the distance, and we greeted the year 1850 with new hope; we cherished the pious wish that the present year would heal the wounds inflicted by the last.

The emigration assembled on new-year's day, according to ancient usage, in the house of Kossuth, in order to pay him their congratulations. Kos-

suth, ever fond of flattery, answered their greetings in the following manner:—"After the past perilous and sad times, I feel myself happy in saluting you, and explaining the hopes of our country to you. Under the present aspect of affairs, I can assure you with the greatest pleasure, that with the coming spring we shall pass the free borders of our country. I shall esteem it my greatest happiness in saluting you, gentlemen, as the administrators of the nation. I have gained much experience during my short management of the difficult affairs of my country; and am resolved, that if ever the nation should replace my former power in my hands, I would only undertake it with irresponsibility, in order that, after the conclusion of my difficult task, I might live as a simple citizen. Be not faint-hearted, but live in hope, and preserve your love for your fatherland, as you have ever cherished it. God be with you!"

The dissensions between Kossuth and General Perczel, which arose from mere jealousy, were not only not allayed while they were in Turkey, but became on the contrary more violent. Perczel

was greatly annoyed that Kossuth presided as chief over the exiles, under the title of governor of Hungary, and that with the consent of the pasha; while he (Perczel) to whom the command was due, as being the only general not a renegade, was passed over in neglect. The words he addressed to Lieutenant-colonel Kabosch are a proof of this:—"I am for the future in no way bound by duty to my country, since it did not acknowledge my merits." He lived in the erroneous opinion that he only was destined to save his country. In a letter written to Kossuth at Schumla, he strictly forbade him to preside over the committee of the emigration, and upbraided him with having unjustly assumed the title of governor; since, by his flight from Hungary, he had renounced all his former titles, and had named Görgei dictator, he was for this reason no longer governor.

During these events, the Turkish colonel, Ismael Bey, our friendly companion from Viddin to Schumla, was promoted to be pasha, and upon going to Buckarest he sent a letter to Kossuth, in

which he said, "That he was delighted to have made the acquaintance of the most famous man of that nation which, from the most ancient times, had lived in close friendship with his own, and that he was much pleased at having been able to be of service to him (Kossuth)." He offered his aid on any future occasion, and promised to lend a helping hand to every Hungarian, who might apply to him as to a friend.

In the beginning of the month of January one Bardy joined the exiles, who in Italy had passed from the Austrian service into that of those fighting for freedom. He brought news of a rumour in Constantinople, that the Austrian government had hired assassins to remove the chiefs of the emigration, and had sent them to Schumla. He held it, he said, as a sacred duty to warn them, and assure them that he had the news from trustworthy persons. Kossuth had in the mean time received a friendly warning against these philanthropical proceedings of Austria, through a consul whose name we cannot mention here. They appeared, however, to be confirmed

by the testimony of Bardy, and the fact that the Austrian consul kept twelve well-armed Croats, Servians, and Greeks in his house, who were said to have been sent by the Austrian embassy in Constantinople, having been employed by them in the execution of similar plans.

The just hatred which Bardy had long cherished against Austria was now redoubled. He once summoned the vice-consul present at Schumla to retire (we do not know the exact name of the assistant who was maintained by Austria in Schumla for the purpose of espionage), asserting that Schumla was no place for such a person, and that Austria had nothing to do there; for it had ceased to have any authority over the Hungarians at present in that town. Bardy then required to be informed of the aim and intentions of those people living with the consul.

The Austrian agent, deeply offended at Bardy's conduct, demanded his arrest of the pasha; but, since he could give no just grounds for this request, it was not granted to him. A short time afterwards they learned that one Pollack, who had

often declared in public that he would undertake to shoot Kossuth, was living with the Austrian consul, and gave him full information of the doings of the emigration. Bardy was enraged at this mean treachery. He one day took six companions, and went with them to the house of the consul to fetch Pollack, who he said was a Jew, but still a Hungarian, and as such ought not to be with the Austrian agent. But at his approach the doors of the house were shut, and Bardy and his companions were saluted with eight pistol-shots, fired by these suspicious persons; they wounded no one, but showed the uselessness of any further advance, and compelled them to retreat.

Pollack, a universal source of contention, was afterwards removed from Schumla through the intercession of Faik-Bey.

In consequence of these scenes, Bardy was at length arrested by the pasha, at the pressing instance of the consul. He, however, fell ill in prison, and was removed to the hospital, from which he sought to escape when scarcely cured, fearing a surrender to Austria; but he was

stopped on his way to Varna, and brought back again.

His illness increased, and he waited for a complete recovery to renew his attempts to escape. The first attempt was successful. The plans of the consul were thus frustrated, and in order to clear himself in the sight of the Austrian officials, he informed them (according to a number of the "Wanderer" newspaper) that Bardy had died in prison at Schumla.

Bardy, however, is still living.

Not contented with having tormented Bardy with a painful imprisonment, Kössler (the consul) sought to wreak his vengeance on us also; and, in order to make it appear as if the arbitrary power of Austria extended even to Turkey, he required that all the fugitives living in private houses, without distinction of rank, should quarter in the military barrack, which was an object of horror to us on account of its inconvenience and dirty condition.

The disputes between Kossuth and Perczy, in which the emigration declared in favour of the former, raised the general opinion against the

latter; Perczel knew this well, and he thought to punish them for having mortified his vanity. The demands of the consul were opportune for him—he therefore supported them to Halim Pasha.

In consequence of this, Halim, without further hesitation, gave the order on a stormy day in January, during a cold of 22 degrees, to turn the fugitives out of their miserable dwellings into the street—men who a month earlier had been received as guests of the sultan. The soldiers did not use their arms, but they crowded in such numbers into their rooms, that the fugitives were pushed out of doors, and their baggage thrown after them. Those who were not at home had their baggage thrown into the street, and their houses shut up.

Even the sick were not spared. The heartless and rude pasha gave ear to no entreaties; and those who had been driven from their homes took refuge from the piercing cold in the coffee-houses, into which they were taken by the kind owners.

Some time afterwards, when the unjust anger of the pasha had somewhat subsided, though Kossuth

had applied to him with useless entreaties, he now granted their requests, and ceased to ill-treat the whole body of the emigration for the criminal conduct of a few.

Kossuth assembled the refugees for the election and institution of a new committee, partly to prevent further consequences from the dissensions between himself and Perczel, and partly to learn the number of those who, on the part of Perczel, so diligently stirred up the discord. With tears in his eyes he thanked them for the confidence hitherto placed in him; "and," said he, "while we support each other with united force, we may struggle through our dangers on the thorny path of life. We see in nature that a single drop of water is lost, while united with others it forms an ever-increasing stream, and at length becomes an ocean embracing worlds.

"So it is also in life. Let us cease fanning the brand of discord among us at a time that we have such important duties to fulfil towards our country: only in brotherly union will it be possible to work and be of use to it.

"We must bear and endure in order to serve our country, and we may surely expect that its delivery is at hand. We can only enjoy the freedom of our country when our hearts are in unison."

A loud hurrah accompanied these words of Kossuth. The meeting was dissolved, and, in the sweet delusion of vain hopes held out to them, they forgot all the strokes of Fate, which seemed at length reconciled with them, and were lulled in the delusion of a beautiful dream.

But the disagreeable news arrived from Count Andrassy, in Constantinople, of the first diplomatic negotiation for their banishment; and Kossuth immediately circulated a petition among the refugees for signature, in which he represented to the Porte, that the emigration could only work for the interest of their country when united, and only when united could fulfil their duty towards it. The petition was numerously signed, and immediately forwarded to its destination.

Kossuth had directed his attention to keeping the refugees together in one body. All his precau-

tions were of this nature; but no one saw through the aim of his conduct, since the emigration was mostly composed of people of wavering character and defective education.

Kossuth sought to gain his ends by every possible means. From this motive he caused all the encouraging reports to be spread; as, for example, that 50,000 dollars had arrived at Constantinople which had been sent by the United States; now they heard of a sum of £50,000 collected in England; again, that the Turkish government had destined a large sum of money to begin the fight for the cause of Hungary.

While the refugees were delighted with these vain hopes, a second letter arrived from Count Andrassy, in which he informs those concerned of their banishment.

Upon this Kossuth caused a second petition to circulate in the emigration, collecting signatures for a request addressed to the Porte, that all the refugees might be allowed to follow their chiefs to the place of banishment. The signatures had considerably decreased in number; for the emigra-

tion had been informed that this banishment was for an uncertain period, and they would not keep themselves from their country without any object or evident advantage. Only those signed it who did not feel strength and ability in themselves to make their own living in the world. The request was quickly sent to the Porte, but without any result; for it was laid among the records, like its predecessors. Even if the Porte had paid some attention to this request, it would have been too late for Kossuth; since the commissioner Achmed Effendi, a brother-in-law of the sultan, who had been appointed by the Porte to execute the banishment, was already near Schumla, and arrived there on the 5th of February, 1850.

Every one was anxious to know the object of sending Achmed Effendi, so high a Turkish dignitary; till at length, with the manner of a cold and courtly diplomatist, he informed them of it, and threw them into great dejection. Kossuth caused a third petition to be circulated, addressed to the Turkish commissioner, in which he was besought to allow them voluntarily to accom-

pany the banished, and share their uncertain lot.

Among those that were ready to do so, forty were pointed out and allowed, at the earnest entreaty of Kossuth, who wished to maintain his authority with the courtiers.

During the four days' stay of Achmed Effendi, Kossuth, already acquainted with his fate, called together the refugees, who assembled in numbers in order to hear his last wish.

On explaining his sentence to them, he asserted emphatically that no power on earth should take him from among his brethren, unless Achmed Effendi made some decision and in writing concerning the future of the refugees; but should he (Achmed Effendi) wish to execute his tyrannical purpose before this was done, he would only be able to take him in chains. "Now, if ever, do the circumstances of the country require our union; now is the catastrophe of Austria beginning; and, if the Russian power should at another time be differently occupied, I am ready to proclaim war against the tyrant Austria in the name of the

nation, and I will crush the tyrant like this sheet of paper. Things are now so situated, that in a very short time I shall be fortunate enough to be able to summon you to activity. Our duty towards our country imposes endurance on us, so that we may be completely ready for the approaching moments of happiness, in which we shall celebrate the funeral rites of the Hapsburgs with full splendour. God be with you!" Thus Kossuth concluded.

His clear and silvery words sounded harmoniously. He went deeply moved and dejected to his place of banishment, and without being loaded with chains. The fate of the chiefs of the emigration had been long sealed, and now the refugees waited the decision affecting themselves, which should come from the mouth of the great prophet, Achmed Effendi; who had announced to them a brilliant future in a speech delivered by him upon his arrival. It was promised that every one according to his abilities, without being obliged to change his religion, would be employed either in military or civil offices, or that such as desired

should be offered the means to leave for a foreign land.

On the day of departure of the banished, a great number of the refugees went to Count Casimir Batthyányi, in order to bid farewell to this great patriot. He received them with friendly condescension, and addressed them in a calm and grave manner.

"I thank you for the sympathy you have shown me, and which I so little deserve; preserve me for the future in your friendly recollections, till fate allows us, who have unitedly borne the bitter lot, to see and enjoy happy days as free citizens. God bless and support you!"

Batthyányi, void of ambition and a true son of his country, had ever remained faithful, and courageously withstood the strokes of misfortune, in a manner that made glorious the historical and meritorious name of the Counts Batthyányi. He showed himself a worthy scion of the old race, which for centuries had given its most faithful sons to its country, and that had shed its blood in its interests.

If you have ever deserved the vengeance of Heaven, ye Hapsburgs, you have deserved it on account of this family, which will hereafter accuse you loudest! You have changed the wide and blooming plains of Hungary into a desert—a thousand mothers call you the murderers of their sons—a thousand orphans call for their fathers and accuse you; but the name of Batthyányi stands foremost in the list!

Kossuth appeared with bursting heart and pale gloomy face in the circle of fugitives collected for distribution in the barrack. He remained for a while silent and speechless, and cast a dejected look on the countenances of those assembled around; a deathlike silence reigned on every lip. The smile, which once announced the joy of his heart, had left his countenance; his features showed deep furrows, which sorrow had left behind; his eyes, which summoned the descendants of Arpad to battle, had now lost their fire—they were now mournful, like the faint light of an expiring torch;

his bent body appeared to give way to the burden of the imprisonment awaiting him. With tears in his eyes, and a faint voice, which appeared not to be the same that once sounded through all Hungary, the demagogue thus began:—

"A deep-felt sorrow has the peculiarity that it does not permit us to speak; that I can still address you, shows that my fate does not move me so deeply. During my life only two things have painfully touched me. When I first passed the borders of my country, I then felt that anguish which I now feel in leaving you, who are the only representatives of the nation; compared with such tortures, death is but a child's play, for not earth, but the people, forms the nation.

"Brethren—honoured friends—my fate tears me from you! Be assured that every breath shall be devoted to the liberty of my country; and, if ever the incomprehensible ways of Providence should lead me back to it, no power, not even the delirium of the people, shall ever be in a condition to move me to do otherwise than live and die as a simple, peaceful citizen, under the free laws of a free land.

"If the cause for which we fought were fought for the life of a single person, I could promise you little, my dear friends; for I have a foreboding that my activity is dead to my country, since the life of man is not like a watch, that can be wound up again as soon as it has run down. My part has ended; they carry me to my grave, where I shall be buried alive, as has already happened with Rakóczy and Tököly, who have before me raised the standard of freedom.

"Fate chooses single individuals to try the struggle for freedom, who, if they have not succeeded in entirely fulfilling their task, yet have sown the seeds which must infallibly bear fruit.

"It must be an extraordinary dispensation of Providence if ever any of you should see me again. But do not despair; be steadfast in your sacred love for your countrymen; love your country, for in this consists every bliss; and stronger than hope is our belief, that our nation will hereafter triumph over the power of deceitful Austria. This nation must conquer; for the life of a nation cannot be

annihilated, and a single life is too short for its entire delivery.

"You are yet young; you may yet become the free citizens of a free country; I have a request to make:—If Providence lead you back to your country, tell the people not to leave my ashes in a foreign land. God bless you!"

Count Ladislaus Vay replied in feverish excitement—whilst the writer, looking with ironic smile on the mindless performer, was tracing the scene for this work—

"Great and meritorious man! your name shall be eternally kept in our hearts, and we swear to fulfil your wish."

A suppressed sob stifled every word in the solemn silence, during which every one gave free vent to his gushing tears; it seemed as if they stood by the grave of one dearly beloved, with whom every charm of life is gone, every hope, every happiness has vanished.

The moment, created by two ordinary men, was worthy of being immortalized by the pencil of a great artist.

Those banished were the Hungarians, Kossuth, Count Casimir Batthyányi, the two Perczels, Meszaros, Asboth; and the Poles, Dembincki, Wisocki, Norsicki, and Turniecki.

Kossuth and Batthyányi were accompanied by their wives; nearly forty officers went with them; Colonel Katona accompanied General Meszáros. On the 15th February they were taken under a strong escort to Kutahia, in Anatolia, the place of their banishment.

After their dëparture, the guards were withdrawn, and the ingress and egress of the town and environs remained open.

During his stay in Schumla, Kossuth had drawn up a memorandum to the Turkish government, of which the principal clauses were nearly as follows:—

"The Turkish government was advised to take up arïns against the Russians for the rights usurped by them in the Turkish empire, now that they had the sympathy of Europe and the neighbouring Hungarian nation. The memorandum then recounted the material advantages which would arise for both countries, if when united they could defend themselves against every foreign power. The duration of the great Ottoman

empire, it was stated, only existed during the independence of Hungary, and this again rested on the vigorous assistance of the Turkish government; and the government was seriously warned against the increase of Russian influence, and the danger of union with a power becoming daily more threatening."

Kossuth, before his departure, appointed Lieut.-colonel Kabos as president over the remaining refugees, and strictly charged him to keep the emigration in one body, at any price. Kossuth frustrated this design by the choice he made. From his youth the president had been but a soldier serving on the borders, who possessed but little ability beyond his scanty military knowledge, and was unfit for the task imposed on him.

The fourth day after the departure of the banished, Achmed Effendi assembled the refugees in the barrack-yard. He appeared in person, being commissioned by his government, which felt an interest in the fate of each individual, to ask every one to explain how he would wish to be employed by the Turkish government.

Military and civil service were both open to us, and our religion was no obstacle; those who

wished to leave for a foreign country, were to be offered the means for doing so; assistance was to be given to those who would devote themselves to agriculture. Achmed Effendi wrote down with an important air the information given him, and the day after distributed presents in the name of the government, 50 piastres to the private soldier, 200 to the officers, and 500 to the staff-officers. Every one accepted this present as a presage of happy times.

On the 28th of February, the renegades, and also those who had been banished, were taken to Aleppo, in Asia, the place of their destination.

Among these was Lieut.-colonel Balogh, whose son was to be taken to Kutahia. Balogh's feelings revolted against the tyranny which would deprive a father of his sole remaining son. He went to Achmed, and as a Turkish subject demanded the protection of his government, beneath which he had placed himself when he abjured his religion. Achmed granted this legitimate request, and Balogh was allowed to take his son to Aleppo.

The tyranny of Austria followed the refugees so

far, that they would even tear the son from his father.

Since Achmed's important (!) mission was now over, he returned in a few days to Constantinople.

Bem was not fated to outlive his term of banishment: it was said that a vision which he had seen three times in a dream, had truly fixed the year 1850 as the last of his life.

He fell from his horse when riding, and received so dangerous a wound in his injured side that he died in a few days. The 10th December, 1850, he expired in the presence of his surgeon, Kálasdy, General Kmety, his adjutant Zabaczinski, and Major Fiala, uttering the words, "Beloved country (Poland), I cannot free thee from the hands of thy tyrant!"

According to the Turkish custom his body was wrapped in white linen, and buried with the usual ceremonies, with a military escort of 4000 men under command of a pasha.

It appears that Bem gave credit to the dream we have mentioned—a fact which does not derogate from his fame for bravery. Whoever saw the

aged hero in peace, or the turmoil of battle in the fields of Poland, where he was ever at the head of the bravest, a noble example to his soldiers, shunning not the storm of bullets; whoever saw him measure with his keen eye the ranks of the enemy, and felt the inspiration of his word of command, "forward;" or whoever heard from a distance the fame of his deeds, must love him, and be filled with sorrow for his death. And thou Magyar, who hast fought under his terrible flag, and thou that languishest at home under a foreign yoke, or wanderest without a home, turn thy steps towards the sacred spot, which a simple marble points out to thee, and think of one who fought like none other, and who was not permitted to see his people and his land free. Ye manes of those that fell at Ostrolenka! Ye have called your hero to your side, to wander with you in heaven, from whence freedom will once more come like the fresh morning of young spring; ye have summoned him! Peace be with his ashes!

Soon after the departure of Achmed Effendi, Halim Pasha left Schumla to take another office.

Mahomed Pasha, a man of humane character, came in his stead. He was almost a father to the refugees, for he never neglected an opportunity which permitted him to show his extraordinary kindness of heart. He only stayed a short time, and was replaced by Pasha Mehmed Ali, who was known to be a man of selfish character.

In the middle of April the Russian Poles of the emigration were taken to Malta. Zamoiski, the agent of Czartoryski, went with them, leaving behind him Koscielski as his substitute, as he enjoyed a certain privilege with Feik Beg in the affairs of the refugees.

It is only too melancholy a characteristic of the Poles, that when they must fight for their country they are as one soul, one life; but, when the tumult of battle is over, they are always divided into parties. The Poles being divided into the republican, royalist, socialist, and communist parties, Prince Czartoryski, who believes he has some claim to the throne of Poland, always seeks to increase his partisans. This was the aim of Koscielski, but which the greater portion of the

emigration, hostile to Czartoryski, sought to frustrate.

Koscielski, a clever adventurer, contrived to interfere in the finances of the refugees, and to enrich himself.

No one could ameliorate his condition with the sum received from Achmed Effendi: Fuat Effendi, who was then passing through Schumla, improved it in some degree, since, upon his own responsibility, he caused the lieutenant to receive two rations, whereas he formerly had but one, and gave each private an additional pay of ten piastres.

Some reports were in circulation, that the horses taken away by Pasha Mehmed Ali in Kalafat were not to be replaced; at length forty-five rough-looking mares came—none of them were recognised—those which were taken were generally beautiful animals.

Mehmed Ali Pasha thus wished to plunder those deprived of their country and all their means; but though in poor circumstances, they refused to make such an exchange, and resolved to give up

every thing rather than be treated in such a shabby manner.

Such treatment is very common among Turkish officials, that they may enrich themselves at the cost of their honour, and the welfare of their country; they also have excellent opportunities for doing so.

The lower officials rob the people and their pasha, the latter the government and the people; there is nowhere a watchful eye to defend the rights of the one, or preserve those of the other.

It is a melancholy fact, and one casting a stain on the honour of the government, that they would enrich themselves with the sole remaining property of the homeless.

The ennui of this inactivity occasioned the fluctuating reports of a second banishment. These reports might have been considered false, since there was no name of any particular importance in the emigration; but they were verified, for Austria had the hardihood to expose itself to the scorn of the world by a second banishment.

Kovács, a patriotic clergyman who had embraced

the Protestant faith and married, having joined the exiles in consequence of a love affair in Hungary; Lülley, a Jew, who had done service as a spy; Lieut.-col. Fockner, a man of limited intellect; Idzikowski, an honourable man, opposed to politics; Nierviadomski, a Catholic priest; General Bulharin; and Grochowalski and Blesinski, two staff-officers of no importance—were taken to Kutahia towards the end of June, under the conduct of Faik-Bey, who entrusted Koscielski with the affairs of the refugees. However much the refugees owe to the Turkish government for the benefits they received, yet the sultan lessened his merit, by the too strict fulfilment of the duties of a keeper which had been imposed upon him.

The hopes which were justified by the promises which Achmed Effendi had given a quarter of a year before, were again destroyed on the 26th of June by a government order, which commanded the dissolution of the emigration, and recalled all promises of official employment.

Instead of this they promised to supply us with summer clothing, and to give those remaining in

Turkey 250 piastres, and to those going into a foreign country 500 piastres; those injured by the loss of their horses at Kalafat, were to receive a compensation of 1500 piastres, including either sum. The refugees, unacquainted with the instructions concerning them given by the government, became the sport of the plundering Koscielski and of Faik-Bey. Stuffs of the most miserable quality were purchased and given out, with twenty-one piastres to pay for making them up. But since no tailor could be found at this low price, they were compelled to botch them together themselves; the costume thus produced was certainly somewhat singular.

I learned from the mouth of a contractor how Faik managed the purchase; they were set down at half as much again, and receipted as if they really amounted to as much. Faik-Bey himself once told a Pole that he had gained 300,000 piastres by managing our affairs. When we were once regretting that he had had so much trouble on our account, he answered with a smile that he did it with pleasure, for those that went about

with honey always had some left sticking to their fingers.

The payment of the money given for our departure was managed in an arbitrary manner; to those staying in Turkey they gave 200 piastres; to those going abroad sometimes 250, sometimes 500 piastres; the latter were much delayed by want of money, or a thousand other excuses. But since the refugees were not much inclined to disperse, and the Poles in particular would only go in a body, the government were anxious to get rid of them, and were therefore obliged to distribute to every one 1000 piastres for travelling expenses.

But a long time elapsed before this happened, during which they sought either to disperse or lead us over to the faith of Islam.

Faik-Bey had gone with the second party, as we have already mentioned, and published a placard, in which it was stated that Austria had granted a general amnesty, under the guarantee of the Turkish government. Each of those returning home was to have 500 piastres, and free transport

to Ruschuk on the Danube, where he must report himself, and surrender to the Austrian consul.

Only a few allowed themselves to be caught in this snare.

It was too evident that the efforts of Faik-Bey and Koscielski were directed to the weakening of the moral power of the exiles, in order to arrive better at their selfish ends.

The rations by which every one lived from day to day, were often kept back twenty to twenty-five days, so that some were compelled to sell even their scanty clothing. The travelling money was given to single individuals, or at the most to five at once, and that too at different times, when the order was given them to leave immediately, that they might become disheartened by being separated from friends and acquaintances.

Those who demanded their horses were kept back by a thousand excuses, till at last they left Schumla in disgust. Koscielski gave an order upon Constantinople for 30,000 piastres to nineteen individuals, which sum was never paid.

Instead of ninety-six horses, which the government ought to give, only forty-seven were distributed by the managers.

When Kossuth heard of the separation of the refugees, he wrote immediately from Kutahia to Schumla. He spoke against the resolution of the government, and begged them earnestly to remain united; but the greater portion had already left Schumla. In case the government persisted in its resolution of dispersing the exiles, Kossuth advised them to enter in a body into military service in Servia, or go to America. He said he gave this advice, because a single individual was less in a position to earn his bread; but any government to which they applied as a body must support them, and besides he very much wished to join them after his release, wherever they might be.

Meanwhile this plan, the object of which could not be perceived, was entirely frustrated; for no one was inclined to hopes which seemed to have no foundation.

No one followed Kossuth's advice to apply to the Servians, that rude people which had taken

part in so many cruelties practised in Hungary. The emigration to America seemed more advisable.

Kössler, when informed of this letter from Kossuth, sought to obtain it through Faik-Bey, but the refugees refused to comply with his wish; one of them, T. . . . . ., succeeded in obtaining it for the consul, for which he was rewarded by a pardon.

The vain hopes of Kossuth (which we thought ridiculous) were not relied on by many; a few preferred to seek for an occupation, a few remained, and others fell into the nets of Faik-Bey.

While those that stayed were disputing about the possible good results of their enduring still longer, or the evil consequences of a separation, Kössler, in concert with Hatos, the cashier of the refugees, caused a petition to the emperor for an amnesty to circulate among them, which many of them signed in the assurance of a favourable result; the writer's advice, however, was quite the contrary.

Among those that signed, Kabos, appointed by Kossuth as chief of the refugees, took the first place; many followed his example.

Kabos saw nothing wrong in this inconsistent

proceeding, from which he expected a favourable result.

Kössler well knew for what purpose he had obtained a request so numerously signed; it was merely to deserve commendation from his government: he went with it to Vienna soon afterwards.

The petitioners waited for a long while, till at length many of them, tired of waiting, left Schumla, and many joined the American emigrants. Kossuth had written to them recommending the emigration to America; he offered to undertake its guidance, or lend them assistance in any other way. At this time their number amounted to eighty-five, who chose Prick as their chief, who, though of good education, had not the least experience. He assembled the American company as it was called, and had a letter prepared for Kossuth, in which they bound themselves by oath to return only under Kossuth's guidance into free and independent Hungary. They scratched and scrawled their names under the memorial, and sent it to its destination.

Kossuth in one of his letters thanked them for

this address, and begged those whose names had accompanied it, to endure patiently for their country's sake; for to sacrifice themselves was the only way to deserve the name of patriot.

He informed them, at the same time, that in case they were not inclined to go to America, they would be allowed *pro forma* to colonise the estate of Lamartine in Asia; for he hoped to be discharged from arrest in a very short time, when he would take them with him, and they would form his body guard.

They then resolved to remain united in consequence of these fallacious hopes.

Shortly after this, the 431 Poles and 66 Hungarians, who remained steadfast to their resolution of going abroad, were provided with clothes by order of the government; these consisted of a cloak, a jacket and trousers of coarse cloth, two shirts and a pair of shoes; they were then taken to Varna on the Black Sea (December 21), and brought to Constantinople by a Turkish steamer, where the ship hired for the Poles by their agent was already prepared to sail for Liverpool.

Kossuth had not been informed of this.

The statutes of the visionary colony of Kossuth were sent to the Hungarian refugees staying at Constantinople; they were to the purport, that each of the colonists should receive the same pay that he had in Hungary, and that for the maintenance of order every thing should be established on a military footing, &c. &c. The clear profits of the colony should be divided without distinction, in the proportion of the social-communist principle.

With the consent of the refugees who now arrived, those who had left Schumla some time before, and stayed in Constantinople, acceded to these extraordinary statutes.

Count Ladislaus Vay, a feverish-minded youth, acted as Kossuth's political agent at Constantinople. Great assemblies and still greater debates were held upon the interests of the colony.

Many had already left Constantinople, and Count Vay alleviated the distress of the remainder out of his own scanty means.

Incidit in puncto quod non speratur in anno; it

was now time to realize these expectations. What was to be done? what would happen? A commissioner was sent to Kossuth at Kutahia, who returned with the information, that from certain causes the colonisation could not take place, and that Kossuth advised them to remain in Turkey, and seek employment in trade. He dissuaded them from emigrating to America, since every one who went thither was lost to his country. An excuse was added at the end of the letter, in which he says that, in order in future to give his efforts a certain and definite aim, he would manage them alone. But he was silent on the point, that in order to maintain his useless authority he had deluded the companions of his sorrows by vain hopes, and irreparably lost to them a whole year and a half of their lives.

Before leaving, the Poles gave a letter of thanks to Lord Canning, ambassador for Great Britain; to Marsh, envoy of the United States, for the sympathy shown by them to the refugees; and also a letter to Ali Pasha, minister of the Porte, thanking him for the hospitality shown by the government

through him; observing, at the same time, that all the benefits which the government wished to confer on the refugees did not reach them, on account of the faithlessness of the officials.

Upon this occasion we became personally acquainted with Ali Pasha, who deserves to be a pattern to Christians for his humanity and his noble philanthropic character. He rose at our entrance, with a free unpresuming demeanour came towards us, and replied to the address of thanks in excellent French, nearly as follows:—

"Gentlemen! The government, my emperor, and myself, are undeserving of your thanks. We did our duty as humanity prescribed to us. We would have done more with pleasure; but, as you are aware, our hands were tied. We would willingly have afforded you that assistance which you deserved. Forgive us if we have sinned against you on the score of humanity. God grant that our position may soon allow us to repair the errors we have committed!"

On the 21st of January, 1851, the Genoese ship Harpia, commanded by Captain Bartoletto,

weighed anchor: 250 Poles and 10 Hungarians, amongst them the writer, were on board. The last remains of the Hungarian army of freedom set sail for the sacred shores of Albion.

Those that were left were shipped to America in June, and the last of them in October 1851, on the day of Kossuth's release; and the great name of "Hungarian exiles," so dreaded by the cowardly government of Austria, thus ceased to exist in Turkey.

The Polish refugees were landed in Liverpool after a voyage of forty-five days. The town received them in the "Emigrants' home." This is a house cheaply and badly managed, in which a company of Jew speculators receive emigrants who, upon small means or at the expense of the government, wish to emigrate to America. This institution is private. Their stay, like our own, was for eight days. During these eight days the exiles all resolved either to sail for America, or leave the Emigrants' home. The English government would pay the expenses. Without resources or knowledge of the language, the Poles were terrified

at the idea of being cast still farther from their native land.

The manager of this institution, Sabel, rejoiced at the profit which the transport of 260 men would give him.

At the expiration of the time, the refugees declared that they would not embark, but were resolved to remain on English ground, and would rather starve than voluntarily forsake their country by emigration.

After this declaration they were of course obliged to leave the Emigrants' home; but where should they go? Nobody was content; the refugees were a troop of beggars. Where to go? was the question.

In this perplexing situation a committee of Chartists was formed, who declared themselves ready to save them from misery; but this committee was too poor: they had the will without the material power to assist them.

The evening came on, and at the same time an order was given by the police to leave the Emigrants' home immediately.

When the Liverpool police fulfilled this commission, they did not think that they were bringing to the brink of despair 260 heroic men, who had deserved the admiration of the world by their courage in 1848–1849.

"Whither shall we go?" asked the poor fellows sorrowfully; "among the 300,000 inhabitants of Liverpool, is there not room for 260 martyrs of freedom? Is there no protection, no hope for the homeless?"

They quitted the building in sorrowful procession, looked once more in silence at the cold stones, and prepared to pass the chill March night in the open streets, when suddenly the words "To quarters!" were uttered; the unhappy men took up their packs in silence, and followed their guide. They passed through dark dismal streets till they stood before a building blacker than the night. This building had no windows; a single opening was covered with a coarse dirty curtain.

The Chartists of Liverpool had hired this house (if four ruinous walls covered with a tumble-down

roof deserve the name) as the abode of the fighters for liberty! It had formerly been a coal depôt!

Dirt hung thick on the walls, and covered the ground doubly thick, in spite of the boldest attempts at cleansing it. Straw was brought, and in scanty heaps made up into beds.

The cold wind sighed with melancholy tones through the large empty, dirty room, and the roof, long since worn out, let in the rain.

Such was the saloon England gave to receive the fighters for liberty!

The day after flocks of inquisitive people came to see them, to see the kind of men that were in such a pitiable condition.

Ladies in silken clothes, with broad thick features, were among the most unsympathizing of all; these laughed at their miserable condition!

The refugees heaped up stones in the yard, on which they cooked potatoes.

This lasted five long weeks.

That they did not all die of hunger, is to be ascribed to the circumstance, that there were sav-

ings in the common chest of the money which the humane Turk had given for their support.

About eight or twelve of these Polish refugees were given employment in different towns by the committee of skilled workmen.

CHAPTER VIII.

Retrospective Glance.

Asiatic Chiefs.

Retrospective Glance.

HAVING read through the mournful past of the Magyars—the history of that ancient Pannonia—of that country of pains and sorrows—the sad thought settles in our mind, that glory and joy had been the share of the Magyars at intervals of time so wide, and they had endured for the most part days of suffering so long and cheerless, that we might be tempted to believe, that God had in his wrath created this nation to groan under perpetual oppression. Hence, no pen would be graphic enough, and no language sufficiently expressive, to recount all the wounds which the Hapsburg dynasty struck in the heart of the Magyars during their reign of 308 years.

We shall consider the struggles of our ancestors —consider the last struggle, which had been fought

for the fifth time to gain the same object. In 1849, one of the two constitutional nations—the Magyars—was buried, and a fresh despotic state —Austria—was created under Russian supremacy; and the liberal and constitutional government of England signed the death-warrant of the Magyar nation!

The European policy of *faits accomplis*, which sanctions any well-executed political assassination, and legalizes the bold overthrow of nationality and constitution, cheered at the fall of Hungary, and received the new Austrian empire with *éclat*.

It is not our duty to prove that this destruction of political powers is fatal to all international right, scorns at virtue, and shakes men's faith in Providence, nor even shall we endeavour to gain by this the sympathy of a philanthropic people. Experience has given us the sad proof that philanthropists are destitute of might, and the mighty are not ruled by philanthropy. We shall confine ourselves to proving, that the inhuman policy of the European governments has brought upon Europe a state fraught with danger.

The present state of Europe has been established contrary to the laws of nature; hence peace can only be kept up by unnatural means—by large bodies of armed men.

This irrational state of Europe received its foundation in the Congress of Vienna, by erecting new states upon the ruins of those whose rights have been sanctioned by history.

Undoubtedly, the nations are intimately united through their past lives, and, if those links be broken by means of physical force, they will continually strive to regain their original position, not yielding until they really have obtained their object.

Such countries are Germany, Poland, Italy, Hungary.

The question now arises, whether this re-establishment of equilibrium proceeds from or against the will of the ruler. Diplomacy seems not to regard the fears and hopes mentioned here cursorily; but, to throw splendour around a few individuals, millions are given a prey to misery and slavery, which object is achieved according to the bylaws of a market, or in the way of burglary (both

ways depriving the proprietor of his possession), destroying historical rights and monuments. The solution of these problems we shall leave to the French; let them raise their shield for the defence of nations.

All the tribes—with the exception of the Servians, who were always subservient to Austria—inhabiting Hungary, and divided by language and religion, have, ever since the erection of the kingdom of Hungary, formed one political Hungarian nation, every one of them enjoying equal rights with the others, and being sheltered by the same constitution, sharing for a thousand years the evils and burdens of war, and enjoying together the blessings of peace. During the national struggles, and in every danger, this union was manifested, and these different peoples were united under the same banner, as if by some higher power. This higher power is the pride in their patriotism.

Instigation, selfishness, seduction, will produce dissension; but the remembrance of dangers shared, of advantages gained in common, will not be

erased from the memory by any perfidious government.

If, according to Austrian declaration, the national struggle of Hungary had been the work of any seditious party, after the punishment of the culprit good order ought to have been restored; the nation itself not being culpable, its constitution, which had been sanctioned by the *Sanctio pragmatica*, and sworn to by the kings of the Hapsburg dynasty, was valid and inviolable. But the Austrians have turned the point against themselves, by destroying the original constitution of the nation, and depriving it of its primitive liberties in their octroi constitution; they have proved that the alleged faction was the rise of a whole nation against their despot; they have annihilated the legitimate claim of the House of Hapsburg upon the crown of Hungary; they have destroyed every constitutional right, and introduced the *jus fortioris* instead of a legal domination of Hapsburg. By declaring Hungary a conquered province, they gave up their legal title, and appear as usurpers, and thus acknowledge

the justice of the last war, and sanction its legality.

Thus, Austria has no legal substratum whatever for punishing the succumbing champions, for they are no more subjects of Austria, but freemen fighting for the integrity of their country, and defending rights hallowed by nature against a usurper. Even in the times of barbarism such men were honoured for their valour.

By perjury the Hapsburgians have destroyed the very nerves of the country, and taken possession of it as of a prey yielding to the conqueror. With the concurrence of diplomacy they have destroyed every inviolable right, and brought the country under the yoke of absolutism. By means of unprecedented tyranny was Hungary to be fettered for a time. We find a Saxon race, irritated by Austria's deception—the deluded Wallachians, the Servians, and Croatians, who earned but scorn from their support given to Austria—deserting their despot and despising his tyranny, leaning towards them who whet their swords to revenge perjury towards the Magyars.

The nobility, whose hopes have been disappointed, and who have been degraded from their position, finding that they in whom they trusted have destroyed all national rights, have joined the enraged people, and all the classes of the Hungarian nation have thus by their enemy been formed into one party.

Detestation and hatred excite the bosoms of the people of Hungary. The loyalty—the "*moriamur pro rege nostro*"—which always animated the Hungarian people, has died away, and a curse falls from them instead.

The attempted assassination of the young despot by Lebényi in 1853, at Vienna, is a clear proof of this.

While Austrian arbitrariness rules over the land, the Magyar relates to his children traditionally the grand battles, the glorious victories of the Magyars, and the atrocity of the Hapsburg dynasty; in his bitterest affliction he paints the past with patriotic animation, and bewails the horrors of the present, till the name of Hapsburg becomes a spectre for the infant. The agriculturist,

while attending to his peaceful work, relates to his son of battles in which he fought, describes the brilliant though short existence of a Hungarian realm; he points to the ruins of the castles whose lords had been his leaders in the campaign, with whom he shared sorrow and joy, but who had died under the guillotines of Hapsburg because they were faithful to their country.

And to the boy inquiring, with emotion, "Who had been the cause of all this misery?" the father sorrowfully answers—

"The king!—a perjured king! who trampled on the contract made between Hungary and himself." And the boy, who had heard of the deeds of the King of the Huns, whom he believes his great ancestor, muses on the past of his country. Tilling the ground he finds those deadly bullets, and sighing looks up to heaven, his hope being revived that the Austrian eagle will yet crumble into dust before the tricolor of the Magyars.

The condition into which Hungary—nay, even Europe—has been thrown by the Russian intervention, is quite contrary to nature. People having

received a critical lesson will not be misled again; such is my persuasion.

Russia is a powerful realm; to the will of the Czar are subject Vienna and Berlin, Constantinople and Paris; even England acquiesces in his orders. Rome itself was obliged to seek aid from her ecclesiastical antagonist, and it was only Russia that could save her Italian possessions. The popish intrigues which threaten England and Europe with a religious war, are forged in St. Petersburg, for the purpose of extinguishing every spark of freedom should any disturbance break out.

How far the affairs of Hungary had been taken into account by England's diplomatist, may be seen from the correspondence placed before both Houses on 15th Aug. 1850, and 28th Feb. 1851. For the sake of explanation we wish to add some remarks.

It would be difficult to prove that the policy of the ministry of England has been such as ought to have been pursued by a free and mighty people, even for its own sake. The fall of Hungary was more disadvantageous to England's commercial interest than might be calculated at first sight.

Unfortunate consequences for the interests of universal Europe have followed this mistaken policy.

When constitutional nations reform their social contract, or if they reassume their ancient rights with the consent or under the sanction of their king, and if this king by reason of *jus fortioris* destroy these rights and institutions, then it becomes the moral duty of every other constitutional realm to prevent any such scheme from being carried out. This is the only guarantee of free people for each other, and the only preservative against despotism and tyranny.

So also would it have been England's duty towards the continental nations, who were in need of her interference in 1848. But England's government did nothing at all.

The official transactions in the affairs of Hungary prove not their indifference merely, but that they have sacrificed the will, the authority, and commercial interest of the nation to the wishes and interests of foreign despots, who just now cause so much misery in the world. In the blue books we only find documents in favour of Austria

and Russia; documents that would expose or prove the perjury and despotic tendencies of Austria are missing. Whatever be the cause of this, it is painful to any righteous man—the more so to Hungarians—to find that the very documents that relate to and establish the constitutional right of Hungary, have been withheld from the public.

In the blue books there is not a single document to prove that Lord Palmerston had tried to avert the Russian intervention, or to encourage the Turks, who had an earnest desire to assist the Hungarians; but there are traces that he consented to this intervention, as from the part of a despatch published, number 179—"Though her majesty's government regret much the Russian intervention, as also its causes and consequences, yet it does not find it necessary to *give any opinion* on behalf of Great Britain."

These were Lord Palmerston's diplomatical proceedings, from which it is obvious that every thing that happened had been known to the government previously; and that the subjugation of Hungary was previously agreed upon.

Hungary had been deprived of all but of her children, in whose hearts is burning the purest love for their country, and the most noble consciousness of having strained every nerve of theirs for the sake of humanity. All our hopes have been blighted by the blasts of European diplomacy, the effects of which are deeply impressed in our hearts.

The curse of this sad historical event rests on the nineteenth century, on the year 1849, and the governments of that time.

After the fall of Hungary, her noble sons were compelled to quit the soil conquered by their ancestors, and to take refuge in the dominions of the humane Sultan; but in vain did they hope there to find security and shelter. Through the diplomatic intrigues of Austria they were driven also from Turkey. That country was not obliged to act the part of an officer of a European political prison, neither by the treaty of Passarovitz between Austria and Turkey (July 21, 1718), nor by that of Belgrade (Sept. 10, 1739), nor by the Russian treaty of Kainardji (July 20, 1774).

Considering either the intrigues or indifference of European policy, especially the liberal policy of England, we might be induced to believe that Hungary has sacrificed her dearest sons to the capriciousness or folly of any party rather than to her. Hence those who fled to Turkey owe their safety entirely to the generosity of the Turks and the noble behaviour of Stratford Canning, but not to Lord Palmerston, as some erroneously believe.—*See Blue Book, Hungarian Affairs of* 1849, *No.* 62. This useless diplomatic book will show, that the present Eastern war sprung from its passages.

Reflection.

LIKE those beautiful visions, the offspring of fancy, which rise vividly before us in the Temple of Dreams, vanish the sunny days of our youth. Decked in robes of brightness and splendour, the world at first reveals itself to the glowing imagination, and to the dazzled and hopeful mind of the young man, while it holds out to him the promise of unalloyed happiness and unwaning felicity.

Soon, however, these fond illusions are destined to give way before the stern realities of life. Years come on apace, and the wanderer sees disappearing before him, in the horizon of his career, the Ideal, which he ardently but vainly pursues, and which erewhile seemed almost within his grasp. Soon, too, the bark of his hopes becomes shattered upon the rocks that abound in the trackless and dreary

ocean of life, where already so many noble but fate-bewildered vessels have foundered amidst the shoals and quicksands that bestrew its unexplored and deep-lying bed.

As the sun that gives life to nature again deprives the earth of its moisture, while it withers the flowers and robs the fields of their verdure; so the man most lavish of his wealth despoils his fellow. And nature too, in her turn, gives birth to men, her chosen sons, endowed with all the gifts she can bestow, only, as it would seem, that they should become the destroyers of the world's happiness; and heedless of those around them, and mindful only of their own selfish ends, become licensed freebooters, the plunderers of the human race by prescriptive right.

Thus many are driven from their homes and from their country, unwilling and unhappy exiles; roofless and friendless, the wanderer is turned adrift upon the bleak and inhospitable wastes of life, no more to look upon the sunny fields and smiling plains of his native land.

But forward lies the wanderer's path, henceforth

to become a sojourner in the land of the stranger: his pilgrim's staff his sole companion, counsellor, and friend.

And now once more are conjured up those visions of his early days, whilst he casts one last, fond, lingering farewell look upon the scenes of his childhood, the home of his infancy. At length he goes and forthwith bends his course towards the new home of safety and tranquillity.

Erelong, veiled in clouds, called by Voltaire magnificent, arises before him the invincible Queen of the Waves; whilst the sunbeams, falling upon her brow, proclaim her to be the sacred TEMPLE OF UNIVERSAL FREEDOM—a sanctuary, not of the present but of the ancient genius of the Anglo-Saxons.

Thither the once free Magyar now hastens, and to his mind are suggested the sounds:—

> I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
> Quite overcanopied with bush woodbine,
> With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.

But the spirit of the time fell a victim to the

Power of Darkness; for on his shield was inscribed, FREEDOM, and around the spot where now his remains are entombed,

> The air is fill'd with farewells to the dying,
> And mourning for the dead.

The father's farewell blessing was given to the son, whose earthly happiness was destroyed for ever.

> Thou leavest me, best portion of my heart,
> Far from thy home Fate's mandate bids thee go,
> Thy stream of life—all gentle as thou art,
> Beneath thy native roses may not blow.
>
> The world's fierce current hurries thee along,
> Through treach'rous rocks thy fragile bark must sail,
> And thou must go through toil, and strife, and wrong,
> Seeking a lot hid by the future's veil.
>
> Thy youth was spent beneath a cloudless sky,
> But soon with clouds it will be overcast;
> And oft amid thy struggles thou wilt sigh,
> As thou reflectest on the happy past;

And oftentimes thy noble heart will bleed,
Crush'd by that basest pride which worships gold;
And slander, which on honour loves to feed,
To thee its countless terrors will unfold.

Written on adamant are Fate's decrees,
Against them 'tis but useless to complain;
The life of man is not a life of ease;
By toil alone the laurel wreath we gain.

Go, leave thy father in his joyless home,
But be assured his heart is still with thee;
And wheresoever thou art doom'd to roam,
His blessing will thy guardian angel be.

Oh! then sounds the fair one's lingering farewell:—

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou may'st grant this humble prayer—
Forget-me-not! Forget-me-not!

Life now appears to the pilgrim here like that of the weary bird which has just escaped from the

remorseless talons of the eagle, and which has taken refuge upon the withered branches of the tree that stands isolated in the desert—where the fledgling calls in vain for help.

Around the mausoleum, however, on which is inscribed the simple epitaph GLORY, hovers the old Spirit that once defended the now destroyed freedom of the Magyars, and that gave a cordial reception to their sons—yet now they are forlorn and friendless, and called malefactors.

That old Spirit does not exist now, yet it has been immortalized in the garland of living words, which the time represents and which genius spoke through the pen of

Milton.

When I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,
A slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crown'd, God's reconciled decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, hell, earth, chaos all; the argument
Held me a while, misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin, for I saw him strong,
The sacred truths to fable and old song;
So Samson groped the temple's posts in spite,
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.

And now the remembrance of the songs of Scotland bids the pilgrim hasten forward upon the wings of imagination, and soon his spirit is wafted to Caledonia—to the land of philosophers —the land of the mountain and the flood—the land of

BURNS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,—
Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! Coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Caledonian! on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

I was the queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that drops on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

O soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn;
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

If I'm a haughty lordling's slave—
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
Ere planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

The mind now soars in fancy to the land of the West—the Emerald Gem of the Seas—the home

of poets and of orators; and forthwith he greets the land where, in bygone days, were heard the songs of her native bards, and where the hand of the minstrel swept the chords of her own "island harp," responsive to the breezes that were wafted from the far-stretching Atlantic across her green-clad hills and verdant valleys. He hails the country that has given to Britain many of her most famous orators, poets, statesmen, and warriors—the soil that gave birth to Swift and to Goldsmith, to Curran and to Grattan, to Burke and to Wellington—names famous in the temple of Fame! But whether beside the ancient halls of Tara, or by the shores of Killarney's enchanted lakes, embosomed in their native mountains of purple and evergreen, the genius of that people lives in Moore, to shed its lustre on the country of his birth—the muse and fertile theme of his happiest inspirations. His spirit seems ever more to haunt the hills and plains; and the shamrocks that deck the fields, are impressed with the mute characters which form the name of their own beloved bard.

But whilst the imagination lingers upon the scenes before it, the mind is wakened from its reverie, and Fancy depicts the sorrowing genius of the nation—clad in sable robes, and uttering the accents of popular sorrow—as ever and anon it chants the plaintive strains of the past, depicted by the departed genius of

Moore.

Sublime was the warning that liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life, and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest
Till it move like a breeze o'er the waves of the west;
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot—
Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charms, and to home its delights;
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same;
And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler—a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-branch Knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho' lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkera no more.

That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet.

Green Erin, that is doom'd to feel,
At least so says Evadne Shiel,
A grasp more harsh from glove of Peel
Than from Strongbowian hand of steel.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

Statistics of Hungary.

HUNGARY, together with the provinces of Transylvania, Croatia, and Sclavonia, occupies 6175 German or Hungarian (131,200 English*) square miles. Two-thirds of this surface is low land (the fertile plains of Hungary), inhabited by the Magyars; the Sclavonian race occupy the mountainous districts. The country is surrounded by the Carpathian mountains on its northern and eastern frontiers, from which branches descend into the interior, forming the Hungarian vineyards in the east, and yielding minerals of all kinds in the north and west. The principal knots are the Tátra, Fátra, and Mátra. The highest point—the Lomnitz peak, 8716 feet above the level of the sea—lies in the Tátra.

* 1 English mile = 0·217 of a German mile.

Four principal navigable streams: the Danube, Tisza, Drave, and Szava, cross the country, besides many other mighty rivers, that could be rendered navigable by regulating their beds. Two sheets of water, the Balaton and Fertö, the former 55 miles long and 9½ miles wide, the latter pretty near the half, and abounding with fish, form the principal lakes.

The free port of Fiume is the principal port of Hungary. The country is abundantly provided with natural products of every kind; from its mines it receives gold, silver, copper, iron, precious stones, coals, salt, &c. From its productiveness in grain of every kind, it has been called the granary of Austria. The extensive *Prædia* of Hungary feed large herds of cattle, horses, hogs, and flocks of sheep.

Hungary was, before 1849, politically divided into 65 counties, 33 crown-estates, and 14 military boundary districts. The latter had certain privileges which the other counties did not enjoy; at present they are subject to the absolute government.

The inhabitants of Hungary—living in 52

privileged cities; 13,783 market-towns; 13,765 villages; 5035 prædia; 12 military, and 8 episcopal towns; 54 privileged boroughs, and 13 fortresses —amount to 15,322,488.

Races.

Magyars	5,978,400
Sclavonians	2,000,000
Poles	13,088
Russians	508,000
Illyrs, Croatians, Servians, Raitz, Wasser Krabets, and Vandals	2,500,000
Wallachians	2,600,000
Germans	1,400,000
Jews	245,000
Greek, French, Italians	3,000
	15,322,488

Religions.

Catholics	6,892,700
Protestants	1,338,288
Calvinists	2,524,400
Greek	1,447,400
Armenians	5,000
United and not United	50,000
Gipsies	45,000
	15,322,488

The surface of Hungary, without including that of Dalmatia and Transylvania, is distributed as follows among the different branches of agriculture:

	Joch.*
Arable land	16,825,013
Meadow	4,498,507
Pastures	7,733,393
Vineyards (producing 30,000,000 eimers,† or 450,000,000 gallons of wine‡) . . .	1,980,388
Forests	15,218,395

* An Hungarian acre, 1 joch = 1200 square yards, or 5043 square yards English.

† 1 eimer = 15 gallons.

‡ In the quantity above mentioned we include the king of all wines—"Tokay," the grape of which is grown exclusively in a space of 74,666 jochs; from which are produced by the usual process, no less than 900,000 eimers = 13,500,000 gallons.

AVERAGE YEARLY PRODUCE OF HUNGARY.

DESCRIPTION.	Number of Centners.	Number of Eimers.	Number of Metzens.	Average Value in Silver Florins.	Total Value. £
Alum	10,000	.....	.....	5¾	5,750
Antimony	6,000	.....	.....	11	6,600
Brandy	.....	100,000	.....	6	600,000
Cantharides	200	.....	.....	150	300
Corn	.....	.....	65,000,000	1½	9,750,000
Cream of Tartar	2,000	.....	.....	13	2,600
Feathers	4,000	.....	.....	40	16,000
Fruit	25,000	.....	.....	5 8-10	15,000
Glue	20,000	.....	.....	25	50,000
Hemp	500,000	.....	.....	10	500,000
Hides.....(say)	.....	.....	.....	.....	100,000
Honey	50,000	.....	.....	15	75,000
Horns.....(say)	.....	.....	.....	.....	200,000
Horse Hair	800	.....	.....	50	4,000
Knoppers (Nutgalls)	430,000	.....	.....	6	258,000
Oil (Rape)	.....	200,000	.....	12	240,000
Potash	150,000	.....	.....	11	165,000
Rags for Paper	200,000	.....	.....	5	100,000
Rapeseeds, Linseed	420,000	.....	.....	3	126,000
Sheepskins...(Pairs)	1,500,000	.....	.....	1½	225,000
Silk	500	.....	.....	1000	50,000
Soda	60,000	.....	.....	13	78,000
Tallow	400,000	.....	.....	20	800,000
Tobacco	1,800,000	.....	.....	5=40	1,440,000
Wax	4000	.....	.....	75	30,000
Wine	.....	6,400,000	.....	2=5	3,200,000
Wool	400,000	.....	.....	60=100	2,400,000

The above total amount is exclusive of Fruit, Solid Silver, and Timber, the quantities of which cannot be ascertained.

The Centner is equal to 123lbs. Avoirdupois.
The Eimer „ „ 15 Gallons.
The Metzen „ „ 1¾ Imperial Bushels.

Farewell to the Lady Reader.

SWIFT as the lightning flash have sped the moments, Fair Reader! in which, favoured by fortune, we have stood face to face throughout these pages; but enduring will henceforth be for me the pain of separation, and the cup of sweet reminiscence will be mingled with bitter and fond regret.

If, during the pleasant hours that we have journeyed onward together through the foregoing pages, any unlooked-for circumstance should perchance have caused you uneasiness or sorrow, or if thoughts of gloom should have thrown their shadows across our path, let me here sue for pardon and forgiveness at your hands. Forgive me, too, for any weariness of which my unpretending endeavours may have been to you the occasion;

and if I have in any measure failed to awaken your interest, to arrest your attention, to amuse or entertain you—which was indeed the object I had proposed to myself at the outset—accept here the expression of my sincere regret, that my efforts to accomplish the end I had in view, and to merit your approbation, have not been more successful.

Yet would I indulge the pleasing hope, that some at least of the moments we have passed together were agreeable, and not uninstructive. We have looked upon the broad plains of Pannonia as they lay extended before us. The moving incidents of which those plains were the theatre, passed in review before our imagination. We beheld those fertile and far-stretching plains blood-sodden and desolate—a prey to the ravages of the spoiler and the oppressor. Upon those plains, too, we encountered an ardent and enthusiastic race, sprung from Oriental ancestors—in whose veins flowed the blood of the warlike Huns, and in whose bosom glowed the fire of a lofty and generous patriotism. We heard recounted the tales of their sufferings; we witnessed their

struggles in defence of their homes and of their altars; in the cause of freedom and of Christianity; and the shouts of victory and the groans of distress of the *Asiatic Chiefs* filled our ears as they resounded along the Carpathian hills.

Destiny, however, did not suffer us to tarry before the day-star that once guided the Scythian sword, when its brightness became dimmed; for soon gathered gloomy clouds, which obscured its splendour, and darkened the horizon of our cherished and dearest hopes. Then were presented to our view scenes of carnage and devastation—revolting deeds of violence and bloodshed—the sanguinary offspring of lawlessness, terrorism, and tyranny;—dismal reminiscences of bygone ages!

Doubtless, whilst contemplating these melancholy pictures of an odious and terrible reality, and whilst witnessing the struggles of the helpless widow and orphan, with their wretched fate, thy sensitive heart, Fair Reader! was moved with commiseration for their sufferings; but for the painful emotions that filled thy tender and

sympathizing bosom tyrants alone are responsible —for myself, I am innocent.

Let me now crave your indulgence for a moment, whilst I venture to prefer a last request. Be propitious to my undertaking, and shed upon my humble efforts the genial radiance of an approving smile. The sad hour draws near which perhaps will separate us for ever—as the seared autumnal leaf, which has rejoiced for a season in the summer sunshine, falls faded from its parent branch, moulders, and is forgotten.

Yet before we part, suffer me, thou bright morning-star of life, to press for a moment thy fair and gentle hand, whilst I utter the word

Farewell!

And now the word of sadness, which trembles on my faltering lips, makes every nerve to vibrate as though its sound when spoken would overpower the deepest feelings of the heart. We part—yet will thy memory be hallowed in my thoughts until the cup of life be exhausted, and the pulse that now throbs with motion be stilled for ever.

Yes, Fair Reader! to thee will henceforth be consecrated this anxious and careworn heart as a memento and living shrine. Reject not therefore its devotion—its gratitude! To thee it is indebted for its happiest inspirations. To thy all-generating love this unassuming work owes its existence and origin. It is then no ordinary production; for it is moreover inscribed upon the green mounds and the mouldering graves of those warrior chiefs who fell a sacrifice for their country's cause, and for the cause of humanity. Simple utterances are their wailings of anguish, that come to us in broken sighs from the abodes of the dead, and unnerve the soul by their hollow murmurs and unearthly echoes. But mingled with those sounds are the voices of the widows and the orphans who were left behind lamenting. With the sobbings of the bereaved ones, too, are blended the unutterable woe-tones of the sorrowing genius of the people—mourning for the fate of the departed heroes.

These utterances, filling the desolate air, were caught up and recorded whilst the pen of this

writer was dipped in the bitter fluid of melancholy and gloom, flowing from a heart that lay open and lacerated, as the pages of the Book of Grief are torn and rent away by the storm to which they are exposed.

But this careworn heart is now too feeble, and language too inadequate, to express in words these anguish-laden sounds. This book has not been written for those who justify the death-sentence of nations, pronounced at the behests of superior force. Their unquiet slumbers will be haunted, and their unhallowed consciences tormented, in this world and in the world to come, by sepulchral murmurs of just reproach from the graves of the murdered warriors, which will be hissed in their ears unceasingly till the day of doom.

Fortunate would it be, Fair Reader! if these simple words should find a responsive echo in thy bosom, and that an expression of *real* sympathy should fall from thy lips; for then would the dark clouds of bondage speedily vanish from the horizon, a brighter dawn would be ushered in, the beams of a genial sun would gladden the lustreless eyes

of the oppressed, and prostrate humanity and proscribed justice would celebrate a joyful triumph!

Thy child—the sweet pledge of affection which thou givest to the world—may one day be destined to forge for his fellow men the chains of oppression. Thou alone canst direct his youthful mind for good or evil; and, like Judith, thou mayest withhold the cup of nectar from your idol, and present him with the poison-flowing goblet in its place, as the beams of thy magic eye alone possess the power to fascinate and subdue the haughty king of the forest race—to vanquish and tame the savage lion. In thy hands is the helm of the people's life-boat, and thou committest it to him who was nourished and fondled at thy bosom. Fulfil, then, the will of Heaven, and accomplish its designs—inspire the mind of thy nurseling babe, from his cradle downwards, with the holiest of all religions—the love, the sacred worship of Freedom. Teach him, with all the fervour of thy soul, what inhuman deeds of barbarism were perpetrated upon the plains of Pannonia; perpe-

trated because an ancient and freeborn nation stood forth in defence of its liberties—of its life. Teach him this, in the name of those who, on account of the groans of distress, and of the just complaints which they uttered, were hurried off to the scaffold; so that he may tell the sad tale to his children, and to his children's children, and that the massacre of the nineteenth century may become known to the generations yet unborn —to the latest posterity!

For this thy reward will be no common one; thy recompense will be no less an earthly than a heavenly crown. Here below, before the altar of humanity, will flow for thee the warm tears of gratitude of innumerable bondsmen. On high, before the throne of the Eternal, earnest prayers will be offered for thy welfare. Even my feeble accents and faltering voice are lifted to heaven for thy happiness, and therefore I say with feelings of devotion—

God be with thee!

Thou delight of existence and joy of life, until the

moment when we meet again shall greet us, for which my soul will yearn as the storm-tossed mariner, struggling with the angry billows, and borne along by the currents of the perilous deep, longs for the calm though distant harbour of refuge.

Prostrate before thee—before the altar of my holiest vows—I would implore thy favour and protection. Hearken then to my requests, to my fervent prayers; for upon thee will it depend to restore the lost happiness of nations. With uplifted hands, I would beseech thy co-operative sympathy; for upon the bloodstained plains of poor downtrodden Hungary, it is thou alone that canst rebuild the Temple of Freedom, and restore its worship. From out thy bosom flows the stream of the world's destinies; thou canst give joy to those that mourn, as the limpid rivulet, which takes its source in the fertile valley, wanders along, watering and refreshing the desert spots which it meets on its way, and imparting to them renewed life and verdure. Yet will the happiness of the nations be

accomplished only when the beautiful and azure blue

Forget-me-not

blooms perpetually upon thy bosom. There it will be watered by the grateful tears of the people, as by refreshing showers, and so nurtured will never perish. Upon thee, too, will Heaven pour its choicest blessings in answer to the supplications in thy behalf of oppressed humanity. Therefore, forget me not: in my remembrance thou wilt abide for ever. In thyself, thou art the world; for from thee, as from its fountain head and source, emanates the world's happiness—Faith, Hope, Love, Devotion, and Prayer, that bless men; Art and Science, that guide man in his career towards a perilous goal; Industry and Commerce, Liberty and Justice, which elevate man in the scale of creation, and make him more like to the image of his God. All these thou art; nay, more, for thou art the ornament of life—the fairest and most perfect work of thy Maker's hands—the delight of the eye—the joy of the soul—man's choicest treasure and earthly bliss! Well may thy

image receive homage and worship as the symbol of the Divinity, as the earthly ideal of those pure beings—the winged messenger of Peace and Joy, and Light and Love—that minister around the throne of the ETERNAL!

The Exile Muse.

THE life is a struggle, beginning as mind and spirit are challenged by love, and takes the laurels of the feelings of our breast.

The predestination, already drawn upon the page of our destiny, is managed by the hands of a secret Nemesis.

The Nemesis of the exile muse being a restless one, holding in her hand a whip twisted with flaming fire, incited her to trace this additional work to the muse of English literature and general history.

She has struggled against the aggrandizement of her Nemesis, the Saxon pen being quite foreign; but trusting that its champions will render her their advice.

But the gloomy idea—the name of *exile*—stood before the mind; yet science has nothing common with it. In consequence of which, a packet was posted to the high-priest of English literature—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton—enclosing a letter of introduction from that noblest son of Caledonia—

Like the descendants of Abraham, looking with longing desire on the arrival of a new prophet—so the exile muse expected the great Bramah's answer. The postman's every knock has quickened the action of her pulse, as each footstep excites the feeling of that lovely fair one who anxiously awaits the coming of the fond idol of her heart.

The hopes of the exile muse—like those of the sons of Israel—alas! were vain.

She then, peripatetic like, went to the studio of that great manufacturer of English tales; the day

being—in accordance with Egyptian prophecy—the first of the week.

She knocked timidly at the temple of the English muse: a valet, the personification of his Jupiter, opened the sacred lock, and said,

"He is not at home."

The exile muse went again to that source of English tales, and the same valet answered,

"He is gone out."

A third time was the unfriendly path of hope retrodden; and then came the decisive answer,

"He can't do any thing."

But the exile muse was not dismayed: letters were posted to several men of celebrity, and an *unpaid* one reached her from a right hon. personage containing uncharitable passages, with the conclusion:

"This is a trick which has been tried on me a hundred times, but which never has and never will succeed.

"I am, &c.,

"T. B. MACAULAY."

The muse of Magyar literature will under similar circumstances, at Pesth, give the right

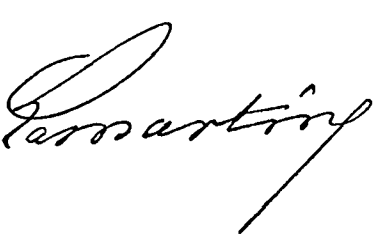
hand to the British, and greet the men of the land of Bruce and Wallace:

C. Cowan.

Meanwhile to the exile muse arrives an unexpected letter from the friendly muse of Gaul, with the conclusion:

SIR,—I shall be happy to testify to an author and an exile like yourself, the double interest that attaches to talent and merit.

Accept, &c.,



Appendix.

Asiatic Chiefs.

TO NAPOLEON III.

SIRE!

The Muse of History has laid before YOU her annals, on which the era of **the early genius, Napoleon I.**, is inscribed.

The fate of nations lies at your feet, who once drew their swords to break the might of the **light spreading spirit**, and St. Helena was the ignominious abode of **the mighty genius.** But let us draw a veil over the past.

The voices of the then hostile peoples greet YOU; the ashes of NAPOLEON II. impose upon YOU the holy duty of revenge.

A sublime warning voice it is which speaks to YOU of liberty.

Let thy will be done.

Think that, to the people's feast of Europe, the Nemesis has chosen YOU to be the sacrificial priest; the people, giant strong, wait upon your nod; to break, under YOUR banner, the shameful fetters of the double eagle.

Raise the destructive fire-sword of morality against

the avaricious and wilful conspirators who glare upon YOUR life-star.

Believe in Providence.

The tender arm of thy Nemesis is extended, bearing a sublime protecting shield, whilst YOU, with BRITAIN, are called to high duties.

The compassionate genius of Liberty hopes through YOU to announce the hour of reconciliation, and therefore its afflicted heart beats toward YOU. Reject it not.

The mourning genius of suppressed nations is arrayed in stately attire to do homage where the foundation stone of Europe's Temple of Freedom, and the world's peace shall be laid, with the inscription, "NAPOLEON III.!" Despise it not.

Think of the honour of Gaul—the world's tribune!

Think of the ever-youthful and heroic people, who are called to restore defiled liberty and profaned humanity!

Think of the sunken star of Europe's happiness!

Think of the will of the early departed **Genius**!

Speak to the once free Magyars the words of that ever **living**. Express his wishes; call for a meeting upon the field of Rákos; thunder will greet your words! and the Carpathians re-echo—*Eljen á Császár!*

Vive l'Empereur!

J. DE SZEREDY.

LONDON, *October*, 1855.

PROCLAMATION.

Imperial Quarters at Schönbrun,
15th day of June, 1809.

THE Emperor of Austria, forgetful of that generosity I have thrice shown him—viz., at the end of the war in the year 1805—has broken the peace and opposed my armies. The Lord, who grants victories and punishes the ungrateful and perfidious, has blessed my arms, and enabled me to repulse the unjust aggressor.

I have occupied the metropolis of Austria, and I stand at the boundaries of your country, with my victorious armies. The Emperor of Austria, and not the King of Hungary, has declared war against me. According to your constitutional laws, he could not have done so without your consent. The system of your Constitution, directed towards the defence of your own country, and the laws of your last Diet, in accordance thereto, are sufficient to prove that your intentions were to maintain peace.

MAGYARS! The moment has arrived in which you are able to regain your independence. Accept the peace I offer: so may your country and your liberty

remain in its integrity; so may the constitution of your fatherland remain either in its present state and form, or with such modifications as shall, according to your own views, be in accordance with the present state of affairs, and with the welfare of your country and people. The union of your country with Austria is the principal cause of your misfortune. Your blood has been shed for Austria in different countries; your most precious goods were constantly sacrificed for its hereditary dominions; your country was the most beautiful part of the Austrian Empire. Nevertheless, your fatherland was always regarded as a conquered country; being governed with views and intentions which were quite opposite to your nature. You possess still your own peculiar national virtues, and your national language; and you may be justly proud of your ancient and glorious origin. Recover now your national existence; be again what you were formerly. Elect a king for your country, a king who will with you and for you govern; who lives amongst you, and who may be surrounded by his own citizens and soldiers.

MAGYARS! This is what Europe, which is looking at you, expects from you. I expect the same. A firm and secure peace, free commerce with me, and perfect independency and security—this is the reward for you, if you will prove worthy of yourselves and of your glorious ancestors. I trust you will follow this my advice, which originates from the best intentions, and regard your own benefit; you will not

shed your blood for those weak princes whom constantly bribed ministers govern; such ministers who are constantly paid by England, the common enemy of Europe, whose riches are grounded upon her exclusive commerce, and upon our dissensions.

Meet together at the FIELD OF RAKOS, according to the custom of your ancestors, for a true national Diet; and communicate to me the result of your conclusions.

NAPOLEON.

By order of the Emperor.

ALEXANDER,
Prince of Neufchatel, General Major.

the nations grasped their battle-axes, and went forth to subdue continents—their object was pillage.

Men, whom nature had endowed more richly than the masses with intellect and courage, were chosen for captains or chiefs, to lead them to the goal, where they hoped to win material, and perhaps even moral advantage. The mass knew that they wanted leaders; for instinct and experience alike taught the lesson. They knew that, without chieftains, they were unequal to achievements requiring combined force. For the advantages gained they were not indebted only to their own strength, but to the courage, the example, and the perspicacity of their leaders. They felt the debt of gratitude they owed, and liquidated it by awarding to the chiefs a larger share of booty; and afterwards by moral distinctions, giving to their names well-deserved additions, called—titles.

The possessions of these chieftains were hereditary, and formed a kind of guarantee, that the proprietor was ready to peril his life and limb as a leader of the people, whenever the good of the nation or a threatening danger should demand his services. Even in times

of peace, the chief enjoyed a species of distinction among his people, and his more costly manner of living excited neither jealousy nor indignation.

But after these billowy wanderings of the nations had ceased, and they had established themselves in abiding homes, several of their old customs fell into disuse, and were replaced by new ones, borrowed partly from the neighbouring tribes—this was afterwards called civilisation. This practice of discarding old natural customs for new ones, was the initiatory cause, among the nations, of moral and physical weakness.

The clash of weapons was heard no more; but there arose among the people, men who, gifted by nature with extraordinary endowments, were born for the misfortune of the people. Some of these men began to assault the quiet consciences of the mass, and, by the dissemination of doctrines engendered in their heated brains, set the erst peaceful hearts of their hearers in array against each other; others set themselves to undermine the quiet domestic life of the citizens, and introduced innovations of their own making. They taught new principles of civil rights, calculated to annihilate the old system, but particularly directed against the material and moral privileges of the old deserving chiefs. Like their coadjutors, these men built a thick wall of partition among the people. Selfishness and greed were the springs of action in both. The latter of these two classes is called by the designation of democrats. Their chief merit was the complete alienation of the people from their chiefs.

These divisions sapped the moral strength of the people; rights, till then undisputedly enjoyed, perished one by one, and the star of the world's happiness began to decline. All too late the people looked with weeping eyes on the ruins of its shattered fortune, and acknowledged, when there was no longer a remedy, that the pleasant syren voices of those who pointed out the way to heaven, and of the friends of the people, brought no blessing with them; that they, the people, had been already despoiled of their earthly happiness by men who had reaped nothing higher than personal advantage from the wreck.

As time passed on, the idea arose that the hearts of the people might be again united by means of their consciences—men set about reforming. But this only made matters worse. The reformations, instead of reuniting men, only placed wider barriers between them. Arts and sciences, which had bloomed with such wondrous beauty in the lap of the Romish church, fell into decline—commerce flourished, and the people who were most fitted for commerce became demoralized—the old national character was corrupted, and whatever remained of liberty perished utterly.

In the Present Day

the nations have once more grasped the sword and spear, to fight for the restitution of rights which were lost to them from the moment when they first began to envy and to hate their chiefs; when, at the instigation of false prophets, they sought to win for themselves the personal possessions of men of higher rank, and thirsted for gain that was denied them.

As before the advent of these supposed improvements, so also before the outbreak of Hungary's political commotions, the race of the Magyars has been accustomed to respect those families who had achieved titles and honours by the services of their ancestors; and the representatives of those families were not looked upon with eyes of hatred or of envy, for the estates, honours, and titles which they had inherited. They were looked upon with respect, inasmuch as they were every where the directors of affairs, and led the people to deeds of honour and heroism, in all the national affairs of Hungary.

That this meed of respect was paid during centuries by the Magyars with more fidelity than by any other people, is proved by the page of history. But after

the so-called civilisation had diffused its poison more and more throughout the lives of the people—when the desire of riches had been awakened in their breasts by social communists, and further fanned by Hungary's half-civilized sons, the respect was gradually withdrawn; and, instead of the blessings of brotherly love, the curse of hatred became the portion of the people.

Nothing is more dangerous for a people, nothing more demoralizing, than a half-educated individual, who is striving for his own aggrandizement, and looks upon the state, the people, and their rights, as means towards gaining his end.

Our century has produced more men of this description than any other—men who struck at the vitals of the state, and, while they called themselves apostles of liberty, sowed the seeds of jealousy and hatred between the titled men of the country and the mass of the people.

As there lived once, among various people, teachers of religion and politics, who, poor in possessions but rich in oratorical powers, elevated themselves above the people and won their suffrages; so, in these latter days, a celebrated orator of Hungary has succeeded in lifting himself above the people, and the effects of his endeavours are to be seen on the lips of every one among the mass.

All manifestations beneath or above the surface of our globe, have been and are subject to periodical repetition. Nature is the picture of the human kind, and both have their phenomena. Both nature and

nations are subject to periodical transformations; nature in her outward and inner conformation, and nations in their inward and political relations. Both have a point from which the eruption proceeds. Thus it was in olden time, and thus it is now.

It may not be uninteresting to seek the source of the eruption of the Magyars in the years 1847 and 1848—to learn something of the reasons and the characters which contributed to it—and thus to gain a true picture of its nature and consequences. This subject has indeed been already frequently handled; but it has been always treated with so little clearness, and so much party spirit, or has been so mutilated by ignorant foreigners, that we consider it our duty to present to the world an impartial relation of its events. In order conscientiously to fulfil this task, the writer must have been well informed as to the transactions of the time, of the persons engaged therein, and should moreover himself have been an actor in them.

We think it more incumbent upon us to insert the particulars of Kossuth's fortune, inasmuch as we have proposed to present to the world a picture of the Magyar nation from its cradle to its grave. A detailed enumeration of the personages who bore a part in these events would only endanger the interest of our narrative; we therefore confine ourselves to asserting the fact, that in the last national struggle of the Magyars, many posts, civil as well as military, were filled by men greedy of gain and rank; men who could only have swung themselves to such heights during periods of

popular storm to gain material advantages. This occurred now, and in fact has ever been the case. This final constitutional struggle of Hungary in 1849, can exhibit no man of any peculiar grandeur; if one could be designated by such an appellation, it is Görgey, the gallant warrior and man of action. The nation alone were truly great; the conduct of the people in battle was noble; and noble was their fall into the grave of despotism.

Of one personage, however, we must here make mention—a personage who, for twenty years, had been preparing the instruments of Hungary's subsequent ruin, thus forwarding the arms and serving indirectly the interests of the House of Hapsburg. Our reason, however, for once more introducing this personage to the world, is because he has never been portrayed in his true colours. For this purpose we have penned the real facts as to his character. We wish to remove the false impressions entertained regarding this personage; to remove the laurels unsparingly showered upon him; and to portray him according to nature as he really is. We will enumerate his deeds in chronological order, and furnish the necessary elucidations, as impartially as may be. We consider ourselves called upon to do this, as a member of that sacrificed people, and as having served in the same cause, and being intimately acquainted with this personage, with those who wrought with him, no less than with the Hungarian nation, its constitutional rights and organization, and with that of the House of Hapsburg. We have wrought with un-

wearied pen for the now subdued Magyars, who, compelled to endure in silence, have not been permitted to utter their complaints of the misery indirectly inflicted upon them by this man. We have till the present time advocated the cause of a nation loaded with chains, which, if indirectly, have yet been forged for her by this man. We are induced by love to our fatherland, by the duties we feel we owe to that land of our youthful joys, of our pains and sorrow, to our nation and her cause—to that nation also under whose protection we now live, to impart to posterity bitter truths and bitter experiences, the knowledge whereof may not be without profit. May their portrayal be sufficiently touching to remove the former false impressions which have resulted from sketchy reports, and to substitute for them new and true ones! Our tale will place before the eyes of all, without ostentation, simply and truly, the source of those events which induced the fall of the Magyars and of their cause. It consists of a sketch of the character and career of

Louis Kossuth.

This celebrated man was born at Monok, in the county of Zemplin, in the year 1804, of a poor Slavonian Protestant family. As the schools in Hungary, the high and low alike, are free of expense for students, and are thus accessible to rich and poor alike, Kossuth enjoyed an enlarged education. After concluding his studies, he took service at Pesth as a law-clerk. From this subordinate position he rose, by the recom-

mendation of several fiscals (lawyers), to be a fiscal in the service of the Countess Andrásy (*née* Countess Szápáry). For superficial observers of human nature, Kossuth's exterior and his amiable manners have magic attraction; and there is no doubt that he owed his situation no less to these qualities than to the advocacy of his patrons; but he gains men's confidence by stratagem, and, once in possession of their confidence, he speedily sets to work to abuse it.

Kossuth's life may be divided into eight periods; in each he is the puppet of a lucky chance—the favourite of the Goddess of Fame.

In the year 1832, he lost his situation in the household of the Countess Andrásy—the reason of which is well known, more especially to the orphans of the Count of Reviczky—and betook himself to Pesth, where he contrived to live solely on the resources of his wits.

During this year the Diet of Hungary was called together at Presburg, and Kossuth succeeded in appearing at the assembly, as the representative of a widow lady. This subordinate and passive position, which only influenced his fortunes in a temporary manner, would probably have exerted no influence upon Kossuth's future destiny, had not chance, and a speculative idea of ameliorating his precarious and unsettled fortunes, lured him into the field of politics, and thus laid the foundation of a career which must be looked upon as an historical one.

Although there existed in Hungary no legal censorship of the press, the latter was not allowed to

furnish detailed reports of the meetings of the Diet: and Kossuth, in conjunction with Orosz (one who already, at that period, enjoyed a certain reputation as a public man, and who afterwards, unable to bear the burden of exile, committed suicide at Paris)—resolved to produce a complete series of letters on the subject;—these letters were afterwards lithographed. The expenses were at first contributed by other men of capital, and the undertaking succeeded. After the session of the Diet had concluded, Kossuth continued the lucrative correspondence at Pesth, which now took the form of an unconnected agitation, filled with flaming political illusions. His sphere of action increased day by day, mainly through the instrumentality of the Hungarian students there, who were warm friends of the writer. They went literally from house to house, offering his lucubrations for sale; and the people, who already began to look upon Kossuth as a prophet, bought them eagerly of his apostles. In these pages the author, in the character of a guardian angel and great *Bramah* of the people, gave his blessings to all below him in rank, and fulminated his curse against all whose station was superior to his own—all who differed from him in opinion, or declined to acknowledge him as a new saviour—all who did not hasten to lay their rank and fortune at his feet—all who would not induce their own ruin, by waiving the rights secured to them by the most honoured laws—as, for instance, the share of the produce of the country people, awarded to them by ancient treaties; and finally, an anathema

was hurled upon all who would not aid him in his designs against a constitution which had successfully resisted the storms of ten centuries—designs whose object was not to ameliorate this constitution by modest, well-timed innovations, but to destroy at a blow. These were the writings which rendered the name of Kossuth popular.

Thus, he could not fail to have a number of partisans among the people. But when he began to throw water upon the fire he had raised, the cunning Austrian minister Prince Metternich conceived the idea of making use of Kossuth for the advantage of the House of Hapsburg. In order to draw popular attention to him, he caused him to be imprisoned, in the year 1837, on account of his political machinations. While a state prisoner, Kossuth learned the English language.

His apprehension was the cause of great excitement throughout the country; for it was a direct infringement of the constitutional law concerning the personal liberty of a noble. Count Cziráky, the president of the Septemviral board (the highest political and social judicial assembly), justified this proceeding, on the ground that Kossuth had no property, and therefore could not aspire to the full privileges of a nobleman;—moreover, that he could not appeal to the laws, he having plotted their destruction.

In a general amnesty, published two years afterwards, in favour of all political offenders, Kossuth regained his liberty.

Thus, political excitement had begun in Hungary;

already, in the year 1825 the movement had taken a social direction, and the nation progressed towards a new social development. This state of affairs attracted the far-seeing view of Austria, and attempts were immediately made to arrest the movement. Austria proceeded to bestow royal commissions in the superior and lower legislative assemblies of the country upon her favourites, thus infringing the constitution, which provided that these dignitaries should be chosen from among the noble landed proprietors of the respective counties;—the favourites thus introduced at once began to act as spies for the government. These aggressions on the part of the government, and the state questions to which they gave rise, were the cause of several acrimonious controversies on paper, and not a few warm debates in the county assemblies.

Various diplomatic and political characters now began to exhibit themselves, among whom stood foremost Deák, Szent-királyi, Nyáry, Kláuzál, Szemere, Count Teleky, Ráday, Casimir and Louis Batthyányi, and Szechenyi, all noble patriots. The last mentioned among these names was the only one that shone in the field of Hungary's political history; but it shone brightly as Venus in the dark blue heavens. The labours of Szechenyi, his energetic power and practical wisdom, were fruitful in benefits to his fatherland. With far-seeing thoughtfulness he guided it through well-advised innovations, in a continued onward march.

Kossuth was once more free; and, though he was better versed in the Chinese alphabet than in the tenets

of the school of Szechenyi, he immediately stepped forward, not as a disciple, but as a teacher.

The great patriotic merits of Szechenyi are not known to ourselves alone; they are matters of history. It was he who rendered the Danube navigable; by means of machinery procured from England he rent asunder the rocks at the "Iron gate;" and he it was who established the Danube Steam Navigation Company. The Hungarian railroads, and that eighth wonder of the world, the suspension bridge at Pesth, are the work of Szechenyi. Through the exertions of this noble count, Hungary's trade increased, and he exerted his influence to conclude commercial treaties with England. He founded the literary society in Pesth, that nursery of patriotic feeling, and school for nourishing patriotism and the love of fatherland. Towards the maintenance of this society he contributed one year's income, and collected subscriptions from all the patriots throughout the land. In conjunction with his friends, he instituted particular prizes for the solution of annual problems, for patriotic songs and poems, &c.

The government viewed with uneasiness a course which had for its object the elevation of Hungary. The rise of agricultural industry in particular was viewed with jealous eyes, for its effects were immediately felt in the neighbouring country; for Hungary and Austria stood in that relative position, that advantages to the one country necessarily entailed disadvantage upon the other.

Had the course thus marked out been pursued, Hungary would quickly have gained sufficient strength to step boldly forth before Austria with its just demands for self-government. Austria had, however, perceived the growing danger, and fixed upon Kossuth as her instrument of realization. Right wisely had she chosen.

Men were at once found, instructed by Austria, who incited Kossuth to renewed activity. The publication of a newspaper was a necessary link in the Austrian chain; a proposition was made to Kossuth, and he became an editor. The government knew his visionary unprincipled ideas, his adventurous political imagination, the deficiencies of his private character, and his remarkable dramatic talents; and it knew to what those would lead. The government knew Kossuth to be the man by whose means, plans entertained during the rule of Hapsburg could be realized. Never, therefore, had the permission to edit a newspaper been so readily granted, as when Kossuth was allowed to commence the *Pesti Hirlap* ("News of Pesth,") which started as a daily journal in 1841.

Like his earlier epistolary writings, this journal, sustained by the sympathy and co-operation of the Hungarian youth—for whom its communist and socialist sentiments, and its advocacy of the abolition of legal tributary labour, of tithes on natural productions, of the monetary taxes, possessed a charm—was soon extensively circulated, and found readers throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Since the year 1825, numerous ameliorations in the relations between the landed proprietor and the peasant had been introduced. These continued to be enlarged; inasmuch as the law of 1836 was already framed with a view of ultimately relieving the peasants from these liabilities, by substituting a proportionate tax in money in lieu of the former payments in produce. This measure, intended to prevent the ruin of the landed proprietors, while it nevertheless raised the peasant in the social scale, was adopted and fought for by Szechenyi, but repudiated by Kossuth, who wished to effect the change by a single blow.

The advent of Kossuth may be compared to an unbridled tempest sweeping across the plains, tearing up what has been planted by the honest hands of industry, and strewing the unprepared valleys with the yet unripened seed. Thus he began to batter at the building of the constitution, the result of a thousand years' earnest labour. In order to add new fuel to the illusions of Kossuth, the cunning Metternich found it advisable to establish an opposition organ; and Count Aurel Dessewffy, the unconscious instrument of the same designs, for whose execution Kossuth was destined, undertook the editorship of a journal called *Világ* ("The World"). Every one knew that "The World" was a paper conceived in the spirit of the conservative party; and its contradictions of the assertions of Kossuth were therefore every where received with incredulous smiles, and the public interest in the *Pesti Hirlap* only increased from its

opposition: few, indeed, had the slightest ideas of the true meaning and intention of this journal.

In the name of Hungary, of her sons, and of her political existence, Szechenyi now threw the gauntlet at the feet of Kossuth, and then arose a violent literary contest, from which Kossuth the man of the people emerged victorious. Szechenyi bore in his patriotic heart the wounds inflicted by unworthy and unjust hands. He was beaten because he was a count and a rich man, because he felt purely as a man, while his antagonist was poor, and was gifted with the tongue of an agitator.

Kossuth's endeavours to advance his views by a *coup de main*, or suddenly to bring matters to a conclusion, were equivalent to nothing less than a general incitement of the peasants to revolt, or to a calling of them together to enforce his social-communistic ideas by violence;—the government would then have undoubtedly sided with the majority, and a drama would have been enacted similar to that of Galicia in 1846, when every peasant who delivered up a nobleman, dead or alive, to the authorities, received from the Austrian government a reward of twenty francs.

No thinking man saw promise of prosperity for the future in the alarm bell rung by Kossuth, which echoed with so shrill a sound, and raised to so high a pitch the national combat, as to sow dissension among the Hungarian races, who, during ten centuries, had lived in brotherly unity, and borne together as brothers joy and sorrow;—the germ of irreconcilable hate was sown in

the breasts of the peasants and proletarians of Pesth; while against the men who, since the foundation of the Magyar empire, had with their lives defended its rights and freedom against the various storms of time, against the exertions and judicious improvements of Szechenyi, which had been instituted with such profound sagacity and such active patriotism, threats and menaces were unceasingly fulminated.

The motives which regulated Kossuth's unpremeditated bold endeavours were laid bare by him, when, in 1844, he retired from the editorship of the *Pesti Hirlap;* the reason of this retirement lay in the refusal of the publisher, Heckenást, to pay him, for the editorship of the journal, the sum of 10,000 fr. over and above the 18,000 fr. (£1800) for which he had covenanted.

Throughout the whole of this period, the conflict between Szechenyi and Kossuth had to a certain extent continued, like a combat of a gnat with a rhinoceros. Szechenyi wrote works wherein he endeavoured to heal the wounds which his adversary, like a worm gnawing at the national trunk, had inflicted; but Kossuth, who is unrivalled in the art of producing momentary illusions, containing nothing but flowery blossoms of rhetoric, answered only by pamphlets teeming with new projects, trusting to the care of fortune his own cause and that of his partisans.

At this time, the building of the Diákowár Fiume railroad had been proposed by certain spirited citizens. Kossuth's services were enlisted; but the project fell to the ground, because it would have proved advan-

tageous only to the southern portion of Hungary. In this affair, as on several other occasions, Kossuth and Szechenyi engaged in political battles of some magnitude in the Hall of the county assembly at Pesth. At such times it was Kossuth's invariable habit to obtain the services of his partisans, the law-students, whom he called together from their coffee-houses;—these neophytes always supported him manfully, by vehement clapping of hands and loud shouts of approval, wherewith they silenced all other orators, and continually brought the man, whose fiery eloquence alone had power to strike an electric spark in their bosoms, victorious out of the conflict.

With a sorrowful heart Szechenyi looked upon the shouting youths, who raved tumultuously as a stormy sea. To stem the tempest there were no other means than to have recourse to the pen, with thoughts flowing from the bitterness of a wounded spirit. The genius of the people, of the nation, and of liberty, spoke prophetically from his soul concerning the things which were to be. But of Kossuth's party none believed in him, and he was condemned on all sides.

We shall here impart to the reader a few passages from the political programme of Count Stephen Szechenyi, which appeared in the year 1847, and which were directed at Kossuth :—

"The existence of our fatherland will be imperilled, and the humblest among the patriots, with their hearts bleeding at the thought of the height to which the progress of development might have raised the country,

and of the depth to which the dreamy incompetency of men has sunk it—these patriots will be compelled, with earnest prayers, to call statesmanship to their aid as a last resource, and once more to implore the God of the Magyars to be merciful to them, and help their childishness.

"That nationality for which we have fought so long, so bravely, and not altogether unsuccessfully, now probably lies at its last gasp.

"While you (Kossuth) thought to secure the happiness of a nation, you were employed, like a pettifogging lawyer, in exciting the people to our destruction.

"I conjure you therefore, by the holy name of our fatherland, to desist from the dangerous path of agitation which you now tread; I appeal to your nobler feelings, and implore you to relinquish your character of political leader, for which you are totally unfitted.

"Continue to excite every nationality even to madness against our Hungarian nationality;—throw new firebrands on the house of the peaceable farmer—fill to the brim the cup of retribution—and look joyfully upon your work!

"But when the time shall come—when, all too late, you will feel and see that you have brought, not a blessing but a curse upon our heads—then do not excuse yourself with the assertion, that there was not one true man who had the courage to warn you before the time of the nature and consequences of your delusive dreams!"

But these words awoke no echo in the breast of a

man like Kossuth, destitute of patriotic virtue; on the contrary, he only pulled the cap of agitation deeper upon his brow.

The spirit of the time, with its remarkable events, not only called Kossuth away from his editorial career, but procured for him a part in the history of Hungary; such a part, indeed, that his activity opened a new page in the destiny of his country—a page which annulled the events of a thousand years, and put the first absolute sceptre over the Magyars and their country.

By virtue of its nationality and political development, Hungary stood on the threshold of a future rich in moral and material strength. Under the guardianship of an experienced and practical patriot, such as Count Szechenyi, the former grandeur and glory of the nation would have bloomed afresh; for his earlier exertions had already given to the country and its interests a higher position in the political and social field. But how could any thing of this description be effected by the adventurer Kossuth? and, even had he succeeded in raising the nation, its elevation would have been too premature to be enduring.

While the nation was still excited by the illegal appointment of the royal commissioners of the counties, the election of delegates to the assembly of the diet of 1847-48 began; and to the exertions of Casimir and Louis Batthyányi, who expended considerable sums on his behalf, Kossuth was chosen deputy for the county of Pesth, Casimir Batthyányi providing him with the necessary property qualification.

A field for his dreamy illusions was now won. The Hungarian people were glad to listen to him, and gave a more ready ear in proportion as he inveighed against the Servians, Croatians, Wallachians, and Saxons. Thus every thing progressed according to the wish of Austria, and it was only necessary to feed the fire, which, increased by the events of the time, rapidly approached an explosion.

All things were ripening for such an event, and the flame only required fanning to give full and active life to the idea. Then came the Paris revolution of February 1848, and Kossuth seized the opportunity to strike his deadly blow.

Austria, at the same time, by means of promises of independent constitutions, &c., persuaded the alien races of Hungary, who were already in an excited state, to take up arms against the Magyars; and thus the dark clouds swept onward, fraught with evil, to discharge themselves upon the devoted land and people. Patriots looked on with bleeding hearts; but the apostles of the man of the people went proudly forward, spreading themselves among the people, poisoning the unsophisticated minds of the Magyars with ideas of socialism, communism, and republicanism, and inciting them to deeds of violence against the landed proprietors, whose condition was already far from being enviable. In various places the poison was imbibed, and the fields, the flocks, and the woods of the landed proprietors were plundered; but in general the honesty of the people was proof against temptation, and the an-

swer was:—"Oh, sir, it is not well, when the people break bounds!"

The Hungarians quickly perceived that the armed activity of the non-Magyar races, exerted for their destruction, was secretly encouraged by the government—a circumstance announcing the approach of a grievous tempest, to withstand which they instinctively rallied round that man whom this storm had called into political existence—namely, Kossuth—whose name had now become sufficiently popular at the expense of others. Instead, however, of intrusting the fate of the nation to more skilful hands, the vain, arrogant, ambitious man took it into his own.

> No tiger, or no other savage wight,
> Is so exceeding furious and fell,
> As Wrong, when he hath arm'd himself with Might.
> *Spenser.*

It appears that already at this time he looked with a longing eye upon the relics of St. Stephen, for the dethronement of Hapsburg, the election of Kossuth as provisional governor, and lastly the circumstance, that throughout the whole period he never made an avowal of his political creed, leave little room for doubt upon the subject.

Even when the people were already involved in the bloody war, which Kossuth, as a blind tool of Hapsburg, had called into existence, he exhibited new and dangerous tendencies. Thus, for instance, he favoured the Protestant religion more than any other of the multifarious creeds of Hungary, as though he wished to

raise a peculiar band of partisans among its professors. If the political agitations had resulted in the advantage of Hungary, he would have had ready for the nation a new and equally dangerous labyrinth of confusion. This necessity was, however, obviated by the failure of his first work. The speeches which, during the war of defence, he seized every opportunity of making, are truly fine specimens of well-adjusted words; concerning their contents, however, we will give an extract from the judgment passed by a stranger.

The time arrived when the work of the favourite of fortune was completed by the political death of the Magyars. The time at last had come when real danger menaced the land and the people—the time came when a true man was required—and suddenly Kossuth became regardless of every thing save his personal safety. Under the pretext that there was no more safety for the country, he relinquished the post of governor which he had assumed, and explained to Görgey that submission was inevitable; but all these transactions he conducted with such equivocal skill, that he contrived to preserve intact his reputation and fame, and, having disguised himself by cutting off his mustache and whiskers, he hurried across the border and passed into Turkey.

Kossuth is a man of too little personal courage, of too small a soul, of too little patriotism, to emulate the deed of a Curtius. The Roman sprang into the gulf to save his fatherland; but Kossuth fled, and his fatherland was overwhelmed in the abyss.

His subsequent conduct likewise showed meanness of character; for he knew as perfectly as ourselves, that in Hungary he had done and allowed to be perpetrated deeds prejudicial to the interests of the country; he knew that he had not only himself neglected, but had hindered others from taking measures for the benefit of the land—and all from vanity, ambition, and the love of rank. Scarcely had he passed the frontier of Hungary before he cast the whole burden of these transactions on the shoulders of Görgey, whom he openly denounced as a traitor. Perhaps all this was because Görgey's valorous courage could no longer shelter him; because, like the warm luxurious sun of spring, he could no longer cherish the enervated nightingale, which lifted up its voice from the shade of its native groves. The warm sun had given place to a chilly wind, and the nightingale fled before it from its home to a far clime, where balmy plains invited repose. But by thus morally killing the experienced general, Kossuth perpetrated a fresh crime towards his fatherland, his fellow-countrymen, and the cause of liberty; had it not been for him, Görgey would have awaited a more fitting season. If he knew that, from his incompetency and want of courage, he would be unable to hold the governor's post, of which he had possessed himself by means of clever manœuvres, why did he retain it so long? At such periods none but great characters and heroes should stand at the head of a country.

We think that the House of Hapsburg would have been very willing to have rewarded him royally for the

services he had rendered, if it had been possible to do this without publishing its own shame to the world. In order, however, to conceal its own treachery, Hapsburg was compelled to institute a search after the fugitive. The revolution begun by Austria against Hungary, was laid to the charge of the latter nation, and endeavours were made to annihilate every thing that could threaten danger from the direction of a kingdom destroyed by treachery. Kossuth was now in rather a dangerous position, and it was certainly his safest course to disappear like a shining meteor from the horizon of his fatherland, to blaze anew in a milder sphere.

An opinion prevailed, that Kossuth had taken with him on his flight treasures from Hungary, or that he had concealed the crown, which had eluded the grasp of the House of Hapsburg; but these opinions are erroneous. Others assert that Kossuth, in 1849, by his friend Béles, deposited £20,000 in the Bank of England. We are not aware if this be true or not.

The courage of Kossuth is so depressed by the least personal danger, that he immediately becomes entirely incapable. If any one, in Kossuth's presence, utters a doubt as to his knowledge of the whereabouts of the Hungarian crown he breaks out into impudent assertions, as though he were the only key by which access to its sanctuary can be obtained. It is, however, not Kossuth—but other men—who have taken this holy national relic under their patriotic care, and which remains at Buda.

The patriots, with Szechenyi among them, saw now with bleeding breasts the dreadful condition of the country and the people—a condition into which it had now for the first time fallen, after a thousand years of danger, agitation, and bloody war. Despotism, however, rejoiced, and its representative, the Czar Nicholas, leapt with childish joy, and with good reason; for with the fall of Hungary his earthly aspiration is attained, and the rule of despotism secured. Austria can now at its pleasure dispose unconditionally of the military power of Hungary; there is now no longer an Hungarian diet, to adjudicate upon the number of the levies, or upon the land for which they are raised; all these arrangements are now in the hands of Austria, at the cost of nothing more than the eternal dishonour of Hapsburg —some millions of curses upon its head—many thousands of slaughtered men—and a perjured oath.

The constitution of a thousand years now lies in ruins; nationality is slain, progress arrested, literature has been suppressed, industry and trade thrown into the grudging capricious hands of Austria, and the land, conquered by force of arms, degenerated into an Austrian colony. The marrow of the people is exhausted by capricious taxes, wealth is taken from them, and thus no chance of recovery is left. Many men, formerly in good circumstances, have been reduced to beggary, and many towns and villages, once prosperous and flourishing, lie in ashes. The blossom of the population rests with its laurels in the grave, the older patriots have perished on the gibbet, or are languishing

in the hold of a tyranny into whose hands the entire country and people have now fallen; and it was from St. Petersburg that the fiat of their destiny went forth.

Kossuth fled through Orsova and Wallachia to Kalafat; and thence across the Danube to Widdin. Arrived there, surrounded by protecting Turkish troops, he again assumed the title of "governor of Hungary;" and, in virtue of his office, sent orders to General Klapka, who at that time commanded in the fortress of Komorn, commanding him to defend his post to the last man, for life or death, unless he desired to be declared a traitor to his fatherland.

The security enjoyed by the fugitive would appear to have rendered him oblivious of the family he had left behind in Hungary; and his attention was directed into a channel so disreputable, that the graceful muse of history would seek to cover it with her modest wings and with her tender pencil of light, not to be disgraced. It will, however, afford a new opportunity of illustrating the doctrine, that he who cannot master himself ought not to obtain the mastery of a kingdom.

In a previous portion of the present work we have already given a sketch of the adventures of the unhappy fugitives of Widdin and Schumla; we have also mentioned the fact, that in the year 1850 Kossuth was sent from the latter town into Asia. This ill-known personality was thus, as he himself acknowledged, invested with a renewed interest among other nations. He fulminated protest upon protest to the Turkish

government, concerning their mode of disposing of his person, although in his farewell speech at Schumla he had already declared himself politically dead. But all his protests were laid aside without being acted upon, or even answered. Various plans of tolerable ingenuity were mooted with a view to his liberation; for there was no lack of people foolish enough to believe that, upon his liberation, Europe would be aroused as with an electric shock, and fly to arms. An adventurous Englishman, Dr. Thompson, conducted these schemes. The not inconsiderable sums placed in England, in the hands of Pulszki, for the benefit of the Hungarian fugitives in Turkey, were devoted to this end, and hired ships were continually in readiness, to put into execution the project of flight.

In order, however, to throw a cloak over this scheme, and others akin thereto, another Englishman named Messenberg occupied himself at Kutaja with the project of forming an Hungarian colony in Turkey, with a strictly military constitution—an undertaking which had made some progress towards maturity, inasmuch as the nominations to the several military charges had been already made out by the person intrusted with the chief direction.

But in spite of all these manœuvres the real plan, that of flight, would not succeed. Every account asserted that it was soon to be happily carried out; that it could not fail of success, inasmuch as all the oppressed nations of Europe were looking expectantly for it as a signal for taking up arms.

In order further to ensure success, the idlers in Constantinople were incited to make a public demonstration, and demand the liberation of Kossuth. These people, who had mostly to combat necessity and misery, were easily induced to do this by means of a few fallacious promises given to them by Kossuth. The demonstration took place, but its effect was directly opposite to the one expected. The participators were seized, embarked in various ships, and sent in various directions from Constantinople; and no benefit occurred to Kossuth from the event.

In spite of several acts of ingratitude and injustice perpetrated by Kossuth against Turkey, the attitude of the Mussulmans towards all the fugitives was so philanthropic, so unhesitatingly friendly and brotherly, as to deserve the thanks of the entire Hungarian nation. Nor was the government backward. What have the boastful Christian governments of Europe done for these unfortunate men, who sacrificed themselves in a sacred cause? Can the holy rights of a people find sympathy alone in Turkey—a land designated with glaring injustice as a country of barbarians? and are the remains of true philanthropy to be sought only among these? The Christian governments have but pursued the unhappy fugitives, and rendered them still more miserable.

At the very time when Kossuth saw all his plans of flight frustrated, the Austrian government acquiesced in his liberation. It had gained all it wanted from him, and he had no longer the power to become dangerous.

In September 1851, therefore, he received his freedom, and with it the pilgrim's staff. But better, think we, would it have been had he fulfilled the assertion he made at Schumla, and died in exile, not yet unmasked, with the reputation of a great man still upon him; for at Schumla he thought that his bones would not be left to moulder in Turkey, but would one day be carried to Hungary, and repose in native earth.

We, who have been accustomed to guard the name of the Magyar nation, her honour, and her fame, from every kind of blot, and who look upon this as the first duty of a citizen, wrote a letter to Kossuth from England before his liberation, begging him to avoid all kind of public appearance and demonstration; to conciliate, where it was possible, the political dissensions, which had arisen from a diversity of opinion among the superiors, in order that the whole body of homeless Hungarians might appear, if possible, as a moral unity in the eyes of the world; and finally, to take no steps in the affairs of the nation, or of the Hungarian cause, without the assent of a deliberative committee, to be organized from the more educated portion of the exiles. We counselled this course, because we thoroughly knew the man, with his virtues and his faults; and because we wished to obviate circumstances which have since been brought about by his visionary ideas, to the prejudice of the whole cause. But this well-meant counsel was as a granite block hurled into the air.

On his liberation, and during his subsequent journey

to England, he touched at various places in Italy, France, and Spain. On the news of his arrival the people of the various seaport towns flocked together, to gaze upon the celebrated Hungarian hero: a habit common to the populace, who will assemble in like manner to look upon any natural curiosity, as for instance on a dancing bear. He was greeted with loud hurrahs, just such as might have fallen to the lot of the above-mentioned animal. But Kossuth saw, as it were, through optical glasses: he fancied himself in his native regions; his oratorical talent every where awoke harmonizing echoes, and was listened to with pleasure. In this rapturous condition he first shipped upon the shores of England, where he was received with expressions of good-will, more vehement, if possible, than any he had yet experienced. Here, too, he managed to feel the pulse of the people, in speaking of the manifest advantages which would result from a commercial treaty with Hungary. This was all too late.—Why did he, in the year 1843, exert all his eloquence against this commercial treaty, which he combated vehemently, asserting that he would never submit to see Hungary become an English colony? But here, as every where, he knew the art of saying something to conciliate and flatter the people;—that is to say, he did not remain true to his political character, but acquiesced in the conditions of the moment, and became an equally zealous constitutionalist, republican, socialist, or communist, according as he found either form the more popular. It is to this

quality, which he possesses in its fullest development, that he owes the success of his career; and we cannot sufficiently wonder at the rank he has attained by virtue of his one talent of a successful speaker. His life, as we have already asserted at the commencement of this article, can be divided into eight periods, in the following manner. From 1824 to 1832, he was a steward and lawyer; from 1832 to 1837, editor of the written correspondence; from 1837 to 1841, a state prisoner; from 1841 to 1844, editor of the *Pesti Hirlap;* from 1844 to 1847, agitator or concoctor of schemes, and paid sensal; from 1847 to 1848, a representative of the people; in 1849, minister of finance and provisional governor of Hungary; in 1850 and 1851, a refugee; and lastly, an itinerant orator in England and America. During all these eight periods the genius of fortune has remained marvellously true to him, having never once stirred from his side.

Let every people study this picture of Kossuth; for it is a true and impartial one, and upon it they may ground their judgment of the so-called "men of the people." We have already had various opportunities of noticing Kossuth's striving for power, and his reluctance to share his authority with another, or to transfer it to men more able than himself.

Nowhere did he more openly assert his intentions than in the speech he delivered at Eaton Place, in which, among other assertions, he stated, "That the sympathies of the people were every where enlisted on his side; that the people universally considered him the champion of

their cause, a vocation to which he felt himself called; and therefore he neither required nor chose to accept a commission from any one. That he was a Hungarian and a patriot, was his only diploma: with this he would every where present himself before the world as the representative of his nation and his country's cause. Should any of the exiles desire to follow him, they were at liberty to do so; but it must be with unquestioning confidence and implicit obedience, for not one thread of the knot which he held in his hand would he entrust to the custody of another, and that man who refused to follow him, he should regard as an enemy, and as one to be trodden under foot. Accordingly, true to his principles, he entered on a path well adapted to advance his own private interest; delivered with that view orations in England as well as America, having for their object mere personal aggrandizement: in so picturesque a garb, and with such a gallant bearing were these orations delivered, as to induce the belief that the orator, a man equally devoid of personal courage and military endowments, had single-handed fought the great battles of Hungary.

The opinions thus publicly expressed, deterred the majority of the exiles from joining Kossuth; his adherents were men of no rank and no merit, and he was left alone to adopt the measures suggested by his visionary fancy for the restoration of a country which he himself had ruined. As we have asserted before, the adulation paid him in London was unexampled;

the populace flocked together to gaze on the face of the new prophet. On the ground of this enthusiasm he opened, under the name of "The Kossuth fund," a subscription list for the promotion of his liberal illusions, and with the view of giving a colour to this speculation, he founded a so-called military training school, which was at first frequented by his devotees; but the English nation, taking alarm at the warlike character of the enterprise, withheld their contributions, and the school and the Kossuth fund perished together.

Meanwhile Kossuth had visited America; and, after the manner of an itinerant speaking machine, had travelled in all possible directions, until he had all but speechified himself to death: in all his performances he never mentioned the deaths of patriots and warriors. America refused to listen to the voice of the charmer; throughout his career in that country he exhibited no small lack of statesmanship—an attainment his deficiency in which was plain enough even to the rudest. As for his speeches there, they did not even possess the merit of a distinctive political character, but, on the contrary, differed remarkably from each other, so that each successive speech dealt a fatal blow to his political reputation, at present utterly extinct.

But, strange enough—although the brains are out—this thing will talk, it will grasp at a future, of which, according to its own annunciation, it is the harbinger. His aim is this: to direct suspicion towards the patriots of good birth, and to drag down to the mire in which he wallows, men who have not only an individual but

an hereditary history, and his rancour originates solely from the fact that these men have declined to trust him implicitly. To himself does this man arrogate the rights of a country and a people he has constrained to silence, casting a slur with his covetous spirit upon their moral rights and their fair fame. In America he became a freemason, that he might act in future independently of any party. Investing himself with the rights of an absolute sovereign, he issued Hungarian bank-notes bearing his own effigy, and, in order to cloak the mercantile character of the proceedings, he devoted a part of them to the purchase of certain decayed muskets. Adventurers utterly destitute of character and ability were despatched on his service to all parts of the world, charged with missions the most diverse. For ourselves we are ready in all humility to offer him our services, if he ordain such an inaugural celebration for us as he was pleased to do in the case of Dozsa.

His heroic exertions could not be accomplished without a large pecuniary outlay; for great was the necessity to secure from utter penury his half-starved votaries, a cardinal place among whom is occupied by M. Pulszky. We commiserate Kossuth, inasmuch as all his exertions have but served to reduce him to his original insignificance; inactive certainly he is not, at any rate he labours to fulfil his visions of personal aggrandizement; but for the aggregate of the honest, patriotic, and heroic exiles he does nothing at all, a crime in such a cause as this.

By openly counteracting the interests of Hungary, Kossuth has alienated from the country and the people the sympathies of all nations and governments: friends he has converted into foes, and thus delayed the hope of his popularity ever by any possibility aiding the cause of the country, inasmuch as he has forfeited all title to sympathy; thus his plans can never bear a favourable issue, and alike in the future and the past will be fruitful of mischief and wrong. But he would have the world believe in his capacity, not only of impersonating Cicero, but also Lycurgus, Aristotle, Diogenes, and even Mars, to which end he has studied strategy at Kutahia and in London; he would figure not only in the character of regent, but as absolute military and legislative governor, from whose hands justice and mercy alike proceed! Like an omnipotent Jupiter, he would spread out his arms over the land of Hungary, the object of trembling adoration and worship. Even at present, when he possesses no other title but that of refugee, his fellow-countrymen, driven to his door by stress of hard necessity, are brutally abused by the lazy Cerberuses—not a few of whom he keeps in his pay, in the following language: "His excellency the governor is occupied, and only gives audience once a week." This answer is probably given because the great man is intent upon the study of strategy, an occupation in which he forgets that the first quality of a soldier—personal courage—is not to be acquired from books; and this too should he know, that liberty has no more danger-

ous foe than a coward inspired by ambition. Let him carry his retrospect to Arad, and Hungary generally: he who gives heed to the promptings of ambition, and possesses no courage, is no true lover of liberty. Kossuth is active in the fame of the nation, and labours studiously for the realization of sundry golden dreams. Fifty millions of bank-notes he has caused to be printed in America, and these he will devote to the fulfilment of his schemes: pity it is that none of these schemes succeed. The Milan revolution of February 1853 terminated ill, and a new one is required: others too of his plans at home have issued in failure, only supplying new victims to the Austrian hangman. The people will not yield themselves as the victims of a modern "Sicilian vespers," and the speech of a Cicero no longer possesses the power to excite the conspiracy of a Catiline; none of his schemes will succeed, though all England should respond to the call of his shilling subscription, and second his efforts. The causes of the failure of these schemes seem to have been, firstly, that they were nothing more than the groundless impracticable dreams of a visionary: and secondly, that they were forced ideas, having their origin at the period when the furies of an evil conscience began to lash the soul of Kossuth. When the spirits of the martyrs, slain by his faults, pointed their spectral fingers threateningly at him; when the wail of the widow and the desolate orphan rose loudly and sharply before his soul; when gloomy pictures were unfolded of mined towns and villages lit up by the

lurid flame of war; or when the dull sound of the people's fetters smote upon his mental ear, and the thunderbolt of vengeance, as righteous as it was divine, seemed to threaten him with annihilation—when these pictures arose before his soul, he could not but say, "I am a criminal; but I will repair the evil I have done." With carrying out the ideas suggested by his troubled conscience, and favoured by mammon, Kossuth, his family, and all about him, thirteen persons altogether, have managed to lead a very comfortable life without possessing any ability to entitle them to the ease they enjoy. Besides the great expenses of his household he is able to procure for the American president his portrait in oil, which cost £100; he also exhibited his bust at Sydenham, and he distributed copper-plate prints among his admirers, in order to make known his individuality in every corner. His undertakings are furthered by the vast number of political speculators resident in England. Such state highwaymen from every nation in Europe are to be met with here; and they make of the free soil of England a gathering-place for their criminal proceedings, all of them possessing sufficient effrontery to trade infamously upon the name of the nation of which they account themselves citizens. We notice here those political castes, the Central Democratic German Committee, and the Socialist Communist's Society, under Kinkel, Ruge, and Ronge, with a band of Jews; the Verein of Austrian agitators, under Tausenau, generally Jews; the National Hungarian Committee, under Kossuth, in company with nameless

individuals; the Republican Magyar Society, under Perczel, consisting of three or four persons; the National Italian Republican Committee, under Mazzini, Saffi, and numerous other restless characters; the Republique Universelle Democratique et Sociale, under Ledru Rollin and several violent partisans; the Revolution Committee, under Louis Blanc and numerous feeble-minded persons; the Central Military Republican Committee, under Charras and several other Frenchmen; the remains of French exile, under Victor Hugo's exalted direction; the Polish Literary Society, for Czartorinski's party; the Polish Democratic Committee, under Worzell; the Polish Social Communists, under Sawaszkiewicz; the Russian Committee of Agitation, and the Society of Sclavonian Brethren, under Herzen, Stojewicz, and others.

In the same manner Mazzini assumed the prerogatives of sovereignty, issued bank-notes in the name of a people, and collected monetary contributions upon the same ground: a few Poles, destitute alike of title or desert, have followed the tempting example—sundry Frenchmen and Germans have done likewise; and all these hordes of people gain their living by fleecing the English in this novel and ingenious way, by this political branch of the art of conjuring; while men of honour, wondering at the susceptibility of the people, rest in silence upon their hard-earned laurels, too often in the company of brooding gloomy care.

The cup in the hands of reckless foreign conspirators is brimming; the spirit of high-handed corruption and

of rampant anarchy is abroad, and has hoisted the standard of revolution against the majesty of European freedom; the sacred British temple of universal humanity is violated, and Hell itself has been openly invoked to scatter the elements of discord and dismay over the face of European society. Suspicion, dark and lowering, hangs over the innocent refugees who claim and have found the protection of Albion's shores. A vile faction is labouring might and main to cast the slur of infamy over nations, touching whose fair fame these false prophets are disseminating the most foul and false-hearted calumnies.

We give passages from a most daring and unprincipled manifesto, falsely issued in the sacred name of the people, and which begins thus:—

To our Brethren in the Faith.

The town of Sebastopol has fallen. The war between the governments of Western Europe and the Czar is irrevocably and indefinitely prolonged.

We believe the moment has arrived for European democracy to constitute itself a powerful unity, to confront its enemies, and to act; and we come forward to declare this to our brethren of all nations, with an authority which springs not from our own unimportant individuality, but from our conviction that by so doing we are giving expression to the feeling that animates and thrills all hearts.

Every great movement must have a centre whence an initiative may spring—an arm to raise the flag of the march—a voice to cry aloud the hour has come. We are that arm and that voice.

On the ground of principles, the European question is one: liberty for all, fraternal association of all. Such is the right, such the aim.

Yes, bowed down as we still are, we make them tremble. They seek to ward off the future; they offer sacrifice to fear. Revolution troubles their councils, dominates their plans, impedes their movements, and paralyses their military operations. It is the fear of the uprising of the nationalities which causes them to crouch coward-like at the feet of Austria, whom, at the bottom of their hearts, they despise.

Thus, if people believe themselves worthy of liberty, they are bound at once to seize the opportunity now offered them by God.

Yes, therein, above all, lies the force we men of revolution possess. Every where Royalty denies national life. Revolution alone can say to it, "Arise! be sacred, and flourish beneath the protection of thy brethren." Revolution alone can resolve the vital question of the nationalities, which superficial intelligences continue to misunderstand, but which we know to be the organization of Europe. It alone can give the baptism of humanity to those races who claim to be associated in the common work, and to whom the sign of their nationality is denied; it alone can regenerate Italy to a third life, and say to Hungary and Poland—Exist;

it alone can unite Spain and Portugal into an Iberian republic, create a young Scandinavia, give a material existence to Illyria, organize Greece, extend Switzerland to the dimensions of an Alpine confederacy, and group in a free fraternity and make an Oriental Switzerland of Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Bosnia. And it alone can harmonize above this real European equilibrium—sole guarantee of peaceful progress—the two grand ideas which now lead the world, and which are named Liberty and Association. Brethren, doubt not of your strength; your programme responds to all the instincts of the epoch. For it men struggle, suffer, and die on every point of Europe.

Organize yourselves, and dare: daring is the prudence of the strong.

The *mot d'ordre* we have declared is—Liberty for all: Association for all. It excludes nothing, it comprises all. To go beyond this is tyranny—what centre or faction would or could exercise such tyranny?

The common and definite aim, evident to every uncorrupted intelligence, is the republican form of government.

Every republican of the present day must call himself Action, and represent a force.

Every individual giving his name to the party, must bring to the common centre his contingent of devotion and activity—his arm, his purse, and his intelligence.

France bears in her bosom the awakening of those who suffer and aspire under a corrupt social organization in Europe. Italy has but to lift her tricolored

flag to awaken the nationalities of Europe. The man of the 2nd December is the murderer of Rome. France and Italy, Rome and Paris—this should be the battle cry.

But wherever the point, whatever the hour, this we can declare—the first people that raises its banner in the name of country and humanity, will be followed by all the others.

Insurrection will engender insurrection, and the first victory produce ten others on ten different points. There is not a single nation which may not, by an energetic and powerful act of will, be the cause of the salvation of the world.

LEDRU ROLLIN.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

September, 1855.

Demagogues, lost to all sense of decency and gratitude, after having profaned the rights of hospitality, and done violence to that law by which they are protected, have been shameless enough to pollute

with their unhallowed touch that paragon of women, and of all womanly virtues—Queen Victoria. "A Letter to the Queen of England" speaks for itself, and shows the writers, Felix Pyat, Rougée, and Jourdain in their proper colours.

Fearful indeed would the condition of the nations be should these Hydræ succeed in wresting to themselves the chieftainship to which they aspire,—to profane the helm of the fortunes of nations—to profane ranks of virtuous and able and meritorious statesmen—and to guide the masses to the whirlpool of misfortune.

Already the people of Hungary speak thus:—

> From thy false tears thousands did distil
> An essence that hath strength to kill;
> From thy own hearth thousands then did wring
> The black blood in its blackest spring;
> From thy own smile thousands snatch'd the snake,
> For there it coil'd as in a brake;
> From thy own lip thousands drew the charm
> That gave ALL these their chiefest harm!
>
> *Byron.*

The services which Pulszky, the prime minister of Kossuth, has rendered to his country, cannot, even upon the most favourable construction, attain any importance. He was not unconscious of his own want of capacity, and says of himself, in his work entitled *Buda Pesti, Arvirkönyv*, "Great times for little souls, times of intrigue and uselessness, in which he only can rejoice who still cherishes the hope that better days will come,

and whose yearning is for action." In the ministry convoked in the year 1848 by King Ferdinand V., the last hereditary sovereign of Hungary, Pulszky filled the post of secretary for foreign affairs, a dignity he owed entirely to the fact that he had married the daughter of a banker, and could therefore be used as the means of gaining an object; a hope which was frustrated, for Pulszky was found impracticable, and would engage in nothing beyond the mere routine duties connected with his office.

The writer of this work, who was at that period resident at Vienna, tried to the utmost extent of his ability to soften the ancient hatred existing between the Magyars and the Germans, by pointing out that the Hungarian in his accustomed vituperation did not include the nation, but simply the government, which had done him incalculable injury. The author was also instrumental in winning over the Hungarians resident abroad, and particularly those of Vienna, to the cause of honour and duty; and, in order to excite the patriotic spirit of these, even went so far as to institute a torchlight serenade in honour of Prince Eszterházy, the minister of foreign affairs, whose family boasts not a single patriot, and who had certainly done nothing to merit such a distinction. The author succeeded, however, in assembling from among the population of Vienna a choir of 1580 Hungarians ardent in the cause of liberty, who were despatched to Hungary, in company with numerous youths, students from the college.

As soon as the volunteers were landed at Pesth,

in September 1848, Kossuth imagined that a smouldering sympathy for Hungary existed in the Viennese parliament, and suddenly conceived the idea of despatching a deputation to the capital. Ever ready to seize any opportunity of national display, he thought to excite whatever sympathy existed in Vienna by the claptrap, theatrical arts of a clever lawyer. When volunteers presented themselves, he on one occasion rushed into the street, fell upon the spokesman's neck, kissed his forehead, and proclaimed with a loud voice, "That by this act was destroyed the ancient hatred that had subsisted between the Hungarians and Germans; a hatred which had been directed, not against the people, and much less against their nationality, but against the ruling House of Hapsburg." He thought thus to introduce the proposed deputation into the parliamentary assembly. But the session at Vienna presented a truly deplorable aspect, the picture of the Austrian people yielding themselves wholly to the power of the government. The government set its secret engines to work, and achieved the choice of a number of ignorant peasants as deputies, so that the assembly wore the appearance of a nation met for pastime; the powers resolved to put an end to this spectacle, so soon as they themselves should have sufficiently recovered from the state of torpor into which they had been plunged by recent events. As for the Hungarian deputation, it was neither admitted into the hall of assembly, nor allowed to speak; so that the delegates were compelled on the following

day to return to their homes with their mission unfulfilled.

The fact that we did not, at that period, take into our hands the command of the available military force, has been quoted against us as a reproach in various quarters; but inimical as we are to the subordination prescribed by military rule, and to war in general as a trade, we had never acquired the knowledge necessary to fit us for the post; we were moreover willing to leave this important charge in more efficient hands, not being actuated by that lust of power and desire for notoriety which unfortunately led so many astray.

The martyred Count Louis Batthyányi once expressed the following opinion with regard to Pulszky, "He is qualified rather for a political sexton than for a bearer of political dignities"—and Batthyányi was right; for there never existed a man less calculated to answer the exigencies of the times than he whose character he thus defined. When the Hungarian ministry at Vienna was compelled, in consequence of the revolutionary tendencies of Hapsburg, to dissolve itself, Pulszky proceeded to Pesth; but so soon as the gathering clouds began to roll gloomily across the plains of Hungary, Pulszky ran off, and already, in October 1848, sought the protecting shore of England, where he announced himself as a political refugee.

When circumstances soon afterwards rendered personal communication with England impossible, and it became a matter of importance to have an agent resident in that country, Cassimir Batthyányi invested

Pulszky with this office. The extent of the agent's activity during the period in which his colleagues were fighting desperate battles in their own land, is a matter of notoriety—he did nothing whatever.

Subsequently he collected subscriptions for the benefit of the exiles, and the amount is said to have been very considerable. This is his only crime towards Austria, and herein consists his only claim to the title of an Hungarian political exile. He has secured himself, by rendering no accounts, from the charge of peculation—a precaution which any other man but he, any man solicitous to preserve intact his honour and good name, would certainly never have neglected. Perchance he feared that thus rendering an account would increase, in the eyes of Austria, the crime of which he had been guilty, by collecting the subscriptions. As an expiation for his political offences, he devoted his whole influence in persecuting a German baroness of the name of Beck. This lady, who had been compelled to fly her native land on account of her exertions in the cause of Hungarian liberty, had taken up her abode in London, and wrote her memoirs, entirely antagonistic in their tendency to the Austrian interest.

This mean persecution Pulszky carried on with such vigour and pertinacity, that he at length succeeded in obtaining an order for the arrest of the Baroness Von Beck and her secretary Derra, an adventurer who had been discharged from the Austrian military service; but this unhappy lady, on being dragged before a court of justice to answer the charges

brought against her, was suddenly seized with a dangerous attack of an illness, which quickly proved fatal. The surgical witnesses examined on the occasion, positively assert the cause of her death to have been the arrest, effected by the instrumentality of Pulszky. Can an act of this description leave any room for doubt as to the sentiments of the perpetrator?

A second cause of his persecution of Madame Von Beck was supplied by that powerful agent—jealousy. He saw that the works of this lady excited universal sympathy throughout England; while, on the other hand, the translated "Hungarian Stories," published a short time previously by himself, had disappointed his expectations or his pocket by their want of popularity.

The personal appearance and address of Pulszky are entirely destitute of that true and noble character which win the confidence and respect of men's hearts; nor did he succeed in gaining from Lord Palmerston a single word of encouragement respecting the Hungarian cause. What passed on the subject between the two men may be easily learned, by reference to the Blue Books of 1848, under the head of "Hungarian Affairs."

In the year 1849, the name of Hungary was still a fashionable word in England, sundry orators, like Nicholay, having endeavoured to thrust themselves into notice by trading upon this ill-starred name; while others, acting for the government, offered a few shillings for the sake of ridding the country of

the so-called malefactors who had taken refuge there. And truly better it was to depart at any price than to remain here, the sport of misery. Such of the refugees as teach music, languages, and the arts, are forced to content themselves with a very scanty remuneration, simply because they are exiles; nor can they ever count upon the people's friendship, although their talents may be of the greatest service to them. Honour, as an abstract thing, possesses but small value in the eyes of a mercantile people; money dazzles the fancy, and induces respect and honour.

Still there are not wanting noble hearts filled with a generous sympathy for the fate of the miserable exiles; but these have been duped by German Jew adventurers, Buchheim, Lövinger, Alexander, Heilbron, and others, who set themselves up as men of political importance;—and, usurping the title of Doctor, pretend to be teachers of languages of which they are ignorant—and drive a trade upon the holiest laws of this country, laws enacted for the benefit and protection of honourable men. Similar worthless characters are the evil genii of this country; their bitter diatribes are thrust into foreign journals.

Several of them boast zealous correspondents in London whose aim is to damage the English name, and to obstruct the interests of commerce; they portray the exiles as a race of dangerous agitators, and hope thus to excite an antipathy towards them in the minds of the English people, and to effect a disunion among the different governments concerning the protection

accorded them. In the garb of spies, they seek to entrap the exiles into the commission of mistakes resulting necessarily in ruin, while they serve the cause of the foes of genuine freedom. But their action is still more destructive; they make themselves acquainted with the circumstances and connections of the various refugees, and make liberal offers of friendship; they lend a helping hand for the attainment of their victim's views, and, having persuaded him to quit England, furnish him with a passport, on exhibiting which he finds himself a prisoner in the power of his enemies. Such is the practice of many Germans; and it is lamentable that the valiant and noble British people should extend the shield of its protection alike over the good and the evil. Thus it appears that the year 1848 was a time fruitful alike of good and evil; that its exigencies served to mask the deeds of many unprincipled men. A graphic description of the life of Kossuth's partisans, and especially of his bosom friend, Gyurman, the intrigues and the secrets of these men now resident among us, might not be devoid of interest for English readers, nor utterly lacking a profound moral lesson.

In truth, the name of Magyar had led many astray. Even English adventurers, of whom the world had never heard, became infected with the love of notoriety, and stepped forward into publicity; persons who were manifestly not Hungarians, gave themselves out as belonging to the nation for their own advantage. It would be a task of shame and dishonour to narrate all the deeds

of these men, as it would be a crime to acknowledge such creatures as the children of Hungary. What wonder, then, that the Hungarian name has fallen into disrepute in this country, the more so when he who was looked upon as the very type of Magyar chivalry, has not hesitated to join in the work of demolition, in the consciousness of gaining for himself certain material advantages by begging *remittances* from the people of England and America? Perceiving the case to be thus, the author of "Asiatic Chiefs" wrote to Kossuth:—

"Sir,—The past fate of the Magyars and history of Hungary is unknown to English literature, and is a desideratum in its general history. I have striven to supply this want. To carry out this object, I require a small sum of money. You alone have collected subscriptions in our name and for the cause of Hungary; and I therefore request you to advance to me the necessary funds for my purpose, such objects being ostensibly the reason for which the cash was collected."

To this letter no answer was vouchsafed.

During the time that this work was passing through the press, the author wrote to Kossuth again, requesting him to revise the Third Chapter—the period of the House of Hapsburg. The answer was, that his studies having been directed to the history of Hungary in a philosophical point of view, he was unable to furnish records to the said work.

We have thus placed the illustrious *Slavonian* at the bar of posterity.

We found in the "Masonic Mirror" a critique by Mr. G. Gilfillan full of very acute observations. "Kossuth's appearance seemed to disappoint all at first, and certainly did us. Kossuth's speeches abound in claptraps and commonplaces, mixed with bursts of rare magnificence; Burke has no platitudes, no appeals to the passions of mobs, and though amid his flights he often rests, yet he never flags. The poetry in Burke is ever in harmony with his thought, and attains sometimes to epic grandeur; that of Kossuth's speeches, though abundant, has less weight of matter, and is merely lyrical and fluctuating in its movement. Kossuth's speeches are wild melodies wailing out truth; Burke's are high arguments, kindling as they move into music and poetic song. The Magyar's notoriously have Asiatic blood in them, and Kossuth (he is a 'Slavonian'), the made Magyar man, evinces his descent by the lofty orientalism of his figures and language. What would seem bombast in an occidentalist is called nature in him. None of his long and highly wrought perorations can be named for effect with these simple words:—'It was not I who inspired the people of Hungary—they inspired me.'"

Let the Slavonian parrots throw dust in men's eyes as they will, their imbecility will excite only ridicule. But a short time since, noble Englishmen thought to advance the cause of Hungary by justifying the syren strains of Kossuth;—they knew not that the defence of such a man could but injure the cause they sought to aid. We were amazed to see that, among all the

press, "The Times" alone treated Kossuth in the right way, as though the articles had been penned by a Magyar patriot. But justice has at length been done, and the political magic performer, the blind instrument of Hapsburg's evil, the famous manufacturer of the ruins of Hungary, of 1849, has pronounced his own condemnation.

> Justice her weight to her wrong balance lends,
> And her decrees with her own self conflict;
> But cheated by the solemn scales and hood,
> The multitude applaud, and call it—Good!
>
> *Charteris.*

Not only has Kossuth lost his deluded admirers, but he stands alone, an object of contempt to the majority of exiled Hungarian patriots, and surrounded only by parasites; amongst them, mere adventurers like Figyelmesi, Orbán, Alexi, and others, abusing the name exile—a name of honour, of patriotism, of warriors, of pains and of sorrows; others, as cunning communists, corrupted socialists, mad republicans, and political speculators—individuals without the virtue of the statesman or the citizen, and who have never known the sorrows that are associated with the word

Farewell!

My land, farewell! ye people brave,
Ye verdant hills and dales of home,
Where joy and grief dear childhood gave—
Farewell! far away must I roam.
Nay still my people roam the plain
If e'er my land I see again.

A tear must tell of Buda brave—
On whose high towers and memories sit
The tombstone of our nation's grave,
A record where our past is writ:
Long since hath Time thy ramparts rent,
And war hath scarr'd thy battlement.

The harassed pen yearns at length for rest. The author, moving no longer in the busy circle of the world, conceives himself acquitted of a portion of his duty towards his fatherland, and towards the nation under whose protection he lives, and bids farewell alike to friends and foes in the words of Shakspeare:—

—— "Why would you have me kill'd?
I never spoke bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature; believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly;
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield you profit, or
My life imply your danger?"

An Appeal.

BY VÖRÖSMARTY.

THE following prize poem was composed a few years before Hungary's downfall in 1849, and was a favourite song with the Magyar people. It will show that the destiny of nations, as proclaimed by the poet's pen, has been inspired by the genius of the people. The lines are as the prophetic voice of Hungary; for better understanding the extraordinary meaning-spirit of the stanzas, they are explained by notes.

Be true to the land of thy birth,
Son of the Magyar race!
It nourish'd, nursed, and soon its earth
Will be thy resting-place.

The Hapsburgs bribe patriots; they are warned by this.

What though the world is wide,
Nö land with thine can vie;
Come weal or woe on Fortune's tide,
Here must thou live and die.

A true Magyar, though in exile, never forgets his Fatherland.

Behold the dear, the hallow'd soil,
On which our Fathers bled;
Lo! here ten centuries of toil
Have bound the mighty dead.

The battles mentioned are those fought against aggression and tyranny.

The occupation of the country under Arpád; the battles against the foreign invaders and Turks before the Hapsburg dynasty.

The foemen's ranks our heroes broke
Of Arpád's martial band;
And Hunyad's arms from Slavery's yoke
Once freed our Fatherland.

The deaths mentioned are those of the warriors of old.

Here did thy flag, O Freedom! swell,
And red o'er battle wave;
In long and deadly fight here fell
The bravest of the brave.

The battles fought by their ancestors in defence of the country with success.

In spite of Fortune's angry frown,
Through want and strife's fell reign,
Though bent, yet never broken down,
Our people still remain.

The wars mentioned since the occupation of the country.

The mighty world, the common land
Of many nations, saith:
"Ten centuries of war demand
The fight for life or death!"

A hope expressed for the future.

It cannot be, that patriots true
In Freedom's cause so slain—
And hearts by sorrow broken, too—
Were sacrificed in vain.

A hope.

Such mind and strength, and purpose high,
They surely cannot be
Foredoom'd to wither, droop, and die
By stern Fate's dark decree.

The dissatisfaction of the country with the Hapsburgs' dynasty.

A time will come—a better time
Must come, to hope we dare;
Millions of fervent hearts incline
To raise the nation's prayer.

The intrigues planned by the dynasty for the destruction of Hungary's freedom, and the fatal year of 1849.

But should there come a moment dread,
And awful stroke of doom,
A people's blood for Freedom shed
Shall have our country's tomb;

The land in which a nation lies,
All peoples will revere;
And millions there of weeping eyes
Will drop the mourner's tear.

True to thy land with steadfast faith
Ever then, Magyar, be!
In life it nourish'd thee, in death
Its turf will cover thee.

What though the world is very wide,
No land with thine can vie;
Come weal or woe on Fortune's tide,
Here must thou live and die.

This prophecy has been fulfilled by the Hapsburgs; who can deny the crimes committed by their unscrupulous agents against liberty and humanity? *Alas!* that there should exist men so utterly corrupt, so lost to all sense of shame, as to countenance the perpetration of such atrocities.

W. JAFFRAY.

Epilogue.

THROUGH the pages of this work the Magyars are introduced to the people of these islands, which introduction induces in return the desire of representing this people in similar historical-romantic tales to the Magyars. The motive of this desire is natural—the past history of these nations is quite similar to that of the Magyars; for equal in their struggles for liberty, for religious and political principles, so equal is their fame in arms.

In searching the records of history no similar grand events occur; each producing like national monuments of liberty—the "Magna Charta" of Great Britain, and the "Aurea Bulla" of Hungary; and, what is somewhat curious, both of these charters were drawn up nearly at the same time.

Sublime are these revolutions, and gigantic were the struggles which were made to obtain and preserve their benefits.

Although these great manifestations have been depicted in different forms and shapes by the spirit of departed genius, their sources of inspiration cannot be

exhausted; abundant and interesting materials can surely be procured for a more skilful pen than that of the author of this work.

For which purpose the writer will take his faithful friend—his pilgrim staff, and will wander along the shores and survey the scenes where foreign invaders were prostrated before the proud banners of Albion.

The exile will wander alone through the lovely valleys, where the staunch thistle grows, and where the Scottish warriors have met their Saxon rivals; he will pay his devotion to the sacred turf which covers the remains of Burns; he will meditate there on past times, and will pay his homage to that sacred spot where Mary the good, Mary the idol, once so softly trod, and where Ellen, the Scottish heroine, lives in the memory of Scottish mothers.

The homeless Magyar will linger about the charming borders of the Lake of Killarney, and reflect on the time when the meadows resounded with the music of the harp of Erin, and he will listen to the plaintive sound of those streams on which now only the zephyr plays! He will visit Tara's hall, and rest under the willows' shades which veil the verdant tombs of that country's poets.

Meanwhile the homeless will gather for his album a triple bouquet from the meadow's most beautiful flowers,

The Rose, the Thistle, and Shamrock!

The exile muse, having already experienced the

unfriendship of British writers, further solicits the kind assistance of Ladies and Gentlemen, who bear in their memory any traditionary legends, for which the author will be very grateful. By so aiding, they will render precious service to the muse of Magyar literature, and their contributions will be regarded as sacred relics, which will be perused with the greatest interest by the Hungarian people, in whose cause the sympathy of these islands has been so nobly expressed.

But, alas! this sympathy has been much abused by an arch-agitator and partisan, and sadly profaned by his unscrupulous tools of both sexes.

Nothing has been done in recognition of that sympathy, nor in honour of the Magyar's name; for the partisan's instruments have hitherto prevented every *moral and mental* advantage which would have proved honourable to both people.

The author ventures to assert the innocence of the Magyars of any abuse of the goodness of the British people, although their names have been falsely and scandalously made use of, so as to give a colour to this vile calumny.

It is now proposed to erect a mental monument in honour of the sympathy displayed in the memorable years of 1848-9.

In order to bring this idea to a practical result, the proposal is made to collect books, prints, pictures, and other subjects suitable for a museum, which generous gifts might be deposited in the Magyars' national museum at Pesth, and might be denominated, "The

monument of the people of Great Britain in memory of Hungary's affair in the years 1848-9."

If this proposal should succeed, the subjects collected might be kept in possession of the givers till their number corresponded to its high destination.

Offers may be notified to the author of this work.

God save the Queen.

NOTE.—For a period of ten months, during which time this work has been going through the press, the author made overtures to the following American publishers:—Mr. Parker, New York; W. D. Ticknor, Fiels, & Co., Boston; Little, Browne, & Co., Boston; Appleton & Co., New York; Lippincott, Grambo, & Co., Philadelphia; G. P. Putnam & Co., New York; and Mr. B. C. Norton, New York. As, however, they *declined paying anything for an early copy of the same*, the public will be able, in the event of the issue of an American edition, to judge of the conduct of those who are guilty of pilfering the literary property of another.

Asiatic Chiefs.

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